Vol. 192, No. 43. Published Weekly at Philadelphia. Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° Franklin

APR. 24, 1920

5c. THE COPY
10c. in Canada

PAINTED BY
NEYSA McMEIN

Beginning: HIGH LIFE—By Harrison Rhodes

Kuppenheimer
GOOD CLOTHES

Kuppenheimer good clothes are an investment.
They give you quality of materials and tailoring—right American style—good appearance—faithful service—*real* economy.
The HOUSE *of* KUPPENHEIMER

Copyright, 1920. The House of Kuppenheimer.

Ingersoll's 25th Anniversary

50,000 B. C.—Making a date in the Stone Age

1920 A. D.—Ingersoll plants produce 20,000 reliable watches daily

100 B. C.—Calling time by the Water Clock in Rome

1510 A. D.—A blacksmith of Nuremberg made the first pocket clock

1850 A. D.—"Make seven watches a day! Where could you sell that many!"

1750 A. D.—Colonial watches were more ornamental than accurate

What Time Is It?

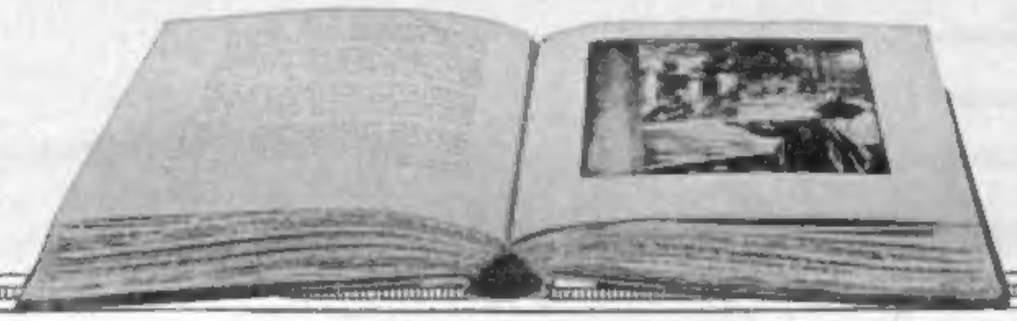
SINCE the cave dweller, men have always sought an answer to that question. In the last twenty-five years Ingersolls have answered it to sixty million people. It is to commemorate the passing of its first quarter century of contribution to the watch industry that the House of Ingersoll is making another contribution: an authoritative history of men's struggle to know the time.

This book "Time Telling Through the Ages," (Doubleday, Page & Company, $3.00), is pictured at the bottom of this column. The illustrations in this advertisement are selected from the twenty-four in the book. They themselves sketch for you the story of time.

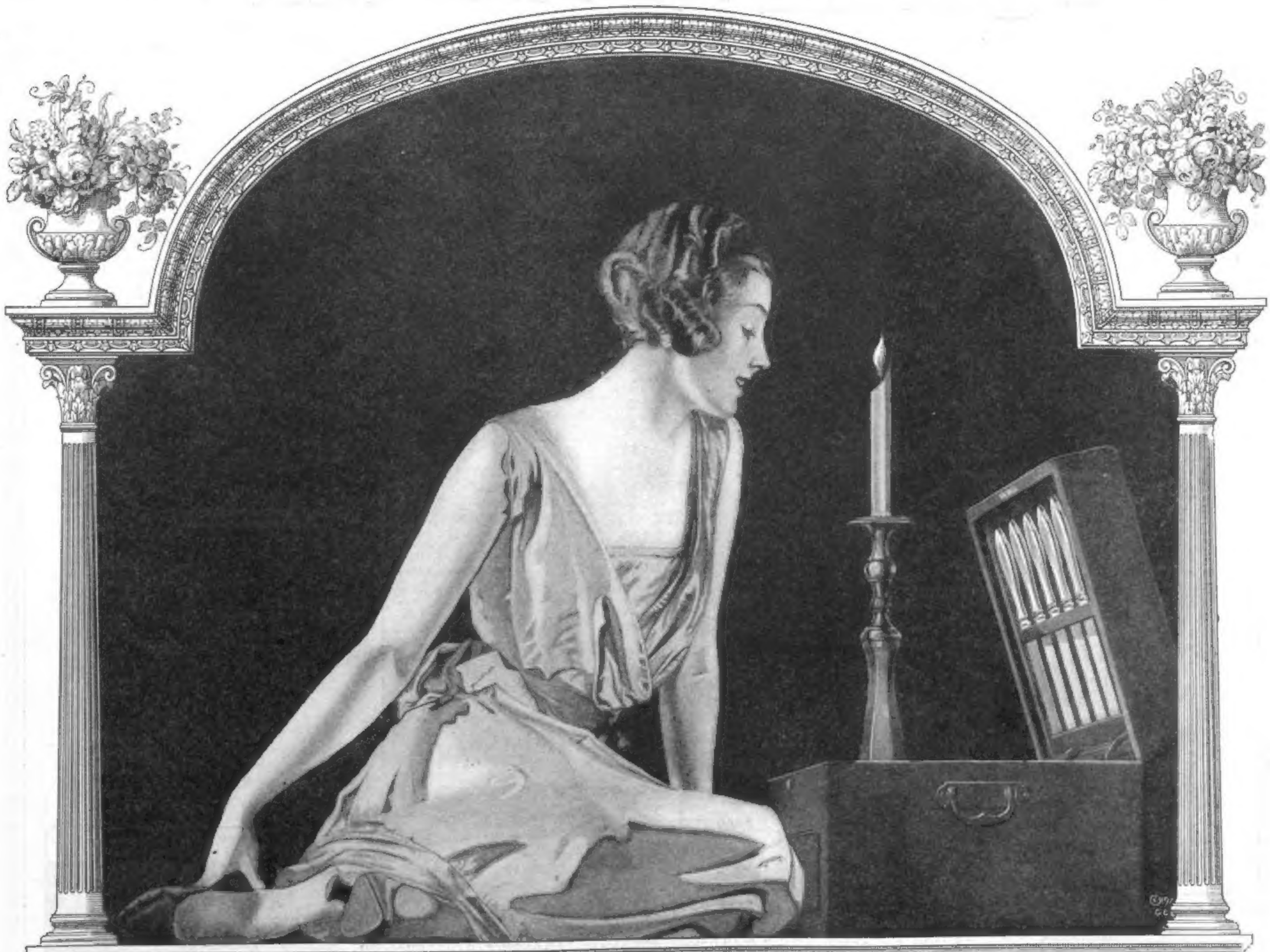
Do *you* know the story of time? Did you know that a New England minister was the first American watchmaker? Did you know that a hog bristle was the antecedent of the modern "hair spring"? Did you know that Galileo's discovery of the laws of the pendulum made clocks possible? Did you know that the first watch was shaped like an egg?

You'll be interested in seeing "Time Telling Through the Ages"—at the Public Library, or at any store with an Ingersoll Anniversary Display. It is also on sale at many booksellers, or will be sent direct from Doubleday, Page & Company, Garden City, L. I., or from us on receipt of price.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 315 Fourth Ave., New York City.



COMMUNITY PLATE



"SOME delightfully thoughtful person, Jack, has sent me not merely *one* spoon * * * but quantities of them * * * Lovely spoons, glittering spoons, COMMUNITY SPOONS! * * * With a chest of beautiful knives and forks to match. I suspect * * * You!!!?

—BARBARA

SIX TEASPOONS $4.50

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1920, by the Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Arthur McHeogh,
E. Dinsmore,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 192 | 5c. THE COPY 10c. in Canada | PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1920 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 43

HIGH LIFE

By HARRISON RHODES

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Lac des Alpes is very blue, papa, is it not?" remarked the Princess Lydia, standing at the broad French window that looked out upon the terrace of the villa and upon the lake below.

"It is blue," replied the late Royal Highness Georges IV of Constantia-Felix with a laugh, "but it is not so blue as most of us who have come to live near it are."

The witticism, if it be that, was not one of his most famous. But it was not lacking in a certain gallantry in the circumstances.

The conversation was in English. When old Charles of Constantia had been a boy the royal family had always spoken French—it was a tradition from the days when the Margravine of Bayreuth, sister of Frederick of Prussia, naturally wrote all her letters and her memoirs in that tongue. But even as far back as Georges' boyhood the British governess and tutor had begun to invade the courts of Continental Europe and by the time Lydia was growing up English had become the commonest language of royal interiors.

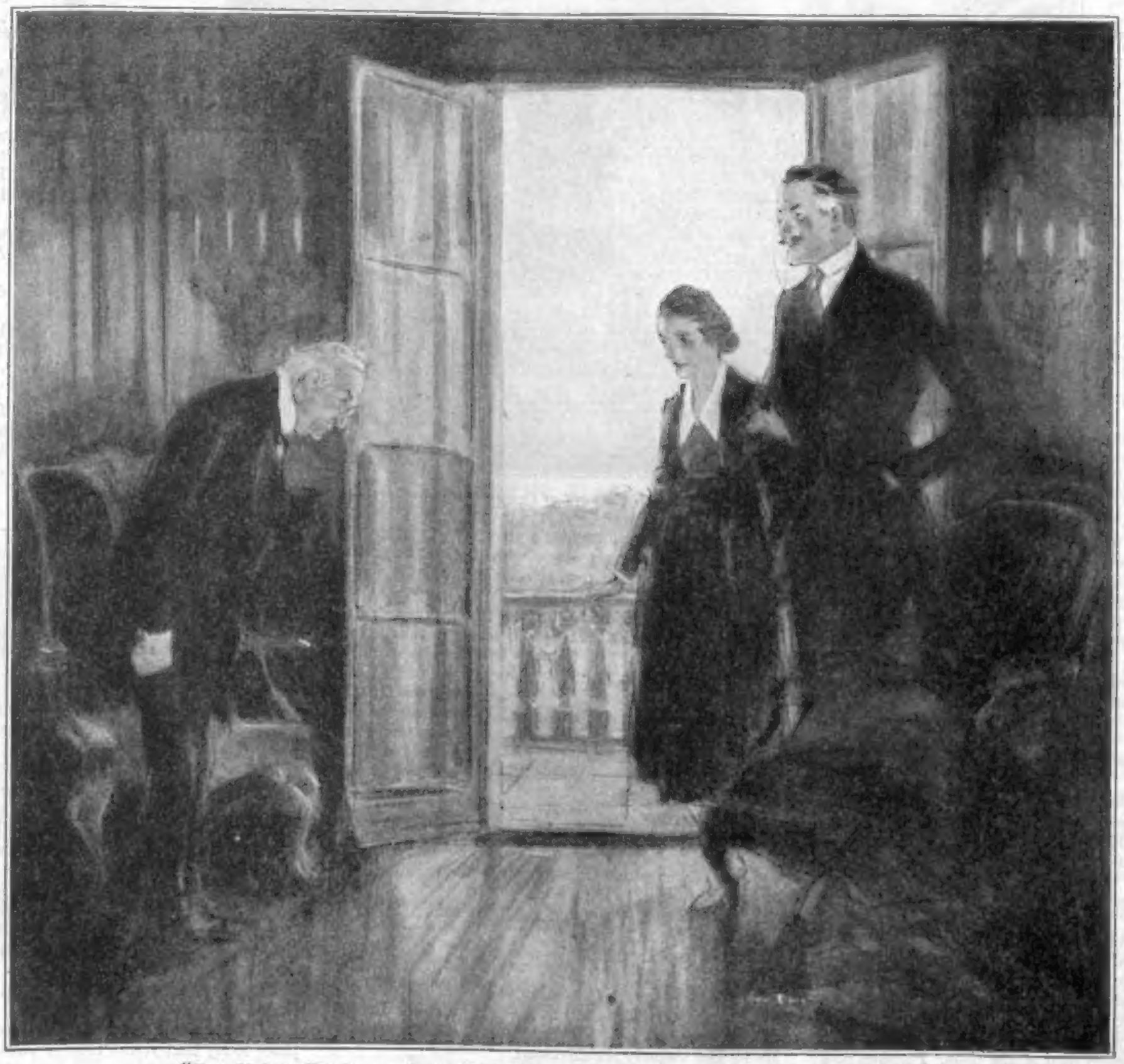
There was of course the Constantian dialect, which chauvinistic Constantians tried to pretend was a language. But it had never had great vogue in the palace at Lichtenmont. In the northwestern province, old Constantia, some of His Royal Highness' subjects spoke German. But then, as Georges once lightly said to an American lady at Cannes, one so rarely spoke to one's subjects. In any case, he had further explained, too many Prussians employed the language ever to make it a gentleman's tongue. He had taken something of this snobbish tone in 1914. Whatever his subjects' feelings may or may not have been, Constantia-Felix had not entered the war on the German side. Neither had it gone with the Allies; indeed it was at the end—though a very tiny one—almost the only neutral in Europe. Its geographical situation permitted this, as you can easily see by studying the map. The Constantians, however, though they had been kept out of war, were determined not to be deprived of all its pleasures. There was a charming little revolution at Lichtenmont, and the royal family of Constantia-Felix was now but lately installed in the Château Branchazay.

It was really nothing but a villa, but the best the real-estate agent at Geneva could manage to find. The real-estate agent at Geneva, though deeply sensible of the honor, had been pestered to death lately with exiled royal families and their demands. He was excessively grateful to the late Majesty of Constantia-Felix when he expressed himself contented with Branchazay. There were two bathrooms, one with a shower, and a lovely view, just as the agent had pointed out.

The views almost anywhere along the Lac des Alpes are lovely, though it may be doubted how beautiful any landscape in a republic would look to a royal eye under ordinary circumstances. But circumstances are no longer ordinary anywhere in the world, and Switzerland may to many now represent peace and safety.

The view from the terrace at Branchazay was in any case almost intensively royal. On a slight promontory off to the right was Heinrich Albert of Bavaria's place, and beyond, what had already come to be known as Balkan Bay. The southeast-of-Europe monarchs were modest in their demands—especially as to bathrooms, so the rumor at Geneva went—but they quite insisted on being near enough one to another to quarrel comfortably. There was a peculiarly hideous, grayish, battlemented structure just discernible farther east, which might have looked well in Berlin. And from the terrace at Branchazay you could see the châteaus of at least three princes of Illyria, representing the somewhat feverish condition of that lovely but unhappy country during only the last ten years. One of these princes was provided with a legitimate consort from the usual small German state; one was entertaining on an almost unnecessarily prolonged visit a Parisian actress; and the third, a fat, jovial soul, had already—morganatically of course—married his cook.

If we may at the very outset of our narrative, postponing any further comment upon the color of the Lac des Alpes, consider a little further the case of this Stefan, the reader will perhaps understand more clearly to what vicissitudes royalty in the summer of 1920 is exposed. Considering the acuteness of the servant problem in Switzerland and the doubtful future of royal exchequers, it at first was generally felt that Stefan the Eighteenth had done well in mating, though the cook was indeed quite as plain as any



"Your Majesty Has Been a King Fifteen Years. I Have Been the Servant of a King for Forty"

German princess could have been. But exactly two days after having—morganatically—approached the altar, Madame la Comtesse de Savarin, as she had now become in the Illyrian nobility, deserted the kitchen for the drawing-room and proceeded thereafter to discharge the most expensive male chefs that the wretched Prince of Illyria could induce to come from Paris at the rate of about one a week, knowing them for wasteful and incompetent.

"What will you?" cried Stefan to the other princes of Illyria, with whom he was now quite reconciled. "What was I to expect?" he asked, weeping with the facility of which only fat men in the south of Europe are capable. "I was too ambitious. I tried to marry above me. I beg of you, my brothers, marry your equals—marry some humble princess who knows how few rights and how little money royalty to-day has."

Georges of Constantia had said once, standing on his terrace at Branchazay and viewing the houses of the exiled colony, that he feared it was going to prove a very mixed society on the Lac des Alpes. The speech sounds snobbish, but we must remember that Georges had always—for a king—frequented very good society in London, in Paris and at Monte Carlo.

We may return now to His Royal Highness' comment upon the blueness of the Lac des Alpes.

"When I talk of being blue, Count Churak," he said, addressing an elderly gentleman who stood stiffly in an attitude of attention by the table, "I refer as much to you as to anyone. I think you feel the humiliation of our late unpleasantness in Constantia as much as I do myself."

"If Your Majesty will permit, it may be that I feel it more. Your Majesty has been a king fifteen years. I have been the servant of a king for forty." He bowed low.

"Yes, Churak, I know," said Georges kindly.

"But," went on the old man with a sudden flaring up, "we shall go back—we shall go back soon."

"You think so?" murmured his master meditatively, and an odd smile, very charming and yet a little sad, flitted over his face. "I'm wondering, Churak."

"Our supporters are active at home."

"They are very generous at least," said His Majesty. "Let us do them justice."

"Papa," said the Princess Lydia, "what do we live on? Your private fortune?"

"Well, my darling, I lived on my private fortune for a long time, and lived very well. Too well perhaps, if I'd known what was coming. It is no secret from Churak here that at present we are pensioners on the royalist party."

"I wish, papa," she said, her face dark, "that I could earn my living."

"Your Royal Highness!" protested the old Churak, horror-stricken. "Such words! And if I may venture to remind Your Royal Highness, it is not customary for a princess of Constantia-Felix to address her father as papa. She says Your Royal Highness."

"Oh, I don't feel as if I could keep up etiquette here," she protested.

She started out of the French window.

"I wish," she added with what may seem irrelevancy—"I wish that my waist were not quite so large!"

Her father gazed after her a moment. And there was silence for a moment in the room. It is true that the Lac des Alpes is very, very blue. Count Churak was a martinet and silly a good deal of the time. Perhaps now we catch him at one of his best moments.

"Your Royal Highness does mean to go back to Lichtenmont—as king?" he almost pleaded. After all, he was faithful, like a dog.

"Oh, as to what I mean to do or think I can do, Churak—but yes, I should like to go back. It occurs to me that I might make a rather better king than before. It is quite possible that in the old days I was too much upon the Riviera.

"Yes, I'd like to go back, or have my daughter go back. I'd just like them to know that, after all, we're not quite so bad ——"

He caught himself as if he were being a little too informal, even for an ex-king. When he spoke his tone was again dry and languid:

"It is quite true, Count Churak, that Her Royal Highness' waist looks too large. Have you noticed it?"

"I shouldn't presume to notice Her Royal Highness' waist," protested the old man. Georges smiled.

"You Yourself," He Asked Lightly, "Would of Course Not Consider Marrying a Title?"

"Will you ask my daughter's governess to step here? Now that I am no longer overwhelmed with the cares of state I may as well take up this question. Miss Bidgerton has certainly been most remiss."

Churak went, pausing an instant at the door to look back at his royal master. The old man had never quite approved of Georges, but Georges from boyhood had always had a way with him. For the old man at least he had it still. And the court chamberlain knew that the king's manner was sometimes more cheerful than the king. As he stopped he saw his master stand a moment, gently meditative, almost dreaming, and then suddenly pull himself out of this mood and advancing to the windows call the Princess Lydia.

"Come here, my dear," he called. "I want to look at you."

She came in—demurely now—and he inspected her critically and yet with a more personal air than his daughter was accustomed to with him.

"I don't believe it is the waist," he said at last. "I think it's the frock."

"I know the frock's not—not right," faltered poor Lydia.

"Not right—why, it's abominable!"

"It's as if you'd never noticed my frocks before," insinuated the girl.

He looked vaguely embarrassed.

"It looks almost that way, doesn't it?"

"It's almost as if you'd never noticed me much before, papa."

He looked intently at her now and he stiffened a little as he spoke:

"May I venture to ask Your Royal Highness exactly what you mean?"

And the Princess Lydia looked at him, and was frightened at first and then was very brave. She was just eighteen, it must be remembered.

"Papa, now that we're here, it seems as though we were starting everything fresh. This is a new world, isn't it?"

"I constantly read so in the newspapers," murmured her father.

"Papa, in that old world you let me grow up very much alone." She spoke bravely, but her lip was quivering ever so little.

"Did I?" he asked gravely, quite as if he were thinking of it for the first time. "Yes, I suppose I did. But you seemed amply provided for."

"I had Bidgy of course. She's absurdly old-fashioned and a great goose."

"My dear, my dear, this of your governess!" he protested under his breath.

"Still she's rather of a darling."

"I confess I shouldn't myself have thought of describing the excellent Miss Bidgerton that way, but I'm glad she is. And then, my dear, there were ladies in waiting surely?"

"The Countess Torben and the Baroness Roselten!"

She spoke the names as if they were in themselves an accusation.

"Well?" he asked. And as she remained grimly silent, "Oh," he said, "you felt that way about those excellent females too. I didn't realize that." He grinned like a boy.

"And of course I went on visits to Aunt Augusta at Berlin."

"Which I certainly didn't."

"And Aunt Charlotte and Cousin Maren came to see me at Lichtenmont. You," she ventured, feeling that now she was beginning to get a little the upper hand of him, "always went to Cannes before they came."

"Indeed I did!" Even now he gave a sigh of relief at the thought that he had missed those ladies.

But now his daughter seemed again to lose the firm tone. Her color grew a little higher. It is hard always to be courageous at eighteen.

"It isn't that I mean to blame you, papa. But please try not to blame me too much if I'm dull."

"Oh, dull!" he protested quickly.

"And dowdy."

"But we're going to change all that!" he cried gayly. "We're much nearer Paris here than we were at Lichtenmont."

"Papa"—and she blushed violently at the avowal she was about to make—"what I'd like is to be much nearer you than I was at Lichtenmont."

At first he gazed at her gravely till her blush deepened, and then he smiled, a little tenderly, a little as if he enjoyed her embarrassment. Yet it was one of the moments when unquestionably he had a way with him.

"My dear daughter Lydia," he said very softly, "you're making a declaration of your affections to me. Do you suppose we are going to be just like ordinary bourgeois from now on?"

He put his arms out and for one little instant she nestled there.

"It's not much of an offer, my dear. But if you want a place to lay that yellow head of yours and cry I'll probably

(Continued on Page 121)

THE TOWN PUMP

FATHER was bitterly cynical about our Government when I was going to school, back in the eighties. A boy at school gets his first interest in politics from the other boys. He finds that he must be either a Republican or a Democrat, or did then, and shrilly maintains that his party can lick the other, without knowing much about issues. A boy at school, likewise, gets the first outside view of his father through other boys' eyes, and is astonished to find that dad is mistaken in many things, and merely mortal.

The Cleveland-Blaine presidential campaign was in full swing. There were torchlight processions, banners, meetings, colored cartoons. Our school was pretty much Republican, but the Democrats had a stronghold of bigger boys at the pop works near by. You had to wear a badge indicating your party, or be challenged, "Say, kid, how are you going to vote?" As a boy's politics were nearly always those of his father, I sought dad's views, full of the new excitement.

"Are you a Republican, pa?" I asked, trustfully hoping that he was, because the pop-works gang terrorized small boys, and I wanted to see that outfit licked at the polls.

"I'm nothing at all," he replied shortly. "There's no difference—just a lot of boodlers on both sides."

"Are you going to vote for Blaine or Cleveland?"

"I'm not going to vote at all. It does no good. No matter who wins, they're both alike."

Now when he was younger father must have felt different about our Government. For he enlisted during the first months of the Civil War and served three years in the Northern Army. Indeed he died in middle life from disease due to war exposure. But in the years following the war some great change took place inside him. How it happened he would never explain at length. But his conclusions were simple and unalterable—that our democracy was a myth, and our Government run by collusion between the politicians, and that he would not be fooled any longer into casting a vote.

Another form of quiet protest was his refusal to apply for a pension. The money would often have been welcome, especially in his last years, and he was repeatedly urged to do what others were doing. But dad had been a regular, and was proud of it, and he insisted that he had been paid for his service while he was in the Army, and that the country owed him nothing more.

Uncle Sam Loses His Benignity

IN THE generation following the Civil War there was much exploitation of one kind and another, generally with political connivance. First came carpetbagging in the South, and after that land grabbing in the West, the wrecking of railroads and the building of the first large fortunes—our first millionaires, who were spoken of with awe. The Northern soldiers practically dominated politics, and even when the Government was clean it was not especially efficient. I suspect that dad watched this going on, and measured it by the high spirit of war days, and was made bitter by reactions that he was never able to express at length.

In my boyish excitement I thought dad wrong and grumpy. The presidential election was in full swing. I had to have a party. Granddad was a Republican, proud of never having split a ticket. He voted faithfully and solemnly, ignoring dad's hints that he was wasting his time. So I became a Republican, and wore the badge of Blaine and Logan, and on the way to school went several blocks round the pop works.

It seems strange that I myself should now be bitter and cynical about our Government. Is it middle age? Is there a curve to this thing? Or is our Government just incurably objectionable?

I am writing these opinions largely for the sake of a safety valve. Father never sought such an outlet, and had no remedy for the conditions he hated. Maybe I have gone into matters more deeply. Perhaps I have a—well, some useful suggestions. I am not a political expert, nor an economist, nor even a writer, but just a roving engineer, the author of nothing more interesting than technical reports. But should this screed ever find its way into print perhaps it may aid others like myself to thinking matters out and bettering them.

It Became Necessary to Call Certain Interests to Washington. They Always Came in Hostility and Apprehension

Ten years ago government interested me not at all. My bill for the Federal article amounted to about ten dollars a year, paid indirectly when I took a drink, smoked a cigar or ordered a suit at the tailor's. Uncle Sam at Washington was a benevolent institution anxious to serve me through his departments. Results of research work were free. He never pried into my affairs except at census-taking. When I went abroad on professional errands it was like taking the ferry to Jersey City. No passport was required, and our consular service received and forwarded my mail and did other helpful little chores. Local government in the state and city was a little more impressive and costly, because I owned a run-down farm up the Hudson, a refuge for old age, and got my tax bill each year. But this was moderate, and taxes in the city were indirect excepting occasional inquiries about personal property, when I was able to satisfy the tax collector that I had no great wealth concealed in my New York office or in safe-deposit vaults.

But to-day ——

My bill for Federal Government, in the shape of direct income tax, amounts to more than I allotted to life-insurance premiums when I took out policies fifteen years ago. I am taxed every time I take a railroad or steamship journey, buy a shirt, go to a theater, pay my club dues. Engaging passage home on a new American line of steamers in a distant port the other day, patriotically proud of our rehabilitated merchant marine, I was shocked by the clerk's "And tax, sir"; and with these familiar words Uncle Sam dipped into my pocket half round the world, in his ingrained belief that it has no bottom.

Our Uncle Samuel is no longer benign. Instead, he has turned into a sort of stern H. G. Wells father, regulating my acts and demanding a minute accounting of my earnings and expenditures, and pestering me with troublesome rulings and schedules. When I go abroad his passport requirements are about as strict as those imposed by the Allied Governments during the war. I must find a relative to swear to my birth, and tell in detail where I am going, and why, and how long I mean to stay, and then get Washington's gracious permission.

"We'll take your two dollars," said the petty passport official to the applicant ahead of me in the line on the last occasion, "but I know Washington won't let you go there on a pleasure trip—if you want pleasure you can sail round the West Indies!"

A British engineer was my mate on this investigation. We met in New York, where he had a two-day conference. He told me that it took two weeks to comply with United States diplomatic red tape in London before he could buy his steamer ticket and land in New York.

Overlook the slightest detail in depositing a bond coupon, and your representative intrusted with such small affairs while you are busy abroad will have to wait until you can be located in Quito or Kamchatka.

With suspicion Washington scrutinizes your income-tax statement of two years ago and demands further information about the fares you paid and the meals you ate on that Idaho trip. Then it taxes you for the meals, and names the amount, haughtily adding, "You will be told when and where to pay this tax." Two years to make the final adjustment, and three months more to notify you, and then you will be allowed ten days to hand over the money—or cumulative penalties begin. The bill may be only ten dollars—but the insufferable official insolence!

The Man Without a Ballot

YOU read the morning paper. Once Washington sent out its cheerful statements about bumper crops and our favorable trade balance. Now the papers are full of threats for people who may violate the many new regulations that have been made the past few years, and exultant reports of offenders caught and punished. The country seems to be full of gumshoe men and investigators, and the citizen, on the European theory, is considered guilty until he proves his innocence.

Red tape and petty supervision ran riot during the war, and the jack-in-office is a survival everywhere, even in remote countries. "Here, you—get in line there!" expresses his attitude toward the decent character that the British have dubbed "John Citizen," and it is my personal opinion that John Citizen will stand in line until he makes a determined effort to regain his old freedom of action in innocent everyday affairs.

Now, after thinking these matters over, often with indignation—I realize that I may have become sour and self-centered—I have come to the conclusion that I am a consumer of government, and also a producer. Of the latter aspect I will speak later. Let us look into the consumer end.

As an engineer I frequently act as a purchasing agent. When there are materials to be bought I arrive at standards and make tests. If I purchase service instead of materials it is also possible to see that value is delivered.

Applying this point of view to the Government, which costs me in one way and another something approaching two dollars a day, I find myself in a startling situation.

It is not possible to select the best quality of government from different sources, as with materials, because there is only one supplier. Therefore, the next best course would seem to be an effort to improve the quality of the Government. Theoretically I have that power through the ballot. Actually I have no ballot! Dad wouldn't vote. I can't. In the twenty-odd years since I came of age I have voted just six times, twice for president and in the other instances for local candidates. I have never missed a chance to vote, but simply haven't had the chance, because Election Day usually finds me far from the town pump. I have a legal residence in New York State, where presently I shall be paying a state income tax. But Election Day may find me in California or Peru or Siberia.

(Continued on Page 46)

Some of Them Spend the Day in the Office Under the Delusion That They are Working, and Will Quaveringly Tell How They Missed Only Twenty Days in Fifty Years of Government Service

WILL IT LAST?—By Will Irwin

THE CHANGES AND CHANCES OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC

WHEN, in 1789 or thereabouts, the French broke loose and overthrew their kings they symbolized the process by burning up the pictures of royalty, smashing the statues of old monarchs and renaming the Street of the King or the Avenue of the Prince into the Street of Liberty or the Avenue of the Revolution. During the subsequent restorations of royalty and of the republic the street names changed with the politics of the times until, after 1870, the Street of the King became for good and all the Street of Liberty. After that body of liberal Britons who inhabited the American colonies broke with their Tory brethren a resident of New England had better have kept in his house a live rattlesnake than a chromo of George III. When the Russians overthrew the Czar they wiped out every symbol of monarchy. But when last winter the instinctively republican American entered Germany he found himself from the first surrounded by the gross, exaggerated symbols of old royalty. At the time of writing—early in March, just before the reactionary uprising—there was only one regular and approved method for an American to enter German territory. Thanks to the political bickerings of certain gentlemen in Washington we are still in a state of war.

Symbols of Royalty

A PASSPORT is no good whatever. One must go to Coblenz, in the southwestern corner, and get a military order from our Army of Occupation, which, viséed by the German authorities, becomes a pass. An American passenger from Paris to Munich, in the southeastern corner, between this situation and the imperfect train service, must make an eighteen-hour journey to Coblenz, a three-hour journey to Cologne, a twelve-hour journey to Berlin. Thence, if he is lucky, he may reach Munich in thirty-six hours or so. The Frenchman, Englishman, Italian or late neutral, on the other hand, may take a Paris-Strasburg-Munich train, arriving in less than twenty-four hours. For us it is like going from New York to Washington via Buffalo, Cleveland and Louisville.

So all the Americans who conduct themselves according to the regulations get their first impressions of the new Germany from Coblenz. And almost the first thing they see is the swollen, heavy, pretentious statue of Wilhelm I, one of the biggest of all monuments, and almost the ugliest, glowering over the gracious Rhine. You find, wandering along the streets, the Kaiserhof still open for guests; you stroll on the Kaiser Wilhelm Circle, the Kaiser Friedrich Street, the Hohenzollern Street. Pictures of the Kaiser-Who-Ran-Away had disappeared from the windows and from the strictly public buildings. But portraits of the old kings, such as Wilhelm I, remain, whereas the French in their first revolution broke up even the statue of the good King Henry of Navarre. Moreover, in private houses and in certain semipublic buildings such as lodge rooms, the inquiring American doughboy still finds portraits of even William the Damned, frowning down from behind his mustaches.

As you leave behind the occupied regions and jerk along the rails into Germany proper and undiluted, the impression deepens; everywhere Kaiserhofs and King This-or-That Streets and armed or crowned statues. When finally you reach Berlin the impression becomes a royal riot. True, the symbols of the late justly unpopular Wilhelm were not in evidence out of doors. True, what was his palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, now the German White House, presented to the view in place of the old imperial pomp only two bored, lackadaisical sentries armed with pistols, of whom confused pedestrians ask the way as of a common policeman; true, anyone might drive through the central arch of the Brandenburg Gate, sacred once to the carriage of the Kaiser—though few, I noticed, did. But no streets had been renamed in Berlin so far as I could find; no statues had been overthrown; no symbols of royalty had been burned. The beautiful park of the Tiergarten still gleamed with the marble accouterments on the statues of old kings—always armed kings. One would say of the German republic that it was like the Irishman who, caught drunk by his priest, said: "I'm a teetotaler, father, but not a rabid wan."

A Ruse for Better Terms?

FROM which it would be easy to infer, as critics have inferred, that the German republic was insincere from the beginning; that it was only a ruse to get better terms; that just as soon as Germany wriggled a little way out of her present fix it would transform itself into the same old system; that, in the current slang of royalist circles in Berlin: "Germans need a king."

The German republic sprang up at a moment when the nation was most effectively beaten in arms and was facing an entire military disaster; when the wisest knew not what to do; when the Emperor whose symbolism held the system together was preparing his flight across the border. The collective will necessary to play the subtle game of "a ruse to get better terms" was entirely lacking.

No, the German republic shot up out of a very confused and troubled situation. Behind it, from within, were at the time a minority representing the conservative wing of the old Social-Democratic Party. These men believed in their hearts that Germany was already almost enough socialized under the old régime; that what she needed was merely democratic control, under a republic, of the system. Still another minority, represented by the extreme Socialists and the Communists, wanted a thoroughgoing social revolution on the Russian pattern. Republicanism was not their main object, but a kind of corollary to that object. The kings, princelings, Junkers and high officers of the old régime had seen their system in three swift months of disaster fall about their ears; they were, for the moment, powerless against anything that the people decreed. They alone, possibly, had enough

American Quakers Superintending the Distribution of Food to Undernourished Saxon Children. Center—Guards Before the Presidential Mansion, Wilhelmstrasse. This Was Once the Kaiser's Palace. These Lackadaisical Sentries With Hands in Their Pockets Replace the Junk-Hung Guards of the Old Régime. Top—Guard-Mount Concert, Coblenz, by the American Military-Police Band

foresight to adopt the policy of permitting a republic for a time in order to get better terms. That one significant hint of President Wilson's—"The question is with what government are we dealing—the one which has hitherto carried on this war?"—unquestionably helped to crystallize the issue. Finally a surge of republicanism was on over the whole world. China had broken the crown just before the war. The next most populous empire, Russia, had deposed and killed its monarchs mid-course of the war. The crown was utterly gone from Austria, which up to fifty years before had been the bulwark of all monarchies. Britain was questioning kingship; in France, republicanism had stood the supreme test of war. We, the great republic, were for the moment dominant in world affairs.

These world surges get across borders, even into a nation so shut off as Germany had been during the great war. And in the desperate confusion of the moment she made herself a republic, scarcely knowing at the moment, it seems to me, what she was doing. From the first the republic was only a kind of compromise, though the Germans at the moment scarcely regarded it as such. The government—a republic with a political program like that of a Progressive Party in our Western States—would have been chosen only by a minority, and perhaps a small one, of the German people.

Yet that government, through incredible storms, stresses and perplexities, endured for sixteen months. And since good Americans are all republican at heart, it has occurred to me that readers would like from an observer certainly not prejudiced in favor of Germany, a kind of summary of expert opinion on the chances of the German republic, if it can weather the present storm and come back. I shall not be foolish enough to prophesy. The situation is so confused that even a fair-minded and informed German must be rash to do that. But I can at least describe the forces working for and against the republic, and show how they may operate.

The Pros and Cons of Politics

BEGINNING with the adverse tide; the republic was a compromise from the beginning. Against it, to the right, stood the tremendously intelligent body of reactionaries, including high government officials and army officers, who gave its tremendous strength to the old régime. Against the republican idea, too, stood the habit of kings, so long ingrained in the German people, and the sense of caste, perhaps stronger in Germany than in England. Whether or no a general change of heart has come or is coming in Germany, whether or no she is due for a new orientation of the spirit, these people for the most part have not changed. They are retired from affairs, temporarily at least; the republic seems to have used and placed only such experts among them as were notorious among their kind for liberal views.

Equally they retired from the public view. The hotels, cafés and theaters, where the newly rich and war profiteers are blowing on useless things their impermanent profits, have been shunned by the men and women of the old régime. One reason for the appearance of blatant vulgarity which marked the recent night life of Berlin was the absence of the people who knew how to wear clothes and how to conduct themselves in the presence of food. But they have expressed themselves partly in a few newspapers of rather small circulation, though of far-carrying voices. And, retired to their country estates or their city residences, they continued to plan and to plot. To this class a Germany without a monarch is no Germany at all; even more than the corresponding element in other European countries they hold their class, in their hearts, higher than their country. They it is who, whistling to keep a stiff upper lip, proclaim that Germany did not lose the war in arms, that it lost because the army was traitorously stabbed in the back by a social revolution stirred up by American and British propaganda and by the deceitful Wilson. They have lived for the moment when the "republican madness," "the democratic swinishness" being passed in Europe, they might restore a king to Prussia and an emperor to Germany, and after the temporary setback seek again the place in the sun.

Reactionary Students Demonstrating in the Rain Before the University of Berlin Against the Extradition of War Criminals. Center—Lowly Trucks Now May Pass Through the Kaiser's Arch of the Brandenburg Gate. Top—Crowd at Cabiens Listening to American Music

The workingman of Germany has been in the saddle. Nothing can be done without the collective will of the laboring class. And, as I shall presently show, the workingman, if not a red-hot republican, is far from a convinced royalist. Further, in the very nature of things, any German government must have hard sledding for a few years.

Opposing Views of Royalists

FINALLY the royalists have been divided among themselves into several factions, all minorities. On the extreme right is a small, stiff body of stand-patters, who favor the restoration of Wilhelm Hohenzollern. These old kingly loyalties amount to a religion; there is no reasoning with them. Never probably were four kings in a row more incompetent than the British Stuarts; yet still, two hundred years after the last and poorest of them ran away from his kingdom, there exists a White Rose Society, to which even certain romantic Americans belong, mourning for a Stuart restoration. So, though the late Kaiser lost all popularity with the people when he ran away, though the Kautsky exposures further undermined him, these people proclaim their loyalty to him and to him alone. A larger body realizes the impracticability of restoring Wilhelm, but remains firm in loyalty to the house of Hohenzollern as kings of Prussia and emperors of Germany. This party is again divided. Some hope to restore the late Crown Prince, who may not, in all justice, be quite the simpleton we have been led to believe him. Also, another idea has appeared. Throw overboard the late Kaiser and the Crown Prince. The Allies virtually have them anyway, and will probably not be so foolish as to let them go. Put on the throne the late Crown Prince's young son, with a regency during his minority. So will the Hohenzollern tradition be maintained; and so, for a few years, will they have as real ruler some able man of their own selection.

Another party, especially strong among the common people of monarchic leanings, wants a new deal out of a new deck. Let the German people, realizing that the Hohenzollerns have played out their string, elect a monarch from outside. Among the people in general, I heard from those who know Germany, the name most often mentioned was that of Von Hindenburg. I do not suppose that iron-faced autocratic old person would be a popular hit anywhere in the world outside of Germany; but somehow he has caught the imagination of the German people. At least he is a kingly figure; at least he has borne himself with dignity, refusing to apologize and intrigue like Ludendorff or to splutter like Zu Reventlow or Von Tirpitz. But Von Hindenburg is an old man, without male heir; at best he would only be a stop-gap.

Then there are the kinglets and princelings of the late German monarchies once federated under the Prussian Hohenzollerns into the German Empire. When, early in 1918, Germany looked to be winning, a flurry of politics broke out among them. Conquered states under German suzerainty meant new German kings for such countries as Rumania, Serbia and—who could tell?—even France and Belgium. Dowager queen-mothers and reigning king-fathers maneuvered and hinted about the All-Highest for a job for Heine or Rudie; all the Kaiser's sons and their wives were at it. And though the little royalties have been

(Continued on Page 59)

Girls Don't Gamble Any More

By GEORGE WESTON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

LOOKING neither to the right nor the left, I will say at once that this chapter of human history might never have been written if it had not been for an angel's nose. "An angel's nose?" I can imagine you saying. Yes, yes, an angel's nose! If it had not been for that celestial feature Wilbur Rathbone wouldn't have failed in business, his wife wouldn't have henpecked him, his two oldest daughters wouldn't have bossed him, his youngest girl wouldn't have gone on strike for a beau; and in short such a lot of other things would never have happened, including sudden shots at midnight, a hurling brick, a piercing cry, a clinch, a clench, a clutch and the whole world swimming in purple, prune and pink, that before I go any further I think I ought to tell you about Wilbur Rathbone and that wonderful feature upon which this story depends.

Wilbur was young at the time, and hadn't been married long, though long enough to have two of the prettiest little babies you ever saw, named Ethel and Eunice. But in spite of his youth he was one of the likeliest stonecutters in New York, probably having the germ of genius in him if only he could have found the soil to plant it. Meanwhile he worked in a yard in Yorkville, and whenever a hard bit of work came into the shop nine times out of ten the job went to Wilbur Rathbone, and he did it with the air of a young man who has the world by the tail and is going to give it the giant swing as soon as he feels just like it.

Everything might have been lovely if his wife's father hadn't died and left her a little more than two thousand dollars. With these two thousand she started her husband in business, and one of the first contracts he procured was for a granite angel, life size, to be mounted upon an appropriate pedestal. The angel herself was carved at the quarry, and because Wib was new to the business he had to pay cash against the bill of lading—and didn't have a great deal of his capital left when that was done.

"Never mind," he thought. "I'm going to make five hundred dollars out of this young lady. Let's have a look at her."

It was a really good-looking angel, but you know the way some artists are. They are never quite satisfied with another man's work.

"They needn't have made her nose so big," said Wib. "I guess the man who did this job had a pretty good beak of his own."

Whereupon he picked up a chisel and hammer and started to dress down the feature in question. All went well for a time, but whether or not Wib's hand slipped, there was a particularly loud crack of the hammer on the chisel and off flew the angel's nose, leaving her looking just as foolish as you please.

The purchaser was one of those fussy men justly abhorred by all geniuses. He wouldn't accept the angel; wouldn't listen to having her nose patched up by a cunning workman; scoffed at the idea of having a whole brand new head put upon her—and poor Wib didn't have the money to buy another. He struggled manfully for a while, but as practically all his money was in that one contract he finally had to go home one night and give his wife tidings to the following effect:

"You know that two thousand dollars which you gave me to start in business with? Ha-ha! I've lost it!"

That was the gist of the message, you will realize—not the exact text—the note of forced cheerfulness being added to try to keep his wife from worrying over spilled milk. But if you know the way some artists are, perhaps you know the way some wives are too.

Wib went back to his old job in Yorkville, but somehow he was never the same again; no longer had the smile of one who winks his eye at the stars; no longer had the air of a man who would swing the world by the tail.

"Still she can't keep it up forever," he uneasily told himself. "She'll forget it—and remember the Maine."

But she didn't forget it. And when Eunice and Ethel grew old enough to talk they borrowed a leaf from mother, and henpecked father too. They were pretty girls, growing prettier every year, and having been born before the episode of the angel's nose each had inherited from Wib the firm idea that the world was to be her oyster and the moon her little-neck clam.

Ethel was six years old and Eunice was seven when the stork made his third and last appearance at the Rathbone home leaving behind him another little lady, who was duly christened Margaret but was soon to be known as Madge. There are two special circumstances surrounding this last child which might perhaps be called to attention now.

In the first place, Madge is the heroine of our story. And in the second place she was the daughter of her father's henpecked years.

II

AS ETHEL and Eunice grew older it sometimes seemed to Wib that everywhere his two girls went the boys were sure to go. He stood it for a long time, but at last he spoke to his wife about it.

They Looked at Each Other, and Had a Slow Long Smile Until an Indignant Limousine Swore a Hoarse Note at Them

"Oh, leave the girls alone," she made answer. "They're only young once. And besides—who knows?—they may marry well and not have to work like slaves all their lives—like I've had to do!"

Whereupon she sighed, partly in memory of her lost fortune and partly in memory of her vanished youth; and as for Master Wib, that unfortunate sculptor, he said no more.

"Hope they'll finish high school anyhow," he thought to himself.

He needn't have worried. They not only finished high school, but one by one the years rolled on, and still Ethel and Eunice surprised Old Wib by wearing no men's rings upon their fingers.

"Funny thing to me," he said to his wife one night. "It isn't as if they didn't have chances enough."

"Chances!" she repeated with a sort of good-natured contempt. "Girls want more than chances nowadays, Wilbur, before they think of getting married!"

"Why, what more do they want?" asked Wib, opening his eyes.

"They want men who can give them a proper position in life—a nice apartment on a nice street, and a car and a bungalow somewhere for the summer—that's what they want nowadays, Wilbur—things like that. Girls don't gamble any more. Can you blame them?"

"And those two young dudes who are chasing after Ethel and Eunice—I suppose they're waiting till they get well fixed before they ask the girls. Is that it?"

"That's it," she nodded with the large air of one who knows the secrets of the sibyls. "It's just exactly as I told you a moment ago. Young people won't gamble any more. They know too much."

"M-m-m," said Wib doubtfully. "You can call it knowledge if you like, but it looks more like a game of patience to me."

Meanwhile Madge had been growing up—a quiet, serious-eyed young one—and whether or not her sisters' supplies had exhausted the family stock of charm, it must be confessed that poor Madge didn't seem to have any power to make young men walk round in circles or sit at her feet and beg. She didn't mind this at first, but when she began to see that in the Rathbone household the family motto seemed to be "The more beaus the less work," even Madge started to think it over in her quiet serious-eyed way.

"Say, pop," she said one Saturday afternoon when all the others had gone out but him, "I'd like to ask you something if you won't laugh."

"I haven't laughed for so long that I've nearly forgotten how," he told her soberly enough.

"Well then——" She brought it out with a rush. "How is it that Ethel and Eunice get all the beaus and I have none?"

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "Perhaps it's because you don't try to get 'em."

They looked at each other then, and though neither said a word they spoke to each other plainly enough with their glances.

"They put it all over me because I haven't got one," she mutely told him, "and make me wash the dishes."

"I know they do, little woman, and it's a shame," he silently replied.

"If I ask you something kind of funny, pop, will you promise not to tell a soul?" she asked, still without speaking.

"You know I won't," he answered in kind. "You know that you and I are the only outcasts in this family. What would I tell on you for?"

"Say, pop," she finally asked. "How do girls act—when they want to get a beau?"

"Oh, I don't know," he uneasily laughed. But seeing that this wouldn't go with his youngest daughter he darkly drew from his own experience.

"I guess you have to pick one out first, and then you smile at him and tell him he's clever or strong or something like that; make believe that he's something unusual—that's the idea—a kind of a modern young miracle in a ready-made suit; and pretty soon he'll be so tickled to death to think that you're the only one who's had sense enough to see what a world beater he is that—that—well, anyhow," he lamely concluded, "I guess that's one way to take a gamble, as your mother calls it, though she says that girls don't gamble any more."

"My Secret Ambition is Either to Find a Hundred Thousand Dollars in a Pocketbook, or to Get a Job Counting Money for a Blind Millionaire"

This was more than Madge had expected, but she thought it over.

"What are you going to do?" asked Wib. "Steal your sisters' young men away from them?"

Her answer gave him his second big surprise that afternoon.

"What? Those two?" she quietly asked. "I wouldn't bother with either of them. They aren't worth it."

Again they looked at each other—father and daughter—and again they knew each other better by the time they looked away.

"Put on your things," said Wib, "and I'll take you to the movies. Why should you be the only one to stay at home like a little Cinderella?"

"No; it's all right," she said. "There's a table coming from Latimer Brothers this afternoon, and somebody's got to be here to take it in."

It was nearly an hour later when the table came, rolling grandly to the door in a red-painted furniture truck with pneumatic tires. Two men carried the table upstairs to the Rathbone apartment, the first a middle-aged diplomat with flat feet and a walrus mustache who called Madge "Lady," and the second a frowning young man with a pompadour, who was evidently the driver of the truck.

"Now be careful—be careful!" said Old Walrus, who evidently had that sort of a nature. "This table is heavy."

"Heavy!" scoffed the young man with youth's contempt for caution. "Look out! I'll carry it myself."

And what is more, he did carry it himself; and when he had set it down exactly where Madge wanted it he shyly lifted a fine pair of eyes to her as though to inquire: "How's that?"

For as long as it might have taken you to count three Madge remained her old-fashioned little self, and then a smile lit up her face with a transformation that was well worth carrying a table upstairs to see.

"My, aren't you strong!" breathed she.

III

WHEN Eunice and Ethel heard the news they didn't think much of it, their first thought probably being: "Now who's to wash the dishes if Madge has got a beau?"

"What did you say his name was?" asked Ethel, trying to look amused.

"His name is James Fisher," quietly replied Madge, who was sewing beads on her best shirt waist.

"What does he do?" drawled Eunice.

But Madge wouldn't tell them that.

"You'll find out soon enough," said she.

The two girls looked at each other as though they thought less of it than ever. They were tall and really handsome, with a beauty which if properly dressed would carry them almost anywhere, though vague glimpses of discontent were beginning to show in their glances, and especially in the way they could turn on smiles without lighting their faces. They were both hungry readers of society news, and whenever they read of the engagement of some rich young man they always felt somehow that they had been cheated, particularly if the girl's picture were published as well.

"I'm better looking than that," was the unphrased thought in each one's mind, and they had the baffled feeling that if life is a game someone had been stacking the cards and dealing them nothing but two-spots. But most of this, you will understand, was beneath the surface. To the eye they were really two striking girls, who liked to shop on Fifth Avenue, took a pride in their clothes not being distinguishable from Park Avenue garments, wore silk in winter and furs in summer, and always felt a warm feeling of amusement when chance acquaintances spoke of Cullard's as though it were spelled with two "l's" instead of a "y."

"Of course if you don't want to tell us anything ——" said Ethel.

"I don't," said Madge, threading another bead.

"When's he coming?"

"Wednesday night."

The news spread. It was considered such a rich thing for Madge to have a beau. Ethel told Herbert, the irreproachable young man who was waiting until he had accumulated enough of the spoils of life to lay them at Ethel's feet—meanwhile working at the Lafayette National Bank for twenty-eight dollars a week. Herbert thought it a great joke, and laughed with well-bred amusement. And Eunice told Stanley, an equally irreproachable young blade, who looked like a young man about town but who really stood behind the counter of Grant & Robertson's real-estate agency and wrote out cards for prospective tenants who wished to go and look at occupied houses and apartments.

"Well, well!" chuckled Stanley. "By Jove, I'd like to see him!"

In fact, they all seemed to have a curiosity upon that score, and when Wednesday evening rolled round there weren't many vacant chairs in the Rathbones' front room. And whether or not it was due to chance, the two girls were wearing dresses that looked like advance hints from Paris—not, of course, with any idea of stealing a possible prize from little sister, but merely for the honor of the family. While as for Herbert and Stanley, those two young bloods, working in collusion, were sporting Tuxedos and pumps.

Old Wib was reading the paper in the dining room, wearing his best slippers, while opposite him sat ma dolled to the nines in a dark red dressing sack, but evidently thinking of departed glories and things that might have been.

Do you wonder that Madge felt the responsibilities of her position keenly? Do you wonder that as she listened for the doorbell that immemorial doubt kept passing over her: "Suppose he doesn't come!"

But she needn't have worried.

The clock in the dining room had hardly finished striking eight when the bell rang, and Madge slipped along the hall to open the door. Yes, it was Jimmy, in a navy-blue suit and a pair of new shoes that creaked as he stepped over the threshold.

"Good evening," said Madge as though this was nothing.

"Howdy-do?" said Jimmy. And feeling in the inside pocket of his coat, he blushed like a socialist's banner and produced a small cornucopia of tissue paper, which proved to contain a carnation, a rosebud and a spray of maidenhair fern.

"Are these for me?" asked Madge, still holding him there at the end of the hall.

"I'll say so!" quoth James.

She tucked them into her bodice, while Jimmy put all his admiration into his eyes and gave it to her with a glance that made them both tremble a little, though neither suspected the other's palpitation. And in truth little Madge was worth all the applause, either noisy or silent, that any young man might have wished to shower upon her that evening. From down the hall floated a wave of well-bred conversation.

"Company?" asked Jimmy, moistening his lips.

"No! Only my sisters and—and their friends."

He followed her down the hall in his creaking shoes, and broke into a gentle perspiration when he saw the distinguished company which awaited him. As the introductions proceeded he became vaguely conscious of shaking hands when he shouldn't; of a certain monotony in his thick-voiced "Pleased to meet you." He came to anchor in a chair at last, and mopped his forehead.

"Warm in here," said Madge, trying to put him at his ease.

"I'll say so!" quoth James.

That reminded Stanley of a famous client of his firm's who had just sold her house on Fifth Avenue because she could never get it warm enough.

"Beautiful place too," he added. "Furnished absolutely regardless. In fact, she even had Kydde himself come over from London to superintend the interior decorations, you know."

"Really?" drawled Eunice. "Didn't he do the ballroom, too, at Ca-yard's?"

The conversation, turning then to a new style of cigarette humidor, came rippling over to Jimmy. But as for Jimmy, that young man sat tight and let it ripple away again.

"What do I know about cigarette humidors?" he asked himself. "I guess Latimer Brothers sell 'em if anybody does. Gee-whiz though! Tuxedos! Good night! Good night!"

"A corking big check came into the bank to-day," said Herbert. "Three and a half millions. By Jove, it set me thinking! What a man could do with three and a half millions! Eh, Mr. Fisher?"

"I'll say so!" quoth James.

Eunice sniggered a little, and I wish you could have seen the look that Madge gave her.

"The—er—flowers it would buy!" said Stanley. "Eh, Mr. Fisher?"

But Madge looked over to Jimmy just in time, and catching her eye he was silent. She gave him a long, tranquil look and, perhaps to her own surprise, she was satisfied. A moment before she had been wrinkling her forehead with unconscious concentration as she gazed at what she had found, possibly feeling like that famous hunter who caught a live bear and didn't know what to do with it. But when they looked at each other she caught in Jimmy again that indefinable something which had first attracted her to him. If you had asked her what this something was she couldn't have told you, and even if she had tried to work it out by herself the best she could have done would have been an uneasy "Oh, I don't know! But he seems to have something in him."

"They're beginning to tease him," she thought, and quickly rose. "We're going to the movies," she announced, and turning to Jimmy she added: "My coat's in the hall."

At the doorway Jimmy paused and smiled uncertainly at the company, but with the exception of Old Wib, who gave him a smile and a nod, no one seemed to be noticing him.

"Creak, creak, creak," went his shoes up the hall.

IV

WHEN they reached the street Madge stole a glance at the young man by her side. Now that he was in action, away from those disquieting Tuxedos and those even more disturbing advance hints from Paris, his awkwardness seemed to be falling away from him, and a clear-cut earnestness was taking its place.

"We'll get a car at the corner," he briskly announced, and with one of his rare smiles he added: "My limousine's out of commission to-night."

A wave of regret swept over Madge that he hadn't used wit like that before a larger audience.

"Don't you think Ethel and Eunice are awfully nice looking?" she asked.

"Oh, they're all right—when you're not there. Some peaches, at that," he amended, suddenly remembering who they were.

"Of course I know I don't look like either of them," she wistfully told him.

"Huh! Some peaches—that's what I said. But do you mind if I tell you something?"

Evidently silence gave consent.

"You're a queen," said he in a voice that had a touch of huskiness in it. And never a courtier of the golden age paid homage more sincere or gave his sovereign a glance so shy and yet so proud.

"You know what I'm going to do?" he asked as they waited for their car.

"No; tell me."

"I'm going to study up on motor trucks till I know 'em backward!"

Instinct stripped the covering from his words and told Miss Margaret Rathbone what he meant. He was a knight of the long ago—Sir James of the Plumed Crest—and he was telling her "I'm going to study up on dragons—and kill you a big one." It wasn't altogether for the sake of killing dragons, you understand, that the knights of old buckled on their armor and drew their shining swords; it was partly done to open the eyes and earn the smiles of beauty; and way down deep in her heart Madge began to have a sense of that strange power which makes the world go round.

Their car came then. A number of other passengers were waiting and it didn't escape Madge that Jimmy had her up the steps at the head of them all, and in the same masterful manner he found her a seat where none had been apparent a moment before.

It was a good picture, and good music accompanied it—music that lifted the mind to the realms of dreams and fancies and there let it wing for a while.

"Don't you think the heroine was wonderful?" asked Madge when they reached the street again.

"No; I never liked tall girls," he told her.

You wouldn't have thought it in that crowd, but a little bird with the sweetest whistle suddenly seemed to settle and sing in the flower on Madge's head. She herself was anything but a tall girl.

"Wasn't it awful though," she said at last, "when the poor girl had to stand there and watch them fighting the man she loved?"

"Oh, I don't know," he objected again. "Seems to me she might have picked up a rock or something—and helped him."

"That's what I would have done," thought Madge, and felt happier than ever.

They walked home slowly, and when he finally left her at the door she climbed the stairs more slowly yet—and not without reason. That evening she had gone out and faced swift-moving destiny—but now she had to go in and face her sisters. They were both waiting for her; and oh, didn't they pounce!

"But what on earth does he do? And is he ever coming again?" were Ethel's last despairing questions.

Madge was almost as white as the dress she wore. She looked at them both, and then she let them have it.

"He drives a truck for Latimer Brothers, and he's coming again on Saturday night. Anything more you want to know?" said she.

▼

EXPERIENCE is the father of wisdom. Necessity is the mother of invention. But greater far is the truth first voiced by Adam: "I never would have thought of that if it hadn't been for her!"

Sir James of the Plumed Crest was guiding his truck up Amsterdam Avenue a few months later when he found his first piece of armor. There's a long steep hill upon that avenue, cobbled with truckmen's curses and climbing all the way from One Hundred and Thirtieth to one Hundred and Sixteenth streets. Not only that: Jimmy's car was loaded to the roof, but he hadn't been studying such subjects as motor trucks, hints for drivers and maximum efficiency for nothing. His Red Prince truck rolled up the incline with that steady pull and power which is the dream of every driver, and freed from lesser worries Sir James forgot his metal steed and began working over a problem which was bothering him more than anything in the textbooks.

"Did she really mean it?" he asked himself for the twentieth time. "Or was she only fooling?"

An ancient puzzle, this, and fraught with danger, as all the elect know well. Madge's birthday was drawing near, and she had served notice on Jimmy that she didn't want a present. Now Jimmy had wanted to splurge, partly because of the desire of every true knight to lay the spoils of war at his lady's feet, and partly, too, to give Stanley and

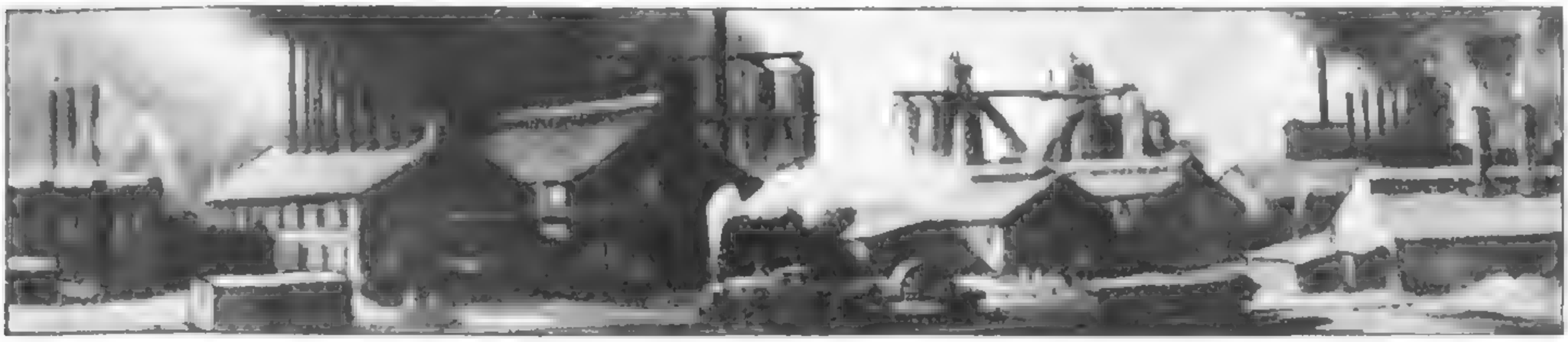
(Continued on Page 100)

As He Felt All the Fireworks in the World Suddenly Seemed to Go Off Just Back of Jimmy's Neck

SELLING THE P. A.

By Wilbur Hall

DECORATION BY J. EASLEY



HEMINGWAY, western manager for the Geer Machinery Company, sat at his desk frowning over a salesman's report. Across the bottom had been written: "Impossible for me to sell Sunbeam Food Products Co. If you want to land their purchasing agent you will have to get a better man than I am. MOULTON."

The manager rang a bell; presently his star salesman appeared.

"This fellow has got your goat, has he, Sam?" Hemingway asked good-naturedly.

"What fellow? Oh, Wiley! Well, yes, he has. I don't hook up very well with any purchasing agent, but this man Wiley hangs it on them all. I throw up my hands."

"What seems to be the trouble with him? Doesn't he like our goods?"

"I don't know. We never get quite that far."

"Is he disagreeable?"

"No-o. But he thinks he knows it all in the first place. Or not that exactly; but he expects me to know it all. For example, he asked me the other day what grade of lubricating oil should be used in the Geer conveyor table. I tried to stall, because so far as I know all lubricating oils are the same. That started him off. He began a lecture on lubricating oils that had me out of my depth in four strokes. What the blazes do I care about oil?"

"Not a great deal, would be my guess," the manager observed. "But why didn't you read up a little on lubricating oils and go back at him?"

"Because it would have been toggle pins next time or rubber belting or the distance from here to the moon or something. You can't keep up with that guy. And if you don't have an answer ready for him he seems to lose interest in business right away. If he would talk Geer products or baseball I could hang with him; but he won't."

"Sunbeam Food buys a lot of machinery in a year too," the manager observed sadly.

"It does. That's the reason I've asked you to put somebody else on Wiley's trail. We need him, but he doesn't seem to be lying awake nights worrying about it."

"We have a good deal of trouble selling the big companies in this territory, I've been observing," Hemingway said thoughtfully. "Take the Shell Soap people, and Nestor & Hardigan, and the Western Beef and Produce, and the Federal Oil ——"

"You know why, don't you?"

"If I did we wouldn't have that trouble any longer."

The Manager Tries It Himself

"OH, YES, we would. It's because they all have purchasing agents. And you know what I think of them as a class; and I happen to know that you agree with me. In fact I believe I got a lot of my ideas from you."

Hemingway straightened up.

"That's a stiff jolt, Moulton," he said soberly. "It's just beginning to occur to me that the reason for our slow growth in this territory may lie in our prejudice against purchasing agents. And as you say, I am probably to blame for it."

"No," Moulton interrupted; "you are right about them. Generally speaking, they are a lot of high-priced clerks who keep their jobs because they are clever enough or shrewd enough or crafty enough to buy what their houses need at an inside figure. In a little while, spending anywhere from a hundred thousand in some small house to a million and a half a year, as Wiley does, they begin to imagine that they must be wonderful. That's always about the time I seem to meet them, but the only thing wonderful to me is that they are allowed to go on living."

"But the p. a. is an institution that has come to stay," Hemingway suggested. "That seems to be the truth, and if it is we must find out how to sell him."

Moulton pulled a long face.

"I wish you'd go out on the road for a month and do the finding then," he said. "I'm like a married man is about cats—every time a purchasing agent is mentioned I feel my back hair rising."

Hemingway laughed at the comedy of the suggestion: then he stopped laughing and began to think. He had been a salesman in his time, though it had been some years before, and when he harked back in memory it seemed to him that he had been a very good salesman. True, he hadn't had many purchasing agents to deal with.

"Look here, Moulton," he said abruptly, "you've had a crazy idea and I have another one to match it. We'll change jobs for a month."

"What—me?"

"You'll stay in the office—and the Lord have mercy on the filing system! I'll go out and see if I can sell purchasing agents."

"And the Lord have mercy on you!" Moulton echoed. "Of course you will change your mind before morning. But if you decide you can trust this shebang to the tender mercies of a man who doesn't know a balance sheet from the codicil to a will, you won't find them any gamer than I am."

Hemingway was half inclined to believe that Moulton was right about his changing his mind, but the spark of egotism that burns cheerily in every human breast warmed the manager into the belief that no purchasing agent could resist him. The more he thought of the wild plan the better it sounded to him. At nine o'clock the next morning he put a price book into his pocket with more careless confidence than he really felt and went out into the territory. He had no particular program, except that he was determined to make a call on every purchasing agent he could find. The first two he tried were out. Hemingway was surprised—he had never thought of a purchasing agent being out.

"I don't see how they can buy that way," he grumbled—"unless they do it at a department store and bring the stuff away in a fish-net bag."

His third visit was paid a grain-milling concern. The purchasing agent was a man named Porter J. Brown. He was in. But not conspicuously so, Hemingway decided.

"Have you an appointment with Mr. Brown?" the smart young lady at the information desk inquired.

"I have not. I'm Hemingway, of Geer Machinery Company. I think he'll see me."

But he wouldn't—not immediately. He might—if Mr. Hemingway would wait. Hemingway had his curiosity roused by this time; he felt that he owed it to himself to get a look at a real purchasing agent, if nothing more. He waited. While he was waiting two men came in—one apparently an engineer. They stood ten feet from the Geer manager talking quite openly, and it was only a moment before Hemingway discovered that the older man was vice president of the mills and probably a sort of general manager.

"Then you would recommend a secondhand pump for this experiment at Sharon?" he asked presently.

"I think so," the engineer replied. "If we do have to go deeper for water next fall the pump I'm considering wouldn't be heavy enough. If we get a good supply at the present depth a used pump will last until next year at least—if we are lucky it may last for five years."

"All right, Bacon," the executive said; "send Brown a description of what you want. What type were you thinking of using?"

Hemingway, ostensibly reading a trade magazine he had picked up, cocked one ear. The engineer specified his needs in technical language. He wanted a complete pump unit and the motor to operate it. The Geer manager listened attentively. It happened that he had taken in, not six weeks before, a deep-well pump and motor that he was anxious to dispose of at an upset price. If the engineer had seen it before drawing his specifications he could not more accurately have described it. It could be sold at a profit to the Geer Company at twenty-one hundred dollars. Hemingway, considering the matter, shaved this to an even two thousand just for luck. Presently the mill officials separated and left.

In the meantime, however, there was no news from Mr. P. J. Brown. After half an hour Hemingway reminded the haughty girl that he was waiting to see the purchasing agent.

"Yes, so you said," she replied calmly.

"My idea was to see him this morning," Hemingway hinted politely. "But, of course, my ideas come mixed at times."

"Yes?" the girl said, raising her penciled eyebrows. "Mr. Brown will send for you when he wants to see you."

At the end of an hour Mr. Brown evidently felt the urge. When Hemingway was so informed he made a bolt for fear the mighty p. a. might change his mind.

An Audience With Bumptious Mr. Brown

"I'M HEMINGWAY, of the Geer Machinery Company, Mr. Brown," he said with his best smile when he faced the buyer.

He had already felt that he would not be strongly drawn to Mr. Brown, and now he knew it. Brown was beetle-browed, nearsighted and very important. One of his most successful business devices was to make his caller feel that the latter was unimportant. It was easy to see that flattery, cajolery and humility might get an order out of Brown, but Hemingway instantly concluded that a fair price, prompt deliveries and a high quality of goods never would.

"I'll just put that price back to twenty-one hundred," he decided to himself. "I don't like this bird's style of beauty at all."

The purchasing agent was thumbing through a file of invoices.

"Geer Company?" he snapped irritably. "Never heard of it before."

"Our Mr. Moulton usually calls on you, I believe, Mr. Brown."

"Bolton? Never heard of him! Where is that other file, Miss Nelson?"

Hemingway kept his temper and tried another tack.

"I understand you use the Standard Fitting Company's carton filler, Mr. Brown. We are manufacturing that machine now. How are your fillers holding up?"

"I don't know," the p. a. growled. "I am purchasing agent for the mills—not factory superintendent. What do you want to sell me? Come, come; let's have it out!"

"I don't know what you need, but the Geer Company line is fairly complete, Mr. Brown. If you want suggestions ——"

"Who said I wanted suggestions, young man? I don't! And I'm very busy to-day. Miss Nelson!"

Hemingway rose and walked to the door.

"I see you are, Mr. Brown," he said placidly. "But I'll call again to-morrow. Good morning."

Without waiting for the reply that it was quite obvious he would not get for some time—if at all—he walked out. Once in the street again, he drew a long breath.

"There's a typical purchasing agent for you!" he exclaimed. "Too puffed out in front to know that his shoe is untied! No wonder Moulton gives 'em all up! I'd throttle a few of them if I were out a week."

Then he added slowly: "I don't see any good reason why that high-and-mighty gentleman should be allowed to get away with the sort of treatment he gave me. For once in his career he isn't going to do it either. He is going to want that pump unit of mine, even if he doesn't know it yet, and he is going to pay for it according to the way he treats me. We'll make it a fine of one hundred dollars added to the price of two thousand every time he handles me rough. I'll show him a new wrinkle in salesmanship."

In the afternoon Hemingway had better luck. The first man he met was a round-faced, pleasant, chirruping little

(Continued on Page 131)

The Night-Blooming Serious

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"SEES yo' dollar an' raises you one." Skimp Clintin, small, black and rather the worse for wear, raised inquiring eyes. "Says which?"

The superelegant gentleman opposite motioned grandiosely toward the yellow chip he had pitched nonchalantly on the table.

"Money talks," said he.

Skimp Clintin did some careful thinking. His poker instinct signaled trouble, but his common sense counseled otherwise. Of the seven players only himself and Cadushus Link remained in this particular hand of stud. The heavy raising of the magnificent Cadushus had early driven the others to cover. At his limit raise there was a general hitching forward of chairs and a clearing of throats.

"Humph!" murmured the harassed Skimp. "Money do talk, but mos' usamly it talks foolishment."

There was a pause—a tense silence. The members of the Full House Social Club were intent upon the outcome of this particular duel between Skimp Clintin, their champion stud artist, and Cadushus Link, the elegant stranger who had recently come within Birmingham's gates and was making fair headway in accumulating the wealth of Birmingham's colored poker-playing population.

Skimp turned worried eyes on Florian Slappey.

"What'd you do?" he asked.

Florian shrugged his silk-shirted shoulders.

"It's yo' money which is bein' lost," he answered. "You'd oughter know."

The problem indicated by the two hands left on the table was fairly easy of answer. Before Skimp were arrayed the six, seven, eight and nine of clubs—a possible straight flush. Cadushus' exposed hand was composed of the queen of hearts, ten of hearts, six of spades and deuce of diamonds. By all the rules of stud poker Skimp's second raise should have been the signal for Cadushus to yield the already large pot. Cadushus' best possible showing was a pair of queens. The small and worried Skimp had him beaten every possible way from a betting standpoint, and yet Cadushus had already seen two raises and come back the limit.

Skimp was exceedingly perturbed. His hole card was the ace of hearts, but to the best of his knowledge he was the only player about the table who knew that fact. He wrinkled his brow—and did the only thing left for him to do.

"I hates to take yo' money, Mistuh Link," he remarked as he placed a yellow two-dollar chip on the table, "but cha'ity begins where it commences."

Cadushus did not hesitate for even the fractional portion of a moment. A yellow chip from his enormous stack duplicated that of his little opponent.

"An' a dollar!"

Another yellow one from Skimp.

"An' one mo'."

From Cadushus, "An' another!"

Skimp reached out for two blue ones, his yellows having slithered into the pot. He extracted a rabbit's foot from his pocket and placed it ostentatiously beside him. Then he went again into executive session with himself. The other members of the club maintained an absorbed silence. Here was a poker battle worthy of the name. Their eyes were glued on the cards, rising only to flicker admiration upon the imperturbable Cadushus Link.

To-night there was a one-hundred-per-cent attendance of the club's membership—Florian Slappey and Dr. Brutus Herring and Lawyer Evans Chew and Semore Mashby and Dr. Vivian Simmons. The stacks remaining before the chairs of those gentlemen of parts were about of a size, representing a balance in the gambling scales. All through the session good cards seemed to have run simultaneously to Cadushus and Skimp—always Cadushus and Skimp—and somehow when Cadushus stayed with Skimp his good cards appeared to be just the least bit gooder than those of his rival. Nor was this the first session in which that condition had prevailed. A dozen evenings it had been thus—even play for the five other members of the club, an enormous enriching of Cadushus at Skimp's expense. And Skimp was growing more than superstitious. He looked again at Cadushus' cards.

"Humph!—pair queens is the bes' possible. That ain' no kin' of a han'."

Cadushus smiled indulgently.

"Reckon not?"

"Uh-huh."

"Then sweeten up li'l Tommy with another two dollars."

Skimp did so. Cadushus replied in kind. And then Skimp's nerve gave way. Of recent weeks he had been a pathetically consistent and abnormally heavy loser. In the pot there was already a sum exceeding forty dollars. He slid a single blue one out. "Calls you, Mistuh Link."

"Winnin' My Money Is 'Bout the On'y Thing You Don' Never Do Nothin' Else But"

Cadushus grinned and turned up his hole card—the ace of diamonds. Skimp half rose from his chair, then collapsed. Not even a pair—and Cadushus the winner because of the fact that with hole cards even the stranger's queen beat Skimp's next highest card, which was a nine. Cadushus raked in the pot, stacked the chips according to colors and shoved the whole back toward Skimp.

"You is bankin' t'-night, Mistuh Clintin."

Skimp counted the chips dazedly. Three hundred and eighteen dollars—most of it having been the property of Mr. Skimp Clintin at the commencement of the session. He passed a shaking hand across a perspiring and glistening forehead.

"How 'bout one hund'ed cash money an' my I-Owes-You fo' the diff'ence?"

Cadushus nodded affably.

"Anythin' to 'blige a gen'leman," he said easily. "Han' it heah."

He pocketed one hundred dollars and Skimp's I O U for two hundred and eighteen dollars. Then he bade the members of the club good night. Skimp dived into his pocket and extracted a notebook in which he did some frenzied figuring. The others watched him with expressions ranging from morbid interest to revengeful delight. Time was—and not so very far was—that Skimp's pocketbook had been the receptacle for most of the money won at the club's weekly sessions.

Skimp raised horror-stricken eyes and uttered a poker parable. "My Lawd," said he, "stud poker sho'ly do ac' quick!"

Florian Slappey nodded sympathetically as he flaneured elegantly against the corner of the table.

"Jes' another case of the biter gittin' chawed up."

"Chawed is right," mourned Skimp. "Not countin' what he has got fum me in cash, he hol's my I-Owes-You fo' 'leven hund'ed dollars, an' t'other day he 'sisted on takin' me down to Lawyer Chew's office an' makin' a writin' that my barber shop was s'cu'ity fo' the money."

"Ise holdin' that paper," interjected Lawyer Chew.

"Tha's the trouble—I ain't."

"'Tain't no mo'gage, Skimp. If'n you pays them I O U's I'll jes' 'stroy it, an' ——"

Skimp's wizened face twitched.

"They ain't no chance of you ever 'stroyin' it, 'countin' me winnin' back which I has los' to that feller. He's crooked."

Instantly a chorus of protest arose. Semore Mashby, miser, soloed above the din.

"Jes' a better poker player'n what you is, Skimp. You wa'n't raisin' no howl when you was winnin' all the time."

"Jes' the same, he's a crooked poker player."

Dr. Vivian Simmons protested mildly.

"Ain't you a li'l unjus', Skimp? Us—we ain't even been losin' as heavy as what we useter."

"Tha's what makes me know they's sumthin' wrong. This heah Cadushus Link wan's to stan' in with you fellers. He don' wan' you to think he plays crooked. An' he ain't got nothin' ag'in you."

"Is he ag'in you?" queried Semore Mashby maliciously.

"Yeh—an' you knows it, Brother Mashby. Fust off, he useter be a barber hisse'f, an' he's 'lowin' to gitten my business offen me. An' then there's Nemonia Collins——" Skimp paused abruptly and flushed a pale lavender beneath his coat of racial ebony.

"Nemonia Collins," he repeated, and then stalled.

"Yeh—Nemonia," echoed Semore. "Yo' gal."

"He's crooked," flared Skimp again, returning to his original contention.

"How you know?"

"I is seen him slippin' ca'ds offen the bottom of the deck."

"Then," asked Lawyer Chew mildly, "whyn't you say sumthin'? Ain't we all tol' you that if'n you ever cotched him with the goods on we'd run him outen Bummin'ham?"

"Yeh."

"Why ain't you never 'sposed him?"

"Cause'n," admitted Skimp shamefacedly, "he wuks too fas'. I sees him slip them ca'ds offen the bottom of the deck, but before I gits my mouth to wukkin' to call him it's done done. An' catchin' a man cheatin' at poker—well, it's got to be did while he's doin' sumthin'. If'n I was to say it after it was all done they ain't nary one of you would b'lieve me."

"You said it," agreed Semore. "Cadushus Link is a gen'leman of the fust water, an' he plays hones'."

"Huh!" snapped Skimp. "I reckon you is gwine say nex' I don't know nothin' 'bout playin' poker!"

"Mebbe I might," admitted the other complacently—"seein' as how you has been gettin' stang."

"He don' play fair."

"Prove it!"

Skimp shut up suddenly. Then he burst forth again.

"Ain't you seen that las' han'? Ain't you?" They nodded in unison. "I had him beat on ev'y possible—straight flush open at both en's, straight open at both en's, flush wide open. He ain't had no possible higher'n a pair. But he kep' on raisin' me. Now I asts you, fair an' hones', what do that mean?"

"It means," rasped Semore, "that he is a better poker player'n what you is."

"Means nothin' like'n to that a-tall. Means he knowed I di'n't even have a pair. It means he knowed all the time what my hole ca'd was."

"He won, di'n't he?"

"Yeh, but he di'n't have no right to win. He di'n't even have a pair. He beat me cause'n his queen was higher'n my nine. Not on'y I had him beat on possible straight an' flush, but even if my hole ca'd had made one li'l pair that pot would of been mine. Was that good poker, I says?"

"He won," repeated Semore sententiously.

"Bah!" Skimp swung angrily away from Semore Mashby and faced the others. "Ise tellin' you gen'lemen this heah Cadushus Link is so crooked if'n he was to git hisse'f hid behin' a corkscrew they coul'n't nobody fin' him."

"Ain't yo' feelin' ag'in him kinder pussonal, Skimp?"

"Pussonal is right," raved the human ace. "He's takin' my business away fum me an' co'tin' my gal with my own money. An' it soht of makes me so' thinkin' that cause'n he lets you win oncet in a while you cain't see what I sees."

"I hates bad losers," interrupted Semore.

"You mus' love yo'se'f to death then," snapped Skimp. "If'n you was to lose six bits you'd die of chol'ra morbid."

Dr. Brutus Herring, large of frame and muscle, patted Skimp reassuringly on the shoulder.

"You says Cadushus don' play straight poker, Skimp?"

"Says it? I yells it!"

"Well lis'en heah at us. The Full House Social Club is a gen'leman's organization, an' we don' wan' no ca'd shahps any mo'n what you does—or even less more. All we asts is that you catches him with the goods one time. Do that an' ——"

"Gimme sumthin' easy," wailed Skimp. "Why don' you fellers do sumthin'? Why, that Cadushus Link is so salisfried with hisse'f he don' even sispeck any of us even thinks he's crooked. If'n he oncet thunk he was bein' watched fo' dirty wuk he'd quit it."

"Cain't quit sumthin' he ain't never did," flashed Semore.

"Let him see you think he ain't on the level," pleaded the little man.

Florian Slappey joined sagely in the conversation.

"Not that Ise 'greein' with you bouten him bein' crooked, Skimp; but if'n what you says is a fac' about him not even sispectin' we think he ain't playin' straight ——"

"He don' even s'picion I thinks so, Flo'ian."

"He knows you ain't got sense enough," contributed Semore.

"An' you says fu'thermo'," continued Florian, "that if'n he was to know that we—or you—s'picioned him he'd mos' likely quit playin' crooked, previdin' he is doin' that same. Ain't it the truth?"

"You remahked it."

"Then what you is got to do is to keep him fum thinkin' we think anythin' is wrong, an' some night you c'n catch him with the goods. If'n we does that—well, we is gen'lemen, an' what gen'lemen does to other gen'lemen which cheats at ca'ds ——" Florian smacked tongue in cheek expressively. The others nodded—all but Semore Mashby.

"He's got you all fooled," wailed Skimp persistently. "But Ise gwine show you. Ise bettin' two bits ag'in a bad penny that Ise gwine catch him with his shirt off. An' when I does ——"

"When you does same," said Lawyer Chew, "the writin' which you wrote in jue legal fo'm 'cordin' to the laws of this noble an' sov'eign state of Alabama as made an' previded will be destroyed an' his lien on yo' real an' pussonal property, joint an' sev'ral, will be destroyed pussonly by me."

"Also," boomed Dr. Brutus Herring, "we will run him outen Bummin'ham so fas' you ain't gwine be able to extinguish his smoke. On'y," he put in as an afterthought, "you is all wrong bouten him, Skimp."

"You is," agreed Florian.

"You is suttinly in error," said Lawyer Chew.

"Absotively mistook," concurred Dr. Vivian Simmons.

"Makin' a wuss fool outen yo'se'f than what the good Lawd intended," rounded off Semore Mashby.

Skimp Clintin started for the door. He opened it and turned for a Parthian shot:

"You is a whole passel of boneheads—an' Ise gwine prove it!"

Skimp departed. He grabbed his hat from the hall tree, slammed the front door and turned down Eighteenth Street toward the glare of the downtown section. Save for an occasional speeding car sirening southward, the broad glistening thoroughfare was deserted. The trees which lined it on both sides soughed gently in the mid-April zephyrs. From one of the small two-family houses came the blare of a phonograph. Farther down the street a household orchestra of piano, banjo and violin spurted jazz into the street.

Skimp strode grim-jawed toward the center of town. He was held up at the L. & N. crossing by a puffing freight train. The train passed and Skimp crossed. He progressed down Eighteenth Street. A hundred feet before reaching the ornate portals of the New Queen Vaudeville Theater he paused. His heart gave a sudden angry bound. He held his breath.

"That cullud man suttinly do wuk quick!" he gasped in involuntary admiration.

Walking slowly toward the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor was Cadushus Link. With him was a woman—a magnificent curvy creature, rich in alluring promise. She was dressed in the very latest fashion—short, wide skirt exposing a liberal expanse of excellently filled silken hosiery and high-laced boots. She wore a filmy Georgette waist and an extremely decorative sweater. Her hat was a furry-toque effect which perched jauntily on the side of her well-shaped head. In complexion she was a dark cream.

The couple entered the Gold Crown. Skimp moved closer. He was strictly on the outside looking in—looking in at his hated rival and his adored Nemonia Collins. Skimp could not stand the sight. It was too harrowing. Perhaps Cadushus and Nemonia had had a date all along. Perhaps Cadushus had figured the very hour and minute at which he was to clean Skimp of his final nickel so as to keep his appointment with Skimp's lady love.

Skimp dragged a weary, friendless way round the corner of Fourth Avenue. He came to a halt before a darkened shop which bore on its window in purest gilt:

SKIMP CLINTIN
Barber & Beauty Shop

Skimp Clintin, Prop. — Nemonia Collins, Beautyist.

That window sign was a gilded monument to Skimp's life work. In that very shop he had started many years before as a shine boy. Later he had taken a correspondence course in barberism and graduated to a post behind one of the white enameled chairs. Through his eminence as a barber Skimp secured membership in the Full House Social Club, vice Keefe Gaines, reformed. And it was at the Wednesday night sessions of the Full House Social Club that Skimp Clintin came into his own. Before joining that exclusive organization he had considered himself a casual poker player. He had never played for bothersome stakes, and he started off by playing them close to his chest. He won. He loosened up a bit. He won still more. And so it went.

Skimp made the startling discovery that he was a natural-born poker artist—it didn't matter what the game. From straight poker to stud with joker wild—the club's favorite game—he was the king. He played poker as naturally as he breathed, and as unconsciously. Instinctively he knew when to bluff and when to drop. He played his hands to full value, but never a jitney above that.

"You is a Whole Passel of Boneheads—an' Ise Gwine Prove It!"

Fortunately his comembers were men of considerable means, and they liked Skimp; and also they tried to make themselves believe that it was all luck and that sooner or later Skimp would sit down on the crest of a financial toboggan and commence sliding. They wanted to be round to smell the cloth burning. But until recently Skimp hadn't skidded. He had not even betrayed a symptom of it. And with his winnings and a liberal credit he had bought the barber shop from the estate of its former proprietor.

Skimp was not a prepossessing business man. He was short and skinny and very, very black. But he had a way with him, and he retained his regular customers and made regular customers out of many casuals. Then he fell in love with Nemonia.

Skimp met Nemonia at a barbecue and dance given by The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise. The time was night, the month September, the moon full and the barbecued meat of just the doneness to fill a man with well-being and a desire for the companionship of the militant sex. He met. He gazed. He held her hand longer than necessary. He fell.

Nemonia was newly arrived and heralded as a transient. She was traveling for Madame Nada Thompson's Beautifying Corporation, of Louisville, Kentucky, and had forgotten more about enhancing the pulchritude of colored ladies than most of them could ever hope to know. Skimp cultivated her intensively. He conceived a great conception. He sprung it on her. One week later Nemonia Collins supervised the removal of two chairs from the rear of Skimp's barber shop and the installation of a modern beauty parlor. New tables were moved in, an assistant to Nemonia engaged, a show case purchased and filled with purple and gold boxes containing lavender-brown complexion creams and powders, and many bottles sparkling with Nemonia Toilet Water.

However altruistic and lovelorn Skimp's original idea may have been, it proved a money-maker. Feminine society of the colored persuasion flocked to her like so many flies. All day long the youth and beauty and the age and ugliness of Birmingham's colored female sex sat waiting for the call of next. And because the shop became the Mecca for the young girls it also blossomed forth as the most popular hangout of the young men of the city. Even Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billiard Parlor suffered from the popularity of Skimp's establishment.

Skimp courted avidly, but with no reward save a promise of encouragement. At times he fancied that Nemonia loved him. At other times he was quite sure that she detested him and was grateful enough for the opportunity he had presented her to tolerate his society. Yet again he plumbed the nadir of misery at the thought that she intended being always a good pal—and nothing more. She carried round a reserve that was bullet-proof. He never could quite tell whether she was laughing at him, with him—or not laughing at all. She was a woman of poise and breadth. And yet Skimp persevered, and he knew that sufficient perseverance coupled with the glamour of propinquity and his undeniable affluence might eventually do the work. One night he proposed to her. She slipped her hand into his in a friendly manner.

(Continued on Page 185)

"Manicure, Please" Nemonia Looked Up, Startled. There Was a Sudden and Audible Cessation of Razor Scraping From the Front of the Shop

CROOKS OF GHOSTLAND

By Edward H. Smith

He Had Better Go Before the Ghost Was Angered to Greater Violence

IT WAS a night of marvel in academic Ithaca. The famous Davenports, the mystifiers of millions, the most sensational fellows on two continents, the conjurers of the silent dead, were at the local theater. All America and half Europe had gasped at their spiritistic wonders—shuddered, quaked, shivered with ghostly malaise. Scientific men were scoffing and defending by turns. Other men of magic confessed themselves baffled. Was it true that the Brothers Davenport were able to summon the spirits to their aid and cause these phenomena that no one seemed able to explain? Some dozens of Cornell students attended the demonstration to see what might be seen.

The entertainment began. The elder brother appeared before the curtain and proceeded to entertain an audience of several hundred with the usual mystagogue palaver. The curtain went up. In the center of the stage stood a stout wooden cabinet with hinged doors. Inside was a collection of musical instruments, bells and rattles. A strong chair was at either end of the cabinet, and into these, it was announced, the two brothers would be tied and fettered. The audience was invited to examine all the paraphernalia. A committee saw to it that the knots were honestly fastened, the shackles and manacles properly applied, the musical instruments safely out of reach of the bound men.

Lights out! The entertainment whose mysteries thousands of interested minds had vainly tried to explain was begun. A chill breath of air swept over the audience, as from an icy tomb. There was a low eldritch keening—the wail of a loup-garou. Suddenly from the blackness of the stage came the tinkle of mandolins, the strum of the guitars, the rattle of the banjos. A shrill, unearthly trumpet blast jabbed through the night. Spectral arms, legs, faces, floated about the proscenium. Plaintive old tunes swam out over the audience.

Silently, with shoes off, half a dozen students left their seats in the front of the house and crowded down to the rail of the musicians' pit. At a given signal they suddenly turned upon the stage the glare of four or five flashlights.

The miracle was broken—the puzzle solved!

In the light of the students' lanterns the Davenport brothers were plainly seen running back and forth across the stage, tooting trumpets, playing mandolins and banjos, waving aloft on slender poles their phosphorus-coated dummy arms, legs and spook pictures.

There was a rush for the stage by the audience and a dive for the exits by the spirit fakers. A good part of the world enjoyed a season of deep mirth over this affair, and the celebrated Davenports sank into soft retirement.

The Blacklegs of Spiritism

THIS obscure incident ought now to be rated as an event. When the Davenports were tricked by the students at Ithaca the first spiritist fakers were exposed. They were not the originators of modern spiritism, to be sure. The credit for that belongs to Kate and Margaret Fox, two country girls from up-state New York. The story is familiar enough. Kate Fox, then only nine years old, heard peculiar rappings in her father's home at Hydesville, Wayne County, in 1848. Kate shortly said she felt these knockings were purposeful, and announced somewhat later that she was able to translate the code. The rappings were, she affirmed, caused by the spirit of a peddler who had been murdered in the vicinity the year before and was trying to accuse his slayer. Later on the two Fox sisters went to Rochester and there held forth for many years as mediums. Much of their work, as described by their contemporaries, bears the stamp of artifice.

Nevertheless the Davenports, who entered the field in 1853, only five years after Kate Fox's earliest announcement, were the first spiritists who belonged to a definite caste among the practitioners of the revived psychism. Mr. Harry Houdini explains in his book, Unmasking of Robert Houdin, that the Davenports were simply early handcuff kings. On this simple conjuring trick they grafted the already sensational idea of spirit survival. With this composite marvel they went out and awed millions of credulous persons. Note, however, that these men were fakers, charlatans—nothing more.

From them there has descended a great family of men and women who have carried their arts to the utmost corners of the earth. The Davenports, mere charlatans, were the unconscious progenitors of the crooks of ghostland.

To-day every sizable city in all the Christian world has its criminal and quasi-criminal practitioners in spiritism. I do not, to be sure, mean to indicate that all mediums and psychists, or even the majority, belong to these classes. I do assert that the proportion of fraudulent mediums is very large. I expect to show that many of these persons are felons. It will be demonstrated that there is and has long been an organized traffic in séances and spirit phenomena, a psychist trust, a central bureau through which is cleared forbidden information about unfortunate believers in psychism. Perhaps it will be apparent how many intelligent and even scientific persons have been deceived.

For fear of quibble it may be as well to point out that the Davenports put themselves forward as practitioners of spiritualism, to use the old and incorrect term. Their shows were called séances. They laid claim to supernormal control over supernatural entities and death-surviving egos. This is the position of all the worse fellows who have followed them down the years and the flagrant ways.

Our attitude toward the ghost has undergone a startling mutation. When I was a boy the very thought of a grave transcendence charged every shadow with terror, filled every wandering moonbeam with goose flesh. In those days the bravest whistled when they passed a grave lot after nightfall to keep up courage and ward off spooks. To-day many good people seek out the darkness and, figuratively at least, whistle to call up the very shades that made terrible the lone nights of our youth. It was not far down the succession of our greatfathers that any hapless hag accused of intimacy with spirits was hanged or roasted in the market place and in the high name of righteousness. To-day whoever is suspected of acquaintance with the dead is hailed a seer and reared a priest of the new psychism.

The leaders of this cult say there are more than four million believers in this country. This is of course not a census figure. It is not claimed that all these persons belong to any organization or are communicants of any ghostly church. The idea seems to be that this large body of adult Americans—one out of every seven or eight grown-ups in the country—has been touched with the rod of sepulchral faith and inclines to believe that the dead are alive, or that the puzzles of life may be unriddled from the tomb. Many Laodiceans are among these folk, no doubt, but also many passionate devotees. Moreover it is said this total does not include the many Southern negroes and many immigrants, among whom the tenets of primitive magic are still strongly held.

And the Great War, with its vast effusion of blood and tears, has caused such an upsurge of spiritism as no one can have foreseen. How many thousands or millions have turned to the idea of spirit survival for solace in time of bereavement—who shall say? One thing is certain: If any large proportion of the good people who have turned their credence in this direction is being victimized by scoundrels and criminals it is important to know this fact and to understand the why and how.

It is to the ghostland crooks that I dedicate present attention. Beyond the ranks of the fraudulent and grossly fraudulent priests of psychism I shall not venture.

The men and women who make up the host of spiritist fakers are recruited in most instances from well authenticated sources. For many years before spiritism was spawned or reawakened in the mind of Kate Fox this country and many others were overrun with medicine fakers, traveling horse doctors, hypnotists, side-show grafters, gypsies, fortune tellers, prestidigitators, clairvoyants, healers, advertising sharpers, bunko men, spielers, itinerant peddlers and tinkers, conjurers and practitioners in legerdemain and natural magic. To the last of these, my amende. The better men in the conjuring and trick line have always emphasized the fact that their marvels were tricks pure and simple. One went to them to be mystified and entertained, not to be duped and filled with superstition.

But from the balance of this picaresque crew came the early and later fakers in ghostly miracles. They received the first teaching of spiritism with greedy smiles. Its possibilities were apparent. To practice in it they needed but to ascribe their marvels to spirits instead of to other long-familiar agencies. The hypnotist or clairvoyant needed only to change the sign on his door and the words on his tongue. The illusionist and suggestionist had but to rewrite his literature. Presto! The world was full of the shamans of psychism. Was it any wonder that spiritism, whatever its merits, fell at once into the hands of this venal crew? Is it hard to believe that it has largely remained there?

Old Superstitions That Still Live

ACCORDING to the anthropological view, the birth of religion was long preceded by the existence of savage belief in what is called sympathetic magic—a credo dominated by fear of uneasy spirits and invisible haunts. From this supernaturalism of our remote ancestors have come down all the common superstitions of mankind. The strange and often pitiful credences of antiquity have never died out in the brains and sympathies of a large number of people. Religion has superseded but never altogether extirpated magic. Thus there has always been present in the background of the popular mind—in the unconscious, if you like—a tendency to throw back to savage intuitions. In many parts of the world the curious taboos, prejudices and superstitions of prehistoric times are still completely vital. The very core of these strange faiths is the older spiritism. On this the rogue or the faker has played for his profit in all times and lands. Hence nothing was more welcome to him than a rebirth of the belief in haunts and ghosts. A thing that was half dead was evoked into vigorous life—for the faker's personal profit, he concluded. He appointed himself the high beneficiary of this atavism.

He went out into all the ways of the world with the tenets and the terminology of the new spiritism in his brain and his old tricks in his bag. How ready and resourceful the ghostland crook has been and is may be judged from a recent incident.

Interferences were being felt on the wireless, and Marconi said—with his tongue probably in his cheek—that the mysterious interruptions might be due to signaling from some near-by planet. He said it lightly, speculatively, as a man of science. The newspapers made much of it; the psychic fakers much more.

Within ten days of the flaunting of this bit of scientific fantasy I met an old-time spirit rogue, and he was bursting with wonders. He and several others were forming a new religion. Had I seen what Marconi was saying? Well, Marconi was right—and wrong. Those signals were from

Mars, all right, but they were caused by the spirits of departed earthlings. I laughed. He grew serious and took me to his den to explain.

It went like this: The spirits of our dead are transported to the various planets after earthly dissolution, suffering a sort of interplanetary transmigration. Those who were upright in this life go to Mars or Venus, where general conditions are more or less like those on earth. There these restless souls are penned in the bodies of higher anthropomorphic creatures, intelligent as we, or more so. Worse human spirits are sent on to Jupiter and Saturn and are mere reptiles in the flesh, while the more evil still are condemned to Uranus and Neptune, where they inhabit the plasm of mere molluscs and jellyfish. And the deadly damned are sent to Mercury, where it is hellish hot. Yessir, that's the way it is!

The spirits of our dead fathers domiciled on Mars or Venus undoubtedly were signaling their mundane children vast secrets and wisdom unguessed. More than that, my friend and his partners were getting ready to translate the messages to their dupes at twenty-five dollars a sitting.

"We'll set up a fake wireless and go after the money!" he exulted. "Won't that knock 'em dead?"

The Bluebook of the Mediums

I SUPPOSE it will. The story is worth attention as illustrating the invariable practice of the fakers to seize upon every new bit of imaginative science or speculation and to twist it for use in exploiting the superstitious, the bereaved and the gullible. The history of the crooks of ghostland is a record of such scabby adaptations.

The attitude of these scoundrels is always just what this man's was. They take the whole matter mirthfully. They feel the coldest contempt for their dupes. Nothing is too conscienceless for the poor worms who will swallow such bait. One of the suggestionists who played the American stage circuits was once asked by a friend of mine what was the most difficult part of his profession.

"To keep from laughing at the damn boobs," was his instant answer.

Most people who are touched with faith in the psychic have been brought to this attitude by some pretended demonstration of spiritist powers or truth. Even at this late day nothing is so effective as a miracle. If, then, I desire to demonstrate the fraud of such spiritism as is in the hands of the crooks of ghostland the miracles must be explained, the roguery made plain. So be it!

The basis of spiritist, hypnotic, mind reading and clairvoyant frauds is advance knowledge. It is by startling the dupe out of his common sense through the blinding revelation of something he considers known only to himself that nearly all the victims of these swindles are originally befuddled. Once this is done the rest is easy. Thousands and perhaps millions of persons have been led into the lairs of these scoundrels and robbed of their normal wit by what is passed off as supernatural knowledge of the dupe's history, ambitions, beliefs, hopes, fears. This is the beginning. These armies of poor human beings, originally mystified by this simple trick, are then led on into the farthest recesses of black magic and superstition. They are robbed of their fortunes, parted from their spouses, separated from their children and friends, driven to madness and suicide.

At the beginning—at the crisis—the trick is performed by means of preknowledge of the dupe. This opening miracle is all-important. If the sucker can be deluded by it he is generally lost. If he cannot be cheated he is saved.

Hard-headed men have always surmised that these opening tricks of the mystics have been possible only by means of solid knowing in advance. But so cleverly is the whole business managed that the majority of people who can be induced into the mystic haunts are utterly confounded. Psychic investigators have often exposed this form of trickery. Indeed, public knowledge of this fraud mechanism is an old matter. However, I think the history of this artifice has not been written; the great organized traffic in the records of spiritist dupes has not been exposed.

All spiritist rogues work with advance information. The fakers who preceded them and blazed the way for them also used this method. These fakers invariably kept what was called a bluebook, into which were written the name, description, peculiarities, history and financial rating of every dupe who passed through their hands. The traveling medicine shows, horse doctors, itinerant leeches and their crew began this record, so far as America is concerned. In Europe the gypsies are said to have plied the art for centuries.

In this country the keeping of the sucker lists of mysticism and trickery soon developed the addition of the exchange. This was at first only an informal arrangement between friendly rogues. Doctor Shrewd went annually through a certain territory and knew the people of this region who were natural suckers. He kept a fine, clear record of all he met. He had a friend in a neighboring city—a woman clairvoyant, let us say. One fine day the clairvoyant received a call from Farmer Brown, who was located in Doctor Shrewd's territory. The clairvoyant stalled her victim with crude tricks or evasions and provoked his curiosity just enough to make sure he would return. As soon as he had gone she wrote posthaste to her friend the doctor and asked for the dope on the farmer. It came back by return mail, and when Farmer Brown came again he was fairly bowled over with wonderment. Thereafter he was bled for all his credulity and superstition were worth.

This method was crude and uncertain. It did not cover the field effectively. Many of the ghostland crooks felt the need of something comprehensive in the way of a bluebook. Perhaps a great centralized exchange could be worked up. But the project languished for many years.

A little further along in the development of this matter came the mind-reading shows, the theatrical expositions of alleged second-sight and mediumistic powers. Twenty years ago such exhibitions were sensational events all across the country, and fortunes were made by the practitioners. These companies carried a corps of investigators who went over the route weeks in advance of the show itself and looked up local people and local history. These details were forwarded to the company and thoroughly digested by the performing mystic before he or she took the stage. With this gathered information and various tricks practiced by means of mechanical and other devices whole audiences were thrown into spasms of mystification, dread and misbelief.

Naturally through their travels these theatrical performers came to have extensive records of people prone to mystic games. These came eventually to be the basis of the list, the Dun and Bradstreet of the spirit world. The compilation of this wondrous roster of dupes and their frailties began in New York less than twenty years ago. At that moment there appeared in a prominent building a man who had come slowly east out of the Middle West, where he was born and where fate and inclination had started him out as a peregrine horse doctor and general faker. Tiring of this small-fry pursuit, he determined to launch himself at the credulity of the rich and fashionable. Part of his scheme was the formulation of the long-expected central bureau of exchange for information necessary to the clairvoyant, hypnotic, mind reading and spiritist games.

Doctor Jones—which was not his name—made overtures to six of the foremost traveling fakers then abroad. Each of these magical fellows turned in his complete bluebook with full data. In return each member of the clique was to have access to the assembled information. It was agreed that information from this list should also be sold to accredited fakers outside the syndicate. Out of the money so received were to be paid the expenses of the central bureau. Any excess was to be divided equally among the six, and Doctor Jones. The members were also bound to send in the data on any new victims who fell into their snares.

The Great Eastern List

MEANTIME Doctor Jones was to bestir himself about augmenting his data in every possible way. He constantly employed several clerks, who did nothing but revise, correct and amplify the information. Reports on fresh victims of fake games came in from all sections and were promptly put into form and filed for future reference. Thus there grew up the Great Eastern List. In the psychic world there is no other name for this body of data. This list covered the entire United States east of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. By some unwritten agreement the western half of the country was left to a similar organization working in San Francisco, and the Western spiritist Dun and Bradstreet is and always has been worked from the Golden Gate.

Perhaps it should be explained that in the lingo of the ghostland crooks any roster of victims kept by an individual faker is called a bluebook. Smaller congregations of such data are referred to as exchanges. Only the two great filings, one for the East and one for the West, are called lists.

Early in 1902, or late in 1901, when our Doctor Jones opened his books, the six members of the syndicate could supply only twenty-eight

(Continued on Page 65)

The Woman Grew Impatient and Placed Her Own Interpretation on the Words of the Medium

THE CAMEL'S BACK

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A Little Man Who Knew It All Persuaded Perry to Superman Her, to Tell Her She'd Have to Marry Him at Once or Call It Off Forever. This Is Some Stunt

THE restless, wearied eye of the tired magazine reader resting for a critical second on the above title will judge it to be merely metaphorical. Stories about the cup and the lip and the bad penny and the new broom rarely have anything to do with cups and lips and pennies and brooms. This story is the great exception. It has to do with an actual, material, visible and large-as-life camel's back.

Starting from the neck we shall work tailward. Meet Mr. Perry Parkhurst, twenty-eight, lawyer, native of Toledo. Perry has nice teeth, a Harvard education, and parts his hair in the middle. You have met him before—in Cleveland, Portland, St. Paul, Indianapolis, Kansas City and elsewhere. Baker Brothers, New York, pause on their semi-annual trip through the West to clothe him; Montmorency & Co. dispatch a young man posthaste every three months to see that he has the correct number of little punctures on his shoes. He has a domestic roadster now, will have a French roadster if he lives long enough, and doubtless a Chinese one if it comes into fashion. He looks like the advertisement of the young man rubbing his sunset-colored chest with liniment, goes East every year to the Harvard reunion—does everything—smokes a little too much —— Oh, you've seen him.

Meet his girl. Her name is Betty Medill, and she would take well in the movies. Her father gives her two hundred a month to dress on and she has tawny eyes and hair, and feather fans of three colors. Meet her father, Cyrus Medill. Though he is to all appearances flesh and blood he is, strange to say, commonly known in Toledo as the Aluminum Man. But when he sits in his club window with two or three Iron Men and the White Pine Man and the Brass Man they look very much as you and I do, only more so, if you know what I mean.

Meet the camel's back—or no—don't meet the camel's back yet. Meet the story.

During the Christmas holidays of 1919, the first real Christmas holidays since the war, there took place in Toledo, counting only the people with the italicized *the*, forty-one dinner parties, sixteen dances, six luncheons male and female, eleven luncheons female, twelve teas, four stag dinners, two weddings and thirteen bridge parties. It was the cumulative effect of all this that moved Perry Parkhurst on the twenty-ninth day of December to a desperate decision.

Betty Medill would marry him and she wouldn't marry him. She was having such a good time that she hated to take such a definite step. Meanwhile, their secret engagement had got so long that it seemed as if any day it might break off of its own weight. A little man named Warburton, who knew it all, persuaded Perry to superman her, to get a marriage license and go up to the Medill house and tell her she'd have to marry him at once or call it off forever. This is some stunt—but Perry tried it on December the twenty-ninth. He presented self, heart, license and ultimatum, and within five minutes they were in the midst of a violent quarrel, a burst of sporadic open fighting such as occurs near the end of all long wars and engagements. It brought about one of those ghastly lapses in which two people who are in love pull up sharp, look at each other coolly and think it's all been a mistake. Afterward they usually kiss wholesomely and assure the other person it was all their fault. Say it all was my fault! Say it was! I want to hear you say it!

But while reconciliation was trembling in the air, while each was, in a measure, stalling it off, so that they might the more voluptuously and sentimentally enjoy it when it came, they were permanently interrupted by a twenty-minute phone call for Betty from a garrulous aunt who lived in the country. At the end of eighteen minutes Perry Parkhurst, torn by pride and suspicion and urged on by injured dignity, put on his long fur coat, picked up his light brown soft hat and stalked out the door.

"It's all over," he muttered brokenly as he tried to jam his car into first. "It's all over—if I have to choke you for an hour, darn you!" This last to the car, which had been standing some time and was quite cold.

He drove downtown—that is, he got into a snow rut that led him downtown.

He sat slouched down very low in his seat, much too dispirited to care where he went. He was living over the next twenty years without Betty.

In front of the Clarendon Hotel he was hailed from the sidewalk by a bad man named Baily, who had big huge teeth and lived at the hotel and had never been in love.

"Perry," said the bad man softly when the roadster drew up beside him at the curb, "I've got six quarts of the dog-gonedest champagne you ever tasted. A third of it's yours, Perry, if you'll come upstairs and help Martin Macy and me drink it."

"Baily," said Perry tensely, "I'll drink your champagne. I'll drink every drop of it. I don't care if it kills me. I don't care if it's fifty-proof wood alcohol."

"Shut up, you nut!" said the bad man gently. "They don't put wood alcohol in champagne. This is the stuff that proves the world is more than six thousand years old. It's so ancient that the cork is petrified. You have to pull it with a stone drill."

"Take me upstairs," said Perry moodily. "If that cork sees my heart it'll fall out from pure mortification."

The room upstairs was full of those innocent hotel pictures of little girls eating apples and sitting in swings and talking to dogs. The other decorations were neckties and a pink man reading a pink paper devoted to ladies in pink tights.

"When you have to go into the highways and byways ——" said the pink man, looking reproachfully at Baily and Perry.

"Hello, Martin Macy," said Perry shortly, "where's this stone-age champagne?"

"What's the rush? This isn't an operation, understand. This is a party."

Perry sat down dully and looked disapprovingly at all the neckties.

Baily leisurely opened the door of a wardrobe and brought out six wicked-looking bottles and three glasses.

"Take off that darn fur coat!" said Martin Macy to Perry. "Or maybe you'd like to have us open all the windows."

"Give me champagne," said Perry.

"Going to the Townsends' circus ball tonight?"

"Am not!"

"Why not?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why not go?"

"Oh, I'm sick of parties," exclaimed Perry. "I'm sick of 'em. I've been to so many that I'm sick of 'em."

"Maybe you're going to the Howard Tates' party?"

"No, I tell you; I'm sick of 'em."

"Well," said Macy consolingly, "the Tates' is just for college kids anyways."

"I tell you ——"

"I thought you'd be going to one of 'em anyways. I see by the papers you haven't missed a one this Christmas."

"Hm," grunted Perry morosely.

He would never go to any more parties. Classical phrases played in his mind—that side of his life was closed, closed. Now when a man says "closed, closed" like that, you can be pretty sure that some woman has double-closed him, so to speak. Perry was also thinking that other classical thought, about how cowardly suicide is. A noble thought that one—warm and uplifting. Think of all the fine men we should lose if suicide were not so cowardly!

An hour later was six o'clock, and Perry had lost all resemblance to the young man in the liniment advertisement. He looked like a rough draft for a riotous cartoon. They were singing—an impromptu song of Baily's improvisation:

One Lump Perry, the parlor snake,
Famous through the city for the way he drinks his tea;
Plays with it, toys with it,
Makes no noise with it,
Balanced on a napkin on his well-trained knee.

"Trouble is," said Perry, who had just banged his hair with Baily's comb and was tying an orange tie round it to get the effect of Julius Cæsar, "that you fellas can't sing worth a damn. Soon's I leave th' air an' start singin' tenor you start singin' tenor too."

"'M a natural tenor," said Macy gravely. "Voice lacks cultivation, tha's all. Gotta natural voice, m'aunt used say. Naturally good singer."

"Singers, singers, all good singers," remarked Baily, who was at the telephone. "No, not the cabaret; I want

night clerk. I mean refreshment clerk or some dog-gone clerk 'at's got food—food! I want ——"

"Julius Cæsar," announced Perry, turning round from the mirror. "Man of iron will and stern 'termination."

"Shut up!" yelled Baily. "Say, iss Mr. Baily. Sen' up enormous supper. Use y'own judgment. Right away."

He connected the receiver and the hook with some difficulty, and then with his lips closed and an air of solemn intensity in his eyes went to the lower drawer of his dresser and pulled it open.

"Lookit!" he commanded. In his hands he held a truncated garment of pink gingham.

"Pants," he explained gravely. "Lookit!" This was a pink blouse, a red tie and a Buster Brown collar.

"Lookit!" he repeated. "Costume for the Townsends' circus ball. I'm li'l' boy carries water for the elephants."

Perry was impressed in spite of himself.

"I'm going to be Julius Cæsar," he announced after a moment of concentration.

"Thought you weren't going!" said Macy.

"Me? Sure, I'm goin'. Never miss a party. Good for the nerves—like celery."

"Cæsar!" scoffed Baily. "Can't be Cæsar! He's not about a circus. Cæsar's Shakspere. Go as a clown."

Perry shook his head.

"Nope; Cæsar."

"Cæsar?"

"Sure. Chariot."

Light dawned on Baily.

"That's right. Good idea."

Perry looked round the room searchingly.

"You lend me a bathrobe and this tie," he said finally.

Baily considered.

"No good."

"Sure, tha's all I need. Cæsar was a savage. They can't kick if I come as Cæsar if he was a savage."

"No," said Baily, shaking his head slowly. "Get a costume over at a costumer's. Over at Nolak's."

"Closed up."

"Find out."

After a puzzling five minutes at the phone a small, weary voice managed to convince Perry that it was Mr. Nolak speaking, and that they would remain open until eight because of the Townsends' ball. Thus assured, Perry ate a great amount of filet mignon and drank his third of the last bottle of champagne. At eight-fifteen the man in the tall hat who stands in front of the Clarendon found him trying to start his roadster.

"Froze up," said Perry wisely. "The cold froze it. The cold air."

"Froze, eh?"

"Yes. Cold air froze it."

"Can't start it?"

"Nope. Let it stand here till summer. One those hot ole August days'll thaw it out awright."

"Goin' let it stand?"

"Sure. Let 'er stand. Take a hot thief to steal it. Gemme taxi."

The man in the tall hat summoned a taxi.

"Where to, mister?"

"Go to Nolak's—costume fella."

II

MRS. NOLAK was short and ineffectual looking, and on the cessation of the world war had belonged for a while to one of the new nationalities. Owing to the unsettled European conditions she had never since been quite sure what she was. The shop in which she and her husband performed their daily stint was dim and ghostly and peopled with suits of armor and Chinese mandarins and enormous papier-mâché birds suspended from the ceiling. In a vague background many rows of masks glared eyelessly at the visitor, and there were glass cases full of crowns and scepters and jewels and enormous stomachers and paints and powders and crape hair and face creams and wigs of all colors.

When Perry ambled into the shop Mrs. Nolak was folding up the last troubles of a strenuous day, so she thought, in a drawer full of pink silk stockings.

"Something for you?" she queried pessimistically.

"Want costume of Julius Hur, the charioteer."

Mrs. Nolak was sorry, but every stitch of charioteer had been rented long ago. Was it for the Townsends' circus ball?

It was.

"Sorry," she said, "but I don't think there's anything left that's really circus."

This was an obstacle.

"Hm," said Perry. An idea struck him suddenly. "If you've got a piece of canvas I could go's a tent."

"Sorry, but we haven't anything like that. A hardware store is where you'd have to go to. We have some very nice Confederate soldiers."

"No, no soldiers."

"And I have a very handsome king."

He shook his head.

"Several of the gentlemen," she continued hopefully, "are wearing stovepipe hats and swallow-tail coats and going as ringmasters—but we're all out of tall hats. I can let you have some crape hair for a mustache."

"Want somep'm 'stinctive."

"Something—let's see. Well, we have a lion's head, and a goose, and a camel ——"

"Camel?" The idea seized Perry's imagination, gripped it fiercely.

"Yes, but it needs two people."

"Camel. That's an idea. Lemme see it."

The camel was produced from his resting place on a top shelf. At first glance he appeared to consist entirely of a very gaunt, cadaverous head and a sizable hump, but on being spread out he was found to possess a dark brown, unwholesome-looking body made of thick, cottony cloth.

"You see it takes two people," explained Mrs. Nolak, holding the camel up in frank admiration. "If you have a friend he could be part of it. You see there's sorta pants for two people. One pair is for the fella in front and the other pair for the fella in back. The fella in front does the lookin' out through these here eyes an' the fella in back he's just gotta stoop over an' folla the front fella round."

"Put it on," commanded Perry.

Obediently Mrs. Nolak put her tabby-cat face inside the camel's head and turned it from side to side ferociously.

Perry was fascinated.

"What noise does a camel make?"

"What?" asked Mrs. Nolak as her face emerged, somewhat smudgy. "Oh, what noise? Why, he sorta brays."

"Lemme see it in a mirror."

Before a wide mirror Perry tried on the head and turned from side to side appraisingly. In the dim light the effect was distinctly pleasing. The camel's face was a study in pessimism, decorated with numerous abrasions, and it must be admitted that his coat was in that state of general negligence peculiar to camels—in fact, he needed to be cleaned and pressed—but distinctive he certainly was. He was majestic. He would have attracted attention in any gathering if only by his melancholy cast of feature and the look of pensive hunger lurking round his shadowy eyes.

"You see you have to have two people," said Mrs. Nolak again.

Perry tentatively gathered up the body and legs and wrapped them about him, tying the hind legs as a girdle round his waist. The effect on the whole was bad. It was even irreverent—like one of those medieval pictures of a monk changed into a beast by the ministrations of Satan. At the very best the ensemble resembled a humpbacked cow sitting on her haunches among blankets.

"Don't look like anything at all," objected Perry gloomily.

"No," said Mrs. Nolak; "you see you got to have two people."

(Continued on Page 157)

"You 'Fraid of Me?" Said Betty. "Don't Be. You See I'm a Snake Charmer, But I'm Pretty Good at Camels Too"

DIMI AND THE DOUBLE LIFE

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

"VAN," asked Dimi Brown of his sister across the supper table one night, "what's the matter with me?"

"Dimi, if you're going to start with your tonsils again ——"

"Tonsils! Your idea of the adult male is a spoiled stomach bounded on the north by tonsils and on the south by wet feet. 'Tonsils,' says the low creature when I would parley of matters connected with the soul!"

"Oh, Dimi," cried Van, gazing upon him as a mother whose eldest has just betrayed the first symptoms of an inherited taste for alcohol, "you're not going to get that way, are you?"

"What way?" he inquired, though he knew.

"Soulful!"

To look at him you would never have feared for him. There was nothing soulful about his figure, which was five feet ten of healthy manhood, a little too inclined to fill out his custom-made Oxford suit, or about his face, which, though it had never caused a single clock to stop, had not made any movie directors lose their night's sleep either. No interesting shadows marred the clearness of his eyes, which were too blue to be gray and too gray to be blue. And nothing could have been less soulful than his molasses-taffy hair brushed smoothly from his brow. Still you never could tell. Nobody would have known just to look at Mrs. Elizabeth Penny Brown that she had had a soul.

From the Inside of Her Blouse She Took Out Her Handkerchief. And From Her Handkerchief She Took Out a Knot. And From the Place Where the Knot Had Been She Took Out a Diamond Solitaire

And what a soul—with a color and a classification and an essential environment. In fact, Mrs. Brown's soul had had everything except a license number. Her body was nothing but a troublesome wrapper for her soul.

All the last years of her life were spent in a vain struggle merely to express it. It was the sort of soul that had to feed on life. So they lived in one room and alcove in the West Forties, where behind apricot-colored portières that shut out the sun they were enabled with the help of candles to see the true light.

Mrs. Brown did without a winter coat to buy her seat at the opera. Dmitri and Vanya were fed opera instead of good red meat. In place of milk they were given tea, started in a huge tarnished old samovar. Lacking fresh air, they were completely surrounded with atmosphere. And though the bathroom was not always accessible, being the joint property of two floors, they were always free to bathe in a flow of inspired soul twaddle, which, however, did them no real harm, because they always fell asleep on the couch before the hour or the talk became advanced enough to be pernicious.

Altogether, in some miraculous way they managed to survive it, and in all his thirty-one years Dimi had never shown any real traces of an inherited tendency toward soul. At his mother's death he had quit art school and plunged into college, where he had shown a quite degraded interest in the development of his troublesome wrapper. Later he had sold his talents to an advertising agency, from whence he had been graduated into the advertising department of Steinberger's Department Store, of which, after his return from the Army, he became head. True, the opera habit still clung to him, but he himself invariably lapsed into blue chords and syncopations at the piano. And though he wrote occasional magazine verse under the name of D. Brown he always called it stuff, which you never do if you have a soul. And the only art he ever practiced was in connection with the advertising policy of the house of Steinberger and occasional sketches which he did for those of Van's customers who wanted something very—very ——

Let us hope that the wrapperless shade of Elizabeth Brown never yielded to the present-day shade weakness for the dim lights of the séance parlor, where with shade omniperceptivity she must have winced under the knowledge that her Vanya, in spite of the advantages of her youth, was a mere builder of gowns in a Philistine little suburb like Locust Hills. And she wore rubber heels and tailored blouses with convertible collars. And she had shoulders of an utterly unpoetic breadth, and she strode. Her one great interest outside of her work was in her attractive, up-to-date little stucco house with the goodly attic, wherein were stored the old samovar and the ci-devant apricot-colored portières, and a large cellar containing a complete electric laundry equipment. Probably a childhood that had been spent entirely clad in undershirts that were surreptitiously and occasionally rinsed in the basin had something to do with her passion for that laundry. It was her one great love. And her one great hate was souls. So she looked relieved when her brother Dimi reassured her.

"No, I'm not getting soulful. I was only wondering why it is no women—no girls ever—— Van, why doesn't somebody fall in love with me?"

Van eyed him sharply.

"Dimi, are you in love?"

"No!"

"Then why the anxiety? Do you want some girl to send you orchids or kill herself across the doorstep—and I'd have to sweep her away and face a coroner's inquest."

"Honestly, Van, if you were just a little funnier you'd be a Greek tragedy." Then he leaned toward her earnestly. "Van, you know it—I've never had a girl. Why is it?"

"Never had a girl! Why, there isn't a girl in Locust Hills that wouldn't stumble over her own shoe laces ——"

Dimi sighed.

"I thought nobody but a mother would say a thing like that. Why, there isn't a girl gives me a second thought!"

"Dimi, you're the most popular man at the club!"

"Oh, when there's a sister to be escorted or an awfully nice girl that's kind to her mother to be shown round I'm more than popular, I'm unanimous! But just let a regular 1920 model appear and just let her get to the point where she knows my heart is white and my name is Brown—and presto! somebody waltzes her right off under my nose and the next glimpse I get of her is from behind the barrage of a large and solitary diamond. Every dance I go to ——"

"Why don't you learn to dance?"

"But I don't like dancing! Even if I don't fox-trot, couldn't some woman use me evenings and Sundays round the house?"

"I think you'd make the most wonderful husband in the world!"

"In some ways, Van, you have a really superior mind. Now if only I could find a girl with your discernment ——"

"But, Dimi, you've never even tried!"

"I never get a chance to. Just about the time I am girding up my loins some other fellow is opening telegrams of congratulation. There must be something lacking in me."

"There's nothing lacking in you. You've got everything from nice eyebrows to a sense of humor. And when the right girl comes along ——"

"You sound like Helpful Hints to the Homely but Hopeful. How do I know the right girl hasn't come and gone and married half a dozen other people?"

Van came over to the back of his chair and laid an affectionate cheek on his head.

"You should manifest concern. When the right girl comes along you'll know it. Meanwhile"— she dropped a light kiss on the molasses-taffy smoothness of his hair—"do me a sketch for Mrs. Payson's black velvet. Something wherein daring originality is barely subordinated to quiet elegance." Which he did.

A week later he sold a poem to the American Lyric. He had never taken his stuff seriously enough to try it before. He was foolishly happy with that especial happiness that comes only to fathers of first-born males and men who have sold their first poem to the American Lyric. Untrodden vistas started up before him. Important chapters opened in his life. New romantic futures held out beckoning hands.

He could scarcely wait to tell Van. As he swung, or rather floated, into their very attractive little colonial sitting room her voice attacked him from the stairs.

"Oh, Dimi, Dimi, I've got the most wonderful news!"

"What kind of news?" His question went out to meet her.

"Oh, Dimi!" she gasped against the collar of his coat.

He held her at arm's length and looked at her. She was positively blushing.

"You look," he told her, "like love's young dream. Anybody seeing you would think you had went and did it."

"I have—I did ——" she blurted out happily. "Dimi—I'm enguged."

"Oh!" said Dimi queerly and dropped his arms.

"Wh-why, Dimi, what's the matter? Aren't you glad?"

"Of—of course," he lied. "Sit down here and tell me. It's Tubby, of course?"

"Of course not! It's Barry."

"Barry? Lieutenant Barrow? I didn't even know he was back!"

"He isn't. He—he telegraphed."

Dimi gave her a searching look, but there was nothing in her eyes save a queer trembly kind of radiance.

"D-don't laugh, Dimi! Look!"

From the inside of her blouse she took out her handkerchief. And from her handkerchief she took out a knot. And from the place where the knot had been she took out a diamond solitaire.

Entirely eclipsed was the American Lyric. Eglantine, the café-au-lait maid, announced dinner. And when she was out of earshot Van told him how Barry, unable to wait any longer, had telegraphed, a ring arriving almost at the same time as the telegram.

"But you hardly know him, Van. He was only here——"

"A week. But," she went on defensively, "we've been writing ever since."

"But a week! How can you know your own mind?"

"At twenty-nine, Dimi dear, you know your own mind if you don't know another thing. I knew it the first time I met him. And oh, Dimi, I'm so happy! If it weren't for you and the house here ——"

"Bother me and the house! We'll get us a housekeeper somewhere."

"Name of Mrs. Brown?"

He shook his head and she reached for his hand across the table.

"It'll be easier with me out of the way. It's hard for a man to get married when he's got an old-maid sister to look after."

"Oh, sure!" he assented gloomily. "You broke up ten or twelve very promising little affairs. I tell you, Van"—his voice took on just a hint of petulance—"I don't register with women. They call me up when they're in town and can't think of anybody else. They invite me to their parties. They even recommend me to their college chums. But they always marry somebody else."

"But you can't expect them to propose to you!"

"Jelly beans! I'll do the proposing if they'll only let me. They're as personal with me as the printed announcement of a sale of barroom fixtures. I only remember one woman that ever looked as if she wanted me to kiss her."

"And did you?"

"No, of course not. She was married."

"Holy Trotzky! Perhaps if you weren't so darn decent ——"

"Huh! That's a grand, elegant, uplifting influence you have."

"You don't need to be uplifted. You need to be let down. Honestly you're too high-minded to be human – too nobell—like a dorg," she finished scornfully. "That's just what you are. A girl says, 'Come here, nice Raggsie,' and what do you do? Do you pass her by easy stages from mild interest to consuming desire? You do not! You never even heard of salesmanship. You go right over and lie down on her doorstep with *fidus ad mortem* written all over your collar, and—well, there hasn't been one girl with brains enough to want you in spite of your virtues."

Dimi sighed. "Tough, ain't it? What would you advise, Doctor Fairfax?"

"First find the right girl. And then don't tax your speedometer getting to her. Give her a run for her money. Slip her an occasional thrill."

"Thrill! If bumping off the road in my jit going at fifty-five isn't a thrill ——"

"No, you underdone polliwog, that's not a thrill—that's an attack of heart failure. Haven't you ever even read of thrills? Real thrills? Haven't you ever heard of atavism? Aren't you even acquainted with the genus cave man?"

"Cave man! Van, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Well"—defensively—"that's what got me about Barry—he's so masterful. And on the other hand, look at Tubby. He died of devotion all over the house and on the front porch. And it took me exactly six years to make up my mind that I couldn't make up my mind to marry him. You've just got to make a girl respect you."

"Jelly beans! I don't want a girl to respect me—I just want her to love me."

"But, newborn babe, you can't love a man without respecting him!"

Dimi groaned.

"Nobody in the world could respect a man named Dimi!"

"Listen, Dimi! I'm going to tell you something, because you'd find it out later anyhow. And may it go to show you how little you know. But if you snicker it'll be your last snick. You know Barry stands for Barrow." Dimi nodded. "Well, the rest of his name is—is Hyacinth. But I didn't turn him down because of it. Go ahead now and burst a blood vessel."

But Dimi did no such thing. He did not even snicker. He listened very seriously to everything Van had to say that night and on the subsequent occasions when the talk turned on him and his failure to connect with what Eglantine called the ladies of the opposite sex. He listened, but it is certain he never took the thing really to heart—never actually considered the possibility of a personal application of the troglodytic principle until the night before Mary Barrow left for the Middle West.

Mary was Barry's sister and when Barry obtained an unexpected leave she came to New York for a week to visit an old cousin and to be near her brother. Barry and Van went to meet her at the train while Dimi stayed at home to work on a new advertising campaign for Steinberger.

"We'll have to start her," he remarked apropos of the new campaign whose destiny he was tracing with a yellow lead pencil on yellow paper, "right here. We'll call this Mary Barrow. M'm—I'm sure we ought to figure on taking in—Kansas City. I wonder what she'll be like, coming from the Middle West and taking in Manhattan and the Bronx. For ten thousand we can plaster the stuff all over. If she only isn't too fat. But you always have to figure on spending more if—she's a blonde, Barry says. Steinberger'll kick like blazes when he hears that—she can't be very young—say twenty-five. Or maybe I ought to add a hundred or two to be on the safe side. He ought to realize that—school-teachers are always a little fagged and discouraged, so—you can't expect results too soon. In about three months—she might fall for me. Barry says she's slender—but of course we have to figure on the outlying districts. The only thing I'm worried about is—I hope she's pretty—J. S. will begin to wail about the expense unless I can convince him that—even if she isn't she needn't be out of the question—if we get results."

Finally, having given up the new campaign, which for some reason would not map itself out, he went to bed. As he was about to turn out his light he caught his reflection in the mirror.

"I've got to do it," he confided to D. Brown, who seemed to find nothing extraordinary in his having decided to marry a girl he had never seen, provided, of course, she came up to specifications. "I couldn't stand living here without Van. I'll be good to her—and I'll make her happy, so help me Isaac! I'm going to try out Van's dope. No more poodle stuff for me. I promise you, D. Brown, if she's only halfway possible I'll make her marry me—I vow it!"

Well, if she had been only halfway possible he might have kept his vow. But she was so radiantly, so distractingly, so impossibly possible! Mary! The name was ridiculously inadequate. She should have been Thais. She had long brown-velvet eyes that you could never get to the bottom of; utterly improbable eyes within still more improbable lashes. There was a hint of the Egyptian about her—in the curve of her little nose, her smooth dark hair, her small voluptuous mouth, her lithe gliding walk. Oh, but she was really beautiful! Her voice was beautiful and her hands were beautiful and her teeth. But, oh, it was her eyes that held you until you were supine as the doormat at her feet—more absolutely *fidus ad mortem* than the aroma of cabbage in the hallway of a boarding house. Alas, poor Dimi! Other girls there had been who charmed him, girls who interested him; even there had been girls who moved him. But never, never a girl who did to him what Mary Barrow did. Never!

And the wonderful part was, she appeared to like him too. They just seemed somehow to belong. He did not feel that feverish need for establishing himself in her eyes. He did not bring forth his books of sketches. He did not recite any of his poems—not even the one in the American Lyric. It was just as if there were going to be a time for everything later.

It was a heavenly week. Barry had refused to be dragged round to meet people. And after the first disappointment Van had admitted his wisdom. Dimi respected his grit, though wondering at his nerve. This casual wonder gave way gradually to a grudging admiration not unmixed with resentment. The way that guy got away with things!

With an inborn horror of tragedy Dimi had resolutely kept his thoughts from the fast approaching Wednesday that would take Mary back to the Middle West. In his heart he had a hunch that in some miraculous way she was to be kept from going.

But on Monday night the barometer began to drop. There was talk of trains as though going were a definite thing. And Dimi, though putting off the inevitable face-to-face tussle with the calamity, could not entirely escape the shadow of the coming event. And, to make it worse, Buck Connor and Madge Skelley dropped in. And in five minutes Buck was absolutely ignoring Madge, whom he had been rushing for a month, and was falling with a terrible thud for Mary. And Dimi, being a gentleman, had to try to keep Madge from realizing that she was being thrown. And Mary, seeing him thus occupied, turned her wonderful eyes on Buck. And oh, my friends, the world's worst nightmares do not always happen during slumber!

But after they had gone and he had driven Mary back to New York the sun came out once more, though it was eleven minutes after midnight.

"I hate to go, Dimi," Mary was saying in answer to something he had said, "but really I have to."

"Gosh!" remarked Dimi eloquently. And later: "Mary, don't you think we ought to go out somewhere and leave Van and Barry alone on their last night?"

Mary gave him an indescribable look.

"I think you're the most thoughtful and considerate man in the world!"

All the next day he could without effort recall the delicious shock this sent through his entire mechanism. He did not draw a sane breath, thinking of Mary and of how he was to take her to Heathstone Inn that night. The atmosphere in the office irked him so that he put on his hat and went for a walk in the park.

"It's too good to be true," he kept saying to himself. "Something is bound to happen."

Usually if you say that over and over it has a tendency to divert Nemesis. But Dimi's hard luck was charm proof. Van met him at the door.

(Continued on Page 78)

Suddenly Her Voice Sounded in His Ear and the Blood Congealed Along His Spine and the Stick Clung Stubbornly to His Paralyzed Fingers

"HONOR AMONG THIEVES"

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

ROONY unlocked Cell Number 19 and pushed back the heavy door. "Hey you," he growled to the man sitting upon the cot inside, "wake up! The district attorney wants to see yer."

A ray from the red sun setting over the wall of the Tombs fell through the bars of the window behind him on his freckled face, his round button of a nose, the long semicircular upper lip that led the other keepers to call him Mutt, his incredible blazing bonfire of a head and made him squint his pale gray eyes.

Number 19 lifted his head slowly from his hands and blinked. He was not prepossessing, but there was a good-natured air about him which appealed to Roony, who could tell at a glance that he drank. He was apparently a man well over fifty who had lived hard, for his face was full, his cheeks flabby, his eyes watery and bloodshot. But for all that he looked as if he had once been somebody.

"All right," he answered in a husky voice. "Which way to the torture chamber?"

"Over the street," replied Roony brusquely. "Get a move on!"

"Do we go out?" asked the prisoner, putting on his jacket.

"Sure! Acrost de way," said the keeper, taking out his handcuffs.

Number 19 bent down and pulled something from under his cot. To Roony's amazement it was an antiquated fur overcoat with heavy collar and cuffs of moth-eaten otter. Simultaneously he produced a shabby felt hat. Arrayed, he looked like the leading man in a fly-by-night theatrical troupe.

"Swell guy," thought Roony as he snapped a nipper on the man's left wrist for form's sake and, holding the other in his own right, led him forth. Regulations required every prisoner to be shackled to a keeper, but nobody obeyed the rule.

The swell guy followed Roony passively into the elevator and across the street to the Criminal Courts Building.

"What might your name be?" inquired Roony politely, impressed by what he regarded as the aristocratic bearing of his prisoner.

"Garrick Smythe." The man smiled whimsically.

"Huh! So you belong to de Smith family! What's the charge?"

"Forgery."

"Ye don't say, now!" remarked Roony with increased respect.

There was something about the man that he rather liked—he couldn't have told why.

"Have a cigar?" The prisoner pulled a handful of Havanas from the breast pocket of his overcoat. "Take all you want."

Roony took two. More might be regarded as graft. Then he smelled them with the air of a connoisseur.

"Dat's a real cigar," he admitted. The prisoner nodded.

"What sort of a fellow is this man Randolph?" he asked.

Roony's jaw stiffened.

"He's de best district attorney New York ever had," he replied with emphasis. "He ——" Then he hesitated.

"Well? He—what?" urged his companion.

"He ain't no bloodhound," concluded Roony, suddenly beginning to suspect this facile conversationalist.

All these flimflammers were alike—always trying to pry information out of one.

"That's something at any rate," agreed his charge easily. "You mean he'll listen to reason?"

Roony turned on him savagely:

"I mean nuthin' but dat he's on de level, see? Dat's enough, ain't it? But he don't fall for no bull, he don't. He can pick a crook at four blocks. Better keep yer face covered."

Mr. Smythe chuckled.

"Thanks," he remarked. "Have another cigar."

Roony ignored him.

They climbed up the inside iron staircase to the process servers' room, where Roony reported his prisoner and then conducted him along the corridor to the district attorney's private office. It was getting late and there was nobody outside except Fitzpatrick, the fat attendant on duty, who was expecting them.

"Mr. Randolph'll be ready for you in a couple of minutes," he said, without getting up. "Take a seat."

There was a close dusty smell about the place and the shafts of yellow light slanting through the apertures of the wire gratings were full of myriads of floating golden motes. The prisoner sat down and rested his chin in his hand and Roony, estimating the length of time he would probably be detained, took out one of the real cigars and lit it. On the wall the big self-winding clock in its oaken case pointed to five. They were quite on time.

Roony snapped-to the door of the wicket and looked about him curiously. Five years before on just such an afternoon as this at precisely five o'clock the same scene had been enacted, the only difference being that on that occasion he, Roony, had been the prisoner. He too had waited outside that closed door, a keeper beside him, a handcuff on his wrist, until Mr. Randolph had been pleased to see him. The district attorney had listened sympathetically to Roony's protestations of innocence, had sent for the complainant, examined the evidence and expressed himself as satisfied that a mistake had been made.

This was largely due to a certain Mr. Kelly, a local saloon keeper, for whom Randolph had regard, being under the belief that he was a rugged old character, with Honesty for his middle name.

The benign, patriarchal old Irishman, who hailed from County Antrim and alleged that he had been friends with Roony's grandfather and grandmother in the old country, was the only person who knew Roony's real past, and it was part of his business not to tell. Kelly had come manfully to his rescue, sworn that he knew every thought in the lad's head, that he came of a fine old Irish family and that he had lived a model existence ever since his arrival in this country ten years before, whereas in point of fact he had been born on the lower East Side.

Roony himself being no slouch at inherited blarney and bland persuasion, they had between them put it across. Randolph had turned Roony loose the next day and from that moment Roony had been his slave. It had been a narrow squeak—so narrow that he never ceased to think of it—and whenever he watched a prisoner tramping round the walled inclosure in which he was taking the air or crouching on his cot in his narrow cell the thought came to him, as a similar thought had once occurred to a far greater man, that there, but for the grace of Richard Randolph, might have been Francis Patrick Roony.

For years he had lived on the edge of the criminal abyss—was in fact on the point of plunging into it forever—when through the desire of this curious variety of public office-holder, who believed in the divinity of man, to give him a chance to make good he had been miraculously haled back and firmly planted on his feet as a reputable citizen. For Roony was now a full-fledged keeper in the city prison, wore a blue uniform and was called officer by the deputy assistant district attorneys on those occasions when his

duties took him to court or elsewhere in the Criminal Courts Building across the Bridge of Sighs.

And he had made good. He didn't know just how, but he had. Totally without morals or conscience in the ordinary acceptances of those terms, Paddy Roony from that time on had had but one ambition—the fervent desire to prove to Mr. Randolph that he had in fact made no mistake. He had other and lesser desires, to be sure, such as that of accumulating enough to buy a corner saloon and marrying Mary Taintor, the daughter of his landlady; to run for alderman perhaps. But they were subordinate. He owed his life to Randolph—that was the fundamental basis of his system of ethics that recognized no principle except loyalty, which also, come to think of it, was sufficient for the late Prof. Josiah Royce.

Roony's regeneration was indicated less in his facial expression than in his habiliments and demeanor, for he now dressed with elegance and bore himself with authority. Mr. Kelly always remembered the almost touching episode when Paddy and he had had their first confidential talk after the latter's escape from prosecution. It had been held in the back room of Kelly's saloon with the side door carefully locked and there had been a bottle of good old County Antrim and two glasses on the table between them. Paddy was in a new suit of clothes and there was a gold chain across his breast.

"No, t'anks," he had said, modestly declining the suspended drink. "I'm through wid the cretur. I'm goin' to run straight." Then, looking round cautiously, he added ingeniously: "Say, Mr. Kelly, ye just don't know how good it feels to have a watch in yer pocket and realize it don't belong to somebody else!"

The reputable Tom Kelly had helped him to run straight, investing his savings for him and telling Mary Taintor's mother on every suitable occasion what a grand lad he was. Gradually he had acquired a certain position in the district, due not alone to his being a responsible holder of public office but to the apparent stability of his character. Randolph he loved with a doglike devotion, haunting the antechamber of his office merely to see him come and go, leaving for him occasional little gifts and keeping him informed upon all subjects which he regarded as of interest or importance. Randolph was his hero, his saint, his cherished idol, toward whom he maintained the combined feelings of adoration, respect and tenderness. His mind as he lighted the cigar was full of these things, and the sight of the district attorney's door and the slight odor of carbolic acid and cabbage that floated up through the air shaft that tapped the pen reminded him poignantly of the life that but for the grace of Randolph must have been his.

His thoughts were momentarily interrupted by footfalls in the marble hall outside. A young lady clad in a fur-trimmed Russian jacket and toque, from beneath which a few stray wisps of brown hair hung tantalizingly above a pair of slanting eyes of the same color, tripped up to the wicket and paused, both hands clasping the wire grating.

"Hello, Roony," she smiled. "Mr. Randolph gone yet?"

Then for the first time noticing Paddy's companion, an embarrassed look crossed her face and she added: "Oh, I didn't know there was anybody waiting to see him."

"Go right in, miss! Go right along in!" urged the corpulent Fitzpatrick. "Sure Mr. Randolph'll see you any time! Anybody would, bless ye! These here can wait!"

He waddled over to the door and pushed it open.

"Miss Eustis to see you, sor," he announced confidently, thrusting in his head. "Go along in, miss."

Roony smiled happily to himself through the smoke of his cigar. That was a great girl of the district attorney's, a fit mate for so brilliant and sterling a leader of men. Had she not been beautiful and good, worthy of his boss' love in every respect, he would have been jealous of her. As it was he was only glad. He wondered now what they were doing in there. Would Mr. Randolph be after kissing her the way he, Roony, kissed Mary Taintor? He guessed there wouldn't be so much difference. And so he began thinking of Mary and his smile became more pronounced.

During the last years Roony's character had undergone a marked change. In the old days, having nothing to look forward to but a furtive existence in which every man and woman was at worst his enemy or at best his victim, he had been sullen and misanthropic, the shadow of a prison door ever across his path. But now that he was free from that ever-haunting fear of pursuit he viewed his fellow human beings benignly, feeling himself to be one of them, and so living—as he often told himself in the vulgar phrase—that he could look every damn' man in the face and tell him to go to hell. But beyond all this sense of escape from a tainted and danger-filled past was a serene confidence in future happiness and a jolly little home of his own with the black-eyed Mary. The surly, stealthy expression upon his ugly freckled face had given place to one of complacent good nature.

"Nice girl," said the man beside him.

"Nice girl? You betcher life!" he responded with emphasis.

"All Right," He Answered in a Husky Voice. "Which Way to the Torture Chamber?"

Richard Randolph, district attorney of New York County, the man whom Roony held in such passionate regard, was one of those children of fortune who can wear their integrity without priggishness. He was the kind of man who is apparently cast by Nature for a leading part in life's drama and to whom all things come without effort. Big, forceful, straight-eyed, but warm-hearted and demonstrative, he was a finished specimen of the distinguished race from which he had been bred—a man to be reckoned with and for whom the future was big with fate. If he won out in the coming election he would be his party's strongest candidate for governor next year, and as governor of the Empire State he would be a noteworthy candidate in the national convention. Yet nobody better than Randolph knew how quickly popularity fades and how slight a shadow may blast a political career. Nobody, either, better than he realized the ease with which sophistry can defend the means by which a desired end may be achieved. But so far he had never once been other than true to himself and his ideals.

He had been bending behind a pile of books writing, but he sprang to his feet the instant the door had closed and drew Miss Eustis to him.

"What luck!" he exclaimed. "I'd been expecting a crook and I get you!"

He held her away from him, looked at her, laughed and then folded her in his arms again.

"Oh!" she protested. "Really—this is assault and battery!"

"What are you doing down here?" he inquired, releasing her.

"I just dropped in to see father and I thought maybe you'd like me to walk uptown with you."

"Nothing better! We'll start right along—one second! There's a prisoner waiting to see me. He wrote a letter and asked permission to have a few words with me. I'll only be a minute. Just step in the back room and I'll be with you in no time."

Randolph opened the door leading into his inner office.

"First give me another kiss," he urged. "I believe I'm the luckiest devil in the whole world. Anyhow I'm the happiest."

He went back to his desk and pressed the bell for Fitzpatrick.

"Send in the prisoner," he directed, reaching for his pen to sign the letter he had been writing. "You needn't wait, Fitz."

The door opened and Roony entered, leading his charge.

"I'll be free in a moment," he said without looking up. "Now," he remarked pleasantly as he leaned back, having blotted the letter, "what can I do for you?"

Then Roony saw the district attorney's face suddenly go white and his bloodless hands grip the sides of his swivel chair.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "You—you—may go, Roony. Wait outside, please," he added in a pinched voice.

"Well, Dick?" remarked the newcomer.

"Frank! It's not possible!"

Randolph put his hands to his eyes as if to shut out the other's features.

"That's who it is," replied the other amiably. "I didn't just know whether you'd recognize me, though. I've put on some weight, I must say, you're lookin' fine, old man."

Randolph made a gesture of impatience.

"What"—he groaned—"what are you doing here? What are you charged with?"

"Well," returned his visitor with a trifle of

(Continued on Page 24)

How Grover Cleveland Was Nominated and Elected President

By GEORGE F. PARKER

Auditor, National Democratic Committee, 1892

IT IS generally difficult to trace the genesis of a presidential aspiration, but in Cleveland's case the task is easy. In 1881, when municipal government of the city of Buffalo had reached a pretty bad pass, its citizens looked for somebody upon whom they could fairly depend to correct the worst evils. They were party and boss ridden, one organization being about as deep in the mud as the other was in the mire, until the conclusion was forced that the only way out was to find a Democrat of independent type, a trustworthy man, who could be elected. The situation was canvassed with care, and Mr. Cleveland was asked to become the candidate of his party with the assurance of outside support. He declined, but finally, when pressed, consented if the convention would first choose the minor candidates and submit the result to him. He had no desire to dictate, but if he was to run he wanted to know that everyone would be really helpful in both the canvass and the resulting work. His purpose was to defeat the nomination of a prominent local figure for an important place. The convention took him at his word, reported its action, and upon assurance of his satisfaction put him at the head of the ticket.

Mr. Cleveland as Mayor of Buffalo

THIS unusual beginning drew attention to the man. It was soon learned that though he was a Democrat, for many years a worker at the polls, he had never been a candidate for any office other than the business one of sheriff. He had taken no part in the larger politics, had never made speeches in local or other campaigns, had not been a delegate to conventions higher than those of the city or county; and yet he was one of four or five of the leading lawyers of Buffalo, stood well with men in all lines of activity, but gave no sign of an ambition for office. He was merely a typical private citizen, successful in his profession, without social desires or aspirations, but popular with the mixed population, including many of foreign birth and training. He entered the campaign with a brief speech of acceptance, telling what he wanted to do, and was elected by a good majority. Thus this man, who under ordinary circumstances would be called obscure because he had never taken an active or managing part, found himself mayor of Buffalo a few weeks before he had completed his forty-fifth year.

It was a late beginning in politics. When he took up the office he made a short inaugural address, in which he announced the principles and policies which he hoped to follow, and began his work. He had been in office only four months when he vetoed an appropriation of $500 for celebrating Decoration Day, and soon after vetoed a street-cleaning contract in a positive way that brought him to the attention of his neighbors and to the State of New York.

Mr. Cleveland always spoke with great frankness about his Buffalo life, but it was mainly about his profession, his methods of work and the people whom he knew—especially the farming element of his county, with which he had been drawn into very close relations. Of his political activities he once said to me:

"I never had the remotest idea of participation in politics as an officeholder. I had no tendency or likings that way, though I did try to keep in close contact with the conditions round me. I saw the bad things and the possibility of improvement, but without any idea of taking an active part. When it was suggested that I accept the nomination for mayor I pooh-poohed the idea. I was doing well in my profession, was satisfied with my business and personal surroundings, and saw no reason why in middle life I should then tear up all the roots by taking up political ambitions that had always seemed to me disappointing.

"The urgency of the situation increased as conditions seemed to become worse and, being pressed, I finally consented to run, with the result that you know. When I was elected I had no idea of becoming more than mayor of Buffalo for a brief fixed time. In fact then, as since, I have made it a rule never to think of any higher office while there were duties to be done in the one below. Whatever else I have done or thought of, this has been to me a saving grace. Feeling these limitations I had no political plans even of the modest order, to say nothing of that extraordinary ambition which has seemed to inspire so many men with the notion that they were born to be a governor or President of the United States. Each job for itself has always been my motto, and its application has saved me from much worry and disappointment."

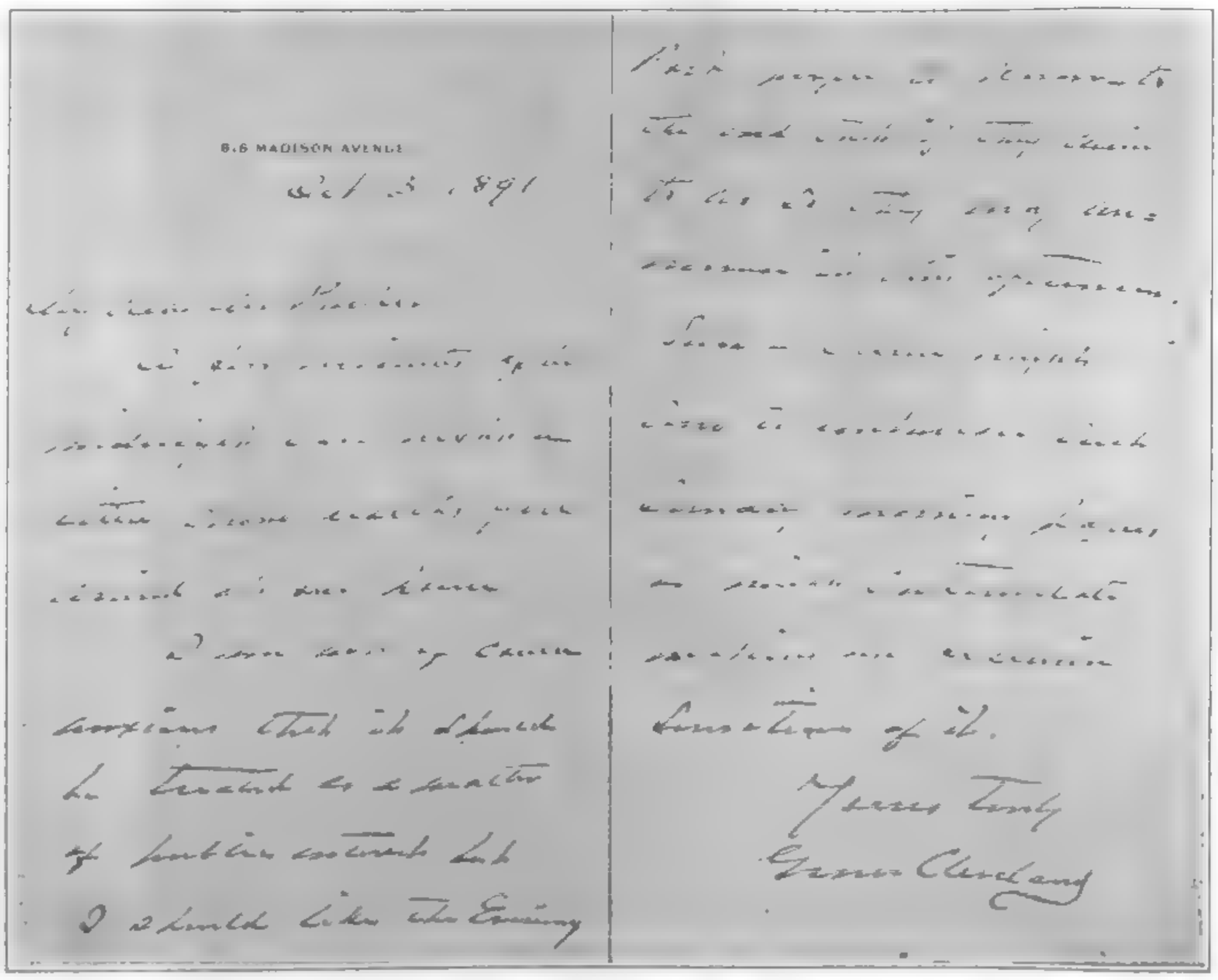
In 1882 the political conditions in New York were chaotic. The National Administration was at war within itself and with the Republican machine in the state. As the time approached for naming state candidates the National Administration pushed upon the party Judge Folger for governor, a high order of man who was then Secretary of the Treasury. He was thoroughly fitted for the proposed task, but the opposition was so strong that faction became the principal thing in account. The Democrats, watching these quarrels, hoped to retrieve the defeat they had suffered three years before. A number of candidates appeared, some men of prominence and long experience in politics, public or military life. It was conceived that this would be a good time for the westernmost judicial district, long excluded from the higher political honors of the state, to present a candidate of its own. The live mayor of Buffalo, though almost wholly unknown outside, was looked upon with promise as the man for the emergency. Though knowledge of him was almost purely local his vetoes and the vigor he brought to his task had attracted the attention of correspondents and of watchful students of politics. Daniel Manning had then a strong though not a dominating influence in the state. He was editor of the Democratic organ, chairman of the state committee, and successor, so far as possible, to the authority of Samuel J. Tilden.

At the Syracuse Convention

ALL these gave him a fairly deciding position, but still he did not know where to find a candidate for governor. Among his lieutenants was Edgar K. Apgar, a deputy in one of the departments at Albany, who was always on the lookout for new men. Cleveland's record had come to his attention and about the middle of August he was authorized by Mr. Manning to put himself into communication with the mayor of Buffalo. He got a friendly response, and without seeing any managers the work of promoting his candidacy began. Insisting that he was not seeking the nomination, that he must refrain from any line of conduct that would change his plans, he declined at first to go to Syracuse, where the convention was to be held; but he finally consented to meet Mr. Manning and his friends.

He said later: "I reached there early in the afternoon of a very hot day and found myself for the first and last time in all the hurly-burly of a state convention. I soon discovered that the principal thing they wanted was a chance to look me over, and I confess also that in spite of my initial distaste to such a test my sense of humor soon led me rather to enjoy it. I remained about the hotel during part of the evening, enjoying the strange experience of meeting delegates from every part of the state, talking freely with Mr. Manning and the leading men of his party, and about two o'clock at night took a train back to Buffalo."

He always opposed this intrusion of his personality into a canvass and insisted that it was a bad policy for him or anybody else. He did not believe that it contributed largely to the result, but the



Mr. Cleveland's Letter to Mr. Parker Announcing the Birth of His Eldest Daughter

Adlai E. Stevenson

Grover Cleveland

next day on the first ballot he had a fair vote, which was increased on the second, and grew into a majority on the third.

Then followed one of the most remarkable campaigns ever known even in the varied history of New York. As opposition to the Republican candidate increased, the drift toward Mr. Cleveland was so strong that it could not be checked. One leading Republican after another bolted his party and came to the support of the Democratic candidate, while party newspapers everywhere pursued the same policy. His own part in the canvass was extremely slight. He did no managing, made no speeches other than a short reply to a neighborly serenade and wrote a letter of acceptance. Even in these the qualities that were to distinguish him later came out. He declined to submit his letter to committees or to anybody else. He framed it to fit the larger politics upon which he had entered, paying no attention to national issues except to condemn the interference of public officials in making nominations for state offices. This was the leading issue upon which he had been nominated. He took a strong position in favor of reform of the civil service, against assessments upon office-holders, pronounced in favor of home rule in cities, and, in insisting even thus early upon the regulation of corporations, said:

"Corporations are created by the law for certain defined purposes, and are restricted in their operations by specific limitations. Acting within their legitimate sphere they should be protected; but when by combinations or by the exercise of unwarranted power they oppress the people the same authority which created should restrain them and protect the rights of the citizen. The law lately passed for the purpose of adjusting the relations between the people and corporations should be executed in good faith, with an honest design to effectuate its objects and with a due regard for the interests involved."

General Bragg's Famous Phrase

IN FACT the canvass almost made itself. There was no neglect of the duties of his office, because he did not believe that any man had a right to use one position to attain another and higher one. The policy of the campaign was the same that he carried out during all his career. Work for eighteen-hour days, an unresting determination to learn everything about the duties that lay round him, respect for his predecessors, care for precedent, and yet an unvarying independence of act.

Mr. Cleveland transferred himself from the mayor's office to that of governor with as little show as that which had carried him away from his law office. He went to Albany, a place of which he knew nothing on the official side, and entered upon his bachelor residence in the great big governor's mansion feeling very much out of place. He ordered for himself a bed nearly as wide as it was long—a piece of furniture that would have become the king of Brobdingnag—and soon adjusted himself to his strange surroundings and to the duties of his office.

He began to learn everything he could about the governorship, both in its history and its needs. He put in the same long days, paid as little attention as possible to the social side, and familiarized himself with men, party and state conditions. He soon knew everything about the Tilden and anti-Tilden tendencies, the contending organizations of Tammany and County Democracy, saw clearly how the great overgrown city was in antagonism to upstate, and yet somehow kept the latter uppermost in his mind. He soon became a veto governor as he had been a veto mayor, disapproving bills that were popular and approving some that were unpopular, and, as came natural with him, showed himself independent of party or faction. Almost instinctively he arrayed himself against Tammany, and that without making open fight. If a man in that organization was offensive to him he said so, and published the letter giving his reasons therefor.

The one thing he thought of was being governor of New York. The Presidency did not enter into account as the direct cause or occasion for anything, but he soon found it was impossible to put it entirely out of thought. Other people saw to that, so there was no room for manipulation, to which he would not have resorted in any event. He had no knack of using local or state patronage, the existence of which he hardly realized so far as it concerned himself. He knew very few people in the country at large, so that he could not promise cabinet or other places. He did not visit Mr. Tilden or confer very much with the dominating forces in his party. Even with his attachment to the upstate Democrats he never created a personal machine, but soon came to know the leading men everywhere. He had a good knack for this, and that, too, in an impassive sort of way that did not commit him to one or another.

Still, it was impossible to keep down the demand in the country at large for his nomination. As was to be the case throughout his career this was stronger there than in his own state, and its strength came in both without that personal management and manipulation which later became so common. In the end, and somehow or other, the nomination came almost as easily as that for mayor or governor. The merciless opposition of the machine element in New York and other cities was echoed all over the country wherever there was an organization of the boss kind. It somehow seemed to be almost natural for such a machine to oppose Grover Cleveland, and every time this happened he was strengthened both in his state and elsewhere.

In spite of his indifference a delegation instructed for him was sent to the Chicago convention of 1884. There were strong candidates before that body in Bayard, Thurman, Hendricks and other men who had served the party long and faithfully. The friends of all pushed them with the utmost propriety, but it was impossible for Tammany, tied as its own representatives were, to play the game with anything like effectiveness or fairness.

This opposition emerged in the convention, and finally evoked that marvelous boast from Gen. Edward S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, hitherto a practically unknown figure: "We love him for the enemies he has made." If ever a man was nominated for an office by a phrase this was the particular case. Then came the campaign with all its ups and downs, with its personal abuse, with the play of factions and final success.

As showing how he felt about the presidency Mr. Cleveland once said to me:

"You know my time was thoroughly taken up with the governorship. It seemed to me that the job was not one I should undertake, and then neglect its duties; so I had little time and less inclination to think of the presidency. Still it was impossible for me not to know what was going on. I watched the ups and downs of Republican sentiment. Blaine was the overmastering candidate, but there was a strong sentiment for the nomination of General Arthur to succeed himself. Without much knowledge of political machines or methods of conducting campaigns I made up my mind on one thing and one only: I would only accept the nomination in case Arthur was not the Republican candidate. I felt then, as I have always felt since, that it would have been absolutely impossible to oppose him successfully. Fortunately the Republican convention did not accept my fears and another nomination was made. From that time forward I was willing, though never overanxious, to accept the nomination. As to the result, you know the rest."

Mr. Cleveland kept at his work as governor until the end of his second year, when he resigned and turned the office over to the lieutenant governor, David B. Hill. Then he sat down for the purpose not only of making his cabinet but of familiarizing himself with national conditions. He sent for men whom he had thought of for his cabinet, and many others. Among the first was Thomas F. Bayard, who had been his principal opponent in the convention, to whom he tendered the office of Secretary of State. It was promptly declined, but the President-elect insisted so urgently that after three or four offers Mr. Bayard consented to retire from the Senate, accept this place and help in the making of the cabinet. This was exceedingly fortunate for the new President, because if there was ever a man who needed help on large lines it was he, and he applied for help in the right quarters.

When Democrats Returned to Power

THIS work completed, and the time arrived for the inauguration, he wrote his address, committed it to memory, put it in his pocket and started for Washington. It was his first visit. He had had many important law cases and had won the largest civil judgment ever rendered in his judicial district; but he had had no occasion to present a case to the Supreme Court; not having had any business in Washington he had never gone there. He had been very little of a traveler. His professional activities and his devotion to his mother were absorbing, so that they were relieved only by occasional fishing or hunting excursions, these having marked the limit of his travels except an early trip to Bermuda. Probably no public man in our history ever knew so little about his country geographically as did Grover Cleveland when, in the magnificent weather of March 4, 1885, he stood up before the wonderful audience that had gathered and without reference to manuscript or even glance at a note delivered his address without a tremor. The one regret he always expressed was that his mother had not been there to see him as he kissed the Bible given by her and to hear him accept in those solemn words of his the responsibility to which his countrymen had called him.

As I am not presuming to rewrite history it is not necessary to enter into any great detail about his first Administration. After twenty-four years of exclusion from power his party had returned. After old things had been frayed out and new ones had been neglected or thrown aside he found himself with these great responsibilities confronting him. He had been elected to the presidency mainly by the vote of the states that had seceded, and he was thrown back largely upon men who had had no opportunity to acquire experience in administration. Thrust at once into a hard place and constituted as he was, he had to rely upon himself. As he had to take up and develop new things, advice was of little help, with the result that

(Continued on Page 168)

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

VI

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

AS USUAL when I have had a good deal on my mind, I woke up after being asleep for the first two hours in bed and lay thinking intensely. In a physically vigorous person this is apt to happen, I believe, as though the brain yielding to the fatigue of the body joins in its repose until refreshed, then rouses itself to better activity.

A good many thoughts were asking to be put in shape and I now tried to take them up in the order of their importance. First came Martha. Was she in love with Malluc or merely under the spell of his powerful personality? How had she first met him and where? Why had they exchanged that significant smile when looking at poor Johnny Jones as he sat forlornly on the sand. Did she already know about Malluc's resource for this facial transformation? Was lending aid to escaping fugitives from justice a regular unlawful if humane occupation of his? And if so how could a man of his apparent good principles bring himself to involve such a girl as Martha in his illegal and dangerous practice? Was perhaps his house known in criminal circles as a sanctuary and if so did that account for the presence of the arrogant detectives and the slinking figure caught sight of by Suzy and myself?

But more perplexing than all these queries was that of what I ought to do about it. Did not my duty to my friend and host require me to warn him? To do this would be risking the forfeit of Martha's friendship by breaking my word when I had promised her to say nothing about the detectives, and also my pledge to Malluc to keep Jeannot's rescue a secret.

Besides I had got my information about the singular affairs which were going on beneath the surface of these well-ordered homes partly by accident and partly by what must appear unpleasantly like spying. There was my watching Martha and Malluc through my field glasses and my following the girl to discover the illicit operation to disguise the identity of Jeannot.

It now seemed impossible for me to make these shameful admissions of espionage, even though unintentional. It was equally difficult for me to come to any conclusion about Malluc. He might be merely a crank on ill-advised Samaritanism, or he might be a dangerous enemy to the law.

Turning these things carefully in my mind, I decided that the best course would be to have it out with Martha; to tell her what I knew and insist upon an explanation. I decided to do this the very next morning when we came from our swim. This would be for her a moment of relaxation after the vigorous exercise, and we seemed always to be most intimate just then while rather close to Nature and elemental forces.

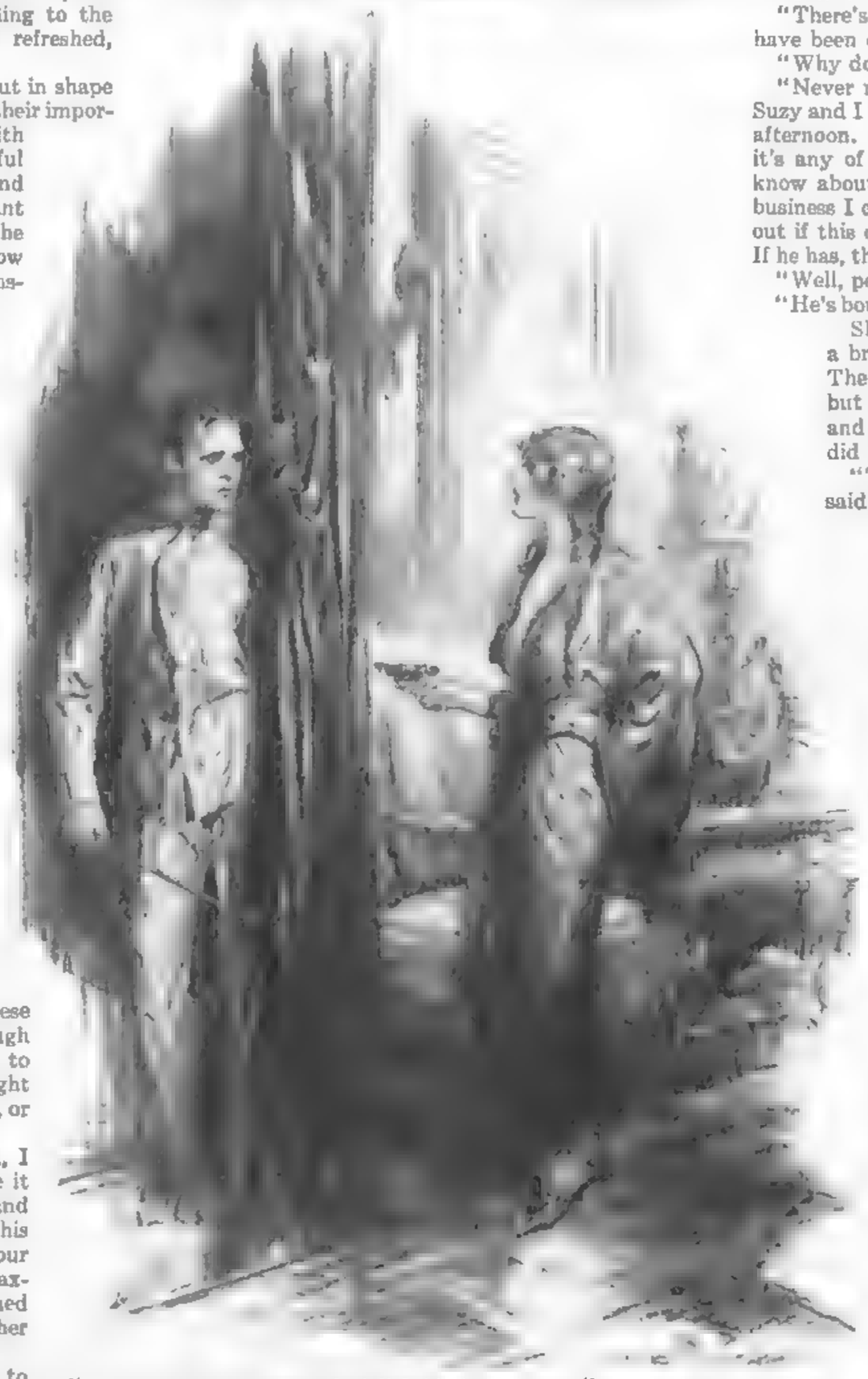
Having come to this decision, I was about to compose myself for sleep again when I discovered that Martha was awake also. Her room was directly under mine, and a little after the big clock in the lower hall had chimed and struck one I heard her moving about. And a moment later I heard another and more sinister sound.

This was one of those noises which ordinarily one would not notice but which in the depths of the silent night assumes to the wakeful mind an immediate and suspicious significance.

It was a sort of metallic squeak such as might come from the hinge of a door ajar and moved by a draught or a shutter rubbing its fastening or anything of that sort—scarcely enough to warrant getting up to investigate. But I thought of the skulker in the underbrush and decided to have a look round below. As Suzy had said, the papers were full of housebreakings, many of them in search of spirits, and there was no question of my duty at the slightest hint of a marauder.

I had not brought any weapon on coming to peaceful America, so I took the fire poker, which was of brass with a sort of tomahawk at its end. Stealing quietly down the hall, I stood for a moment at the top of the stairs, listening, then went softly down, keeping close to the wall. As I reached the ground floor I stopped again to listen and at that moment there came the faintest little click on the hardwood floor of the dining room, or at least it sounded like that.

"A burglar," I said to myself. "This is what comes of being sentimental and not hunting out that scoundrel prowling round the premises."



"You are a Light Sleeper, Dick," Said She Calmly. "We are Both a Bit Late Though. Somebody Has Been at the Safe"

There was no longer any doubt in my mind but there was a thief in the house, and though good sense would not have recommended the attempt to capture a burglar with an ornamental fire hook, yet recent experiences of being peppered at by archies and machine guns and rifles and things had robbed a mere pistol of its dread. With a little careful stalking the poker might be made efficient enough, so I glided across the hall to the cover of the dining-room-door portieres. I had almost reached this ambush when there came a blaze of light and I found myself facing Martha, who was standing on the threshold in her kimono and a pair of bedroom mules, her hair falling over either shoulder in two heavy braids and an automatic pistol pointing in my direction.

"You are a light sleeper, Dick," said she calmly. "We are both a bit late though. Somebody has been at the safe. He must have heard me get up and slipped out of the window." She turned and nodded toward one of the long French terrace windows, which was ajar. I looked from this to an open panel in the wall and the door of a small safe, this not quite closed.

"He can't be far," I said. "I heard the hinge squeak when he opened the window not three minutes ago."

"So did I," said Martha. "My room is right overhead. He may have heard the springs of my bed and thought it better to wait outside to see if anybody was coming down."

"I'll call Len and we'll take the dogs and trail him," I said.

She shook her head.

"I'd rather not," she murmured without meeting my eye.

"But good Lord, Martha," I protested, "we can't let the house be burgled and do nothing about it! What's your objection?"

"Please don't ask me, Dick."

"There's no need," I said. "You are afraid that it may have been one of Malluc's household."

"Why do you say that?"

"Never mind just now. I don't think it was though. Suzy and I saw a man sneaking off through the woods this afternoon. She objected to my trailing him too. If it's any of Malluc's crowd he should certainly want to know about it. If you had rather not let Len into the business I can get the dogs and follow the scent and find out if this crook has or has not made for Malluc's place. If he has, then you can decide what to do about it."

"Well, perhaps you're right. But we don't need Len."

"He's bound to know that the safe's been burgled," I said.

She did not answer, but went to the safe and made a brief examination. I looked over her shoulder. The silver did not appear to have been touched, but the lock of a small drawer had been picked and this, half open, was empty. The other drawers did not seem to have been touched.

"There was only my pearl collar in that drawer," said Martha. "The burglar must have heard me and been frightened off before he had time to open the others."

"Well, you don't want to lose your pearl collar," I said.

"If what you suspect is true, Dick, I can get it back," she said, "or if I can't I'll say that I lost it."

"So Malluc does harbor criminals?"

"I—I'm afraid so."

"Do you think he's one himself?"

She straightened up and wheeled on me as if I had offered her some insult.

"Of course not! But he is overindulgent with them. He once had a terrible experience and it left him with a horror of putting people in prison. He thinks it worse than capital punishment. He says it's better to kill a person than to destroy his soul by inches."

"It didn't destroy his own soul," I said.

"What do you mean? How much do you know? Anyhow, he's not an ordinary man."

"That may be," I answered, "but he's got no right to establish a focus of danger for a community. This thug might have killed you. But as I say, there's a chance of his being a rank outsider. I'm going to get the dogs and see which way he went."

"Very well," she answered, "I'll go with you."

She went into the coat closet and came out a moment later in a dark raincoat and a pair of tennis shoes from those kept there. I did the same, then snapped off the lights and we slipped quietly through a veranda window and crossed the lawn to the kennels. Martha went inside and took two leashes from a hook.

"You take Clairon and I'll take Tambour," said she.

The other dogs were raising a good deal of a row, but this was not unusual as the kennels were not far from the highway and boys passing sometimes taunted them, as boys have a habit of doing. The intelligent beasts, which had first been trained for police duty, seemed to feel what was expected of them and tugged ahead in eager silence. We came to the dining room and opposite one of its long windows they instantly picked up the scent with avid snuffles. Tambour, keener of nose than Clairon, took the lead and kept it, following the fresh trail over the dewy sward and dragging Martha after him so that there was nothing for Clairon and me to do but follow.

These French police dogs are trained not only to rigid silence but inherit the instinct of stealth from their wolf strains, and being of a naturally high order of intelligence seemed to realize the necessity of this. It was curious to see how even under the excitement of trailing what the scent and hour must have told them was a dangerous marauder they restrained the impulse to dash ahead noisily, picking up their feet in the dainty way of a wolf or fox stealing through the covert and avoiding contact with obstacles that might have made a stir.

The night was warm and heavy, with a low thick murk that hid the stars but through which came the dim pervasive glow of an old moon so that objects were visible but vague and uniform and of a tone that would have enabled one to distinguish their character, whether animate or not, only if in motion. A figure moving could

have been immediately detected though if stationary the eye could not identify it from a stump or stone or bush. It was hard to see Martha and her tawny dog, while my raincoat became brown in the gloom.

Just as we had feared, the trail made a wide circle round the house, then passed through a grove of small scattered pines and came out upon the road, taking the direction of the Malluc house, the grounds of which were inclosed on three sides by a hedge of box uncommonly high and thick. We had got almost to the gate when we heard Malluc's voice cry sharply:

"Who is that?"

But the challenge was not for us. He could not have seen us behind the hedge, and even if he had heard us would not have called out, as we might have been anybody passing on the road. There must have been some low answer inaudible to us, for Malluc said sharply "What?" and we heard his steps on the gravel coming in our direction. Martha slipped Tambour's leash into my hand.

"Take the dogs back into the grove and tie them. Then come here," she whispered.

I obeyed the first half of this order, but not the latter, for as I secured the intelligent beasts Malluc's voice sounded very close on the other side of the hedge, which I had slipped up behind—that on the side of the house. He seemed to have moved away from the building to talk with the man whom we had been trailing. I crept close to listen. One does not scruple at eavesdropping on a thief hunt, and I had just settled myself when there came a slight rustle and Martha sank down beside me. She had been able to see the two figures moving in that direction and had slipped round to join me.

Malluc was talking in a low tone, but his voice was of a resonant timbre distinctly audible, while that of the other man reached our ears in a fragmentary growl.

"Yes," said Malluc, "I happen to know all about you and that you were in this locality. I have reason to believe that the police have drawn a cordon round you. What do you want of me, Bolton?"

The answer, though gruff and harsh, was too husky for us to hear. But Malluc's answer made this unnecessary.

"Why should I take you across the bay?" he demanded. "You are not only a burglar and footpad but you are wanted for the murder of an honest yard foreman whom you sneaked behind and sandbagged because you knew he had in his pocket a thousand-dollar Liberty Bond."

This angered the man, with the result that he raised his voice to an audible pitch.

"Say—what's that to you?" he demanded. "Ain't it your business to help us birds make our get-away?"

"No," Malluc answered sternly, "it's not. Where did you get that idea?"

"Ah, what's the use o' stallin'?" the man answered impatiently. "Only the other day you run a yegg across in your chaser, and I'll tell you something else. I know you got Johnny Jones. I was sleepin' out here in the woods and I seen you and him pass. He'd just swum in. You got him in the house now."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said Malluc. "Well, since you seem to know all about it I'll tell you that I have sometimes helped persons whom I felt to be the victims of the law, but never those who were the law's culprits. A penal code has to be inflexible, more's the pity. But I'd no more help a savage selfish beast like you to escape than I would a poisonous snake. You are a cold-blooded murderer. Your life is forfeit and I hope you pay the penalty. Don't you make any mistake about me, my man! I'd gladly see you stretch hemp!"

A thrill went through me as I listened to this, not only of admiration for his clean-cut sense of justice but his pluck in so boldly stating it in that lonely spot to a thug of this character. The man was a squat powerful brute of the lowest bestial type, desperate and surrounded, and he had unquestionably a dangerous blackmail on Malluc—knowledge which might easily send him to jail. Yet quite aware of this and utterly contemptuous of any physical danger, there stood Malluc within striking distance, his hands resting lightly on his hips, shoulders thrust forward, cool, fearless, and as I could not help but feel from his poise and the way his weight was buttressed on the ball of one foot slightly behind, alert and thoroughly prepared.

Nothing in Martha's Friendly Unruffled Greeting Seemed to Indicate That Anything Unusual Had Ever Happened Us

"Say, listen here, you!" said Bolton. "I guess you don't quite get me. You may have the goods on me, but I got 'em on you too. You ferry me across the bay or I'll put the bulls wise to what's goin' on here. See? It ain't only this here movie actor. Now I guess we'd better go. I don't wanta get rough if I can help it."

His hands slipped into the side pockets of his coat and as they did so Malluc sprang. The action was so quick that I could not follow it.

If you have ever seen a fighting bull terrier knock off his feet and stand over some big clumsy snarling cur you can imagine a little of what it was like.

Malluc did not strike the man, at least not with his fist. His elbow seemed to drive into the lower part of Bolton's chest, or at least it looked so to me, and there was a sort of slapping thud as the squat body swung about. I think Malluc must have used the jujutsu kidney blow with the edge of the hand. However that may be, it was crippling, for the fellow lay sprawled out as limp as though sandbagged.

Martha and I did not budge, made no sound at all, she from shock perhaps and I through breathless interest to see what might happen next. Malluc stooped over the man and went quickly through his pockets, taking out first a short-barreled automatic, then Martha's collar of pearls, which he laid in his palm and bent over to examine by the faint glimmer of light filtering through the murk.

"So you've been doing another little job to-night," said he. "I think I've seen these before."

Bolton raised himself upon his elbow.

"You said it!" he growled. "They belong to that girl that comes pussyfootin' in here late at night. You done a little job for a friend of hers too, so you're entitled to your pay."

There was a sudden gasp beside me. I seized Martha's arm and gave it a squeeze. For a moment I think Bolton's life hung in the balance. There was a deadly swing to Malluc's body as he leaned over him, arms half bent at the elbow, both hands extended. Then he straightened up again.

"Get up!" he said curtly. "We'll go!"

Bolton lurched to his feet apparently unhurt.

"I thought you'd see reason," he growled.

"I do!" Malluc answered, "this way!"

He started toward the rear of the premises, which led down to the boathouse, keeping close to the hedge. Bolton followed at his heels. When they had gone about fifty yards I got up and helped Martha to her feet. She swayed a little and I steadied her by the elbow.

"Let's see this thing through," I muttered, and we made our way after them on our side of the hedge, which presently was replaced by a wire fence.

We saw the two dark figures go out onto the landing and get into a long speed launch moored between a buoy and the float. Malluc cast off and started the motor, a silent one, and we saw them rush swiftly out into the gloom. Martha sank down at the foot of a tree and covered her face with her hands. She sat this way for a long time, it seemed to me, not weeping but breathing in long shuddering gasps. Finally, unable to stand it any longer I tried to comfort her.

"Don't take it so hard, Martha," I said. "I know that you would never do anything dishonorable."

"Do you believe what he accused Malluc of'"

"I've got to believe what he said about Malluc helping criminals to escape," I answered, "because Malluc himself admitted it."

"But about me?"

"I do not deny that either, but I know that whatever your errand may have been it was honorable. You are both too fine for anything else."

"Do you think that this man will inform on Malluc?"

"Not unless he's caught. But Malluc is playing a very dangerous game. If you have any influence at all with him try to persuade him to chuck it. His ethics may be all right, but his method is all wrong. Nobody, however clever, can make a practice of that sort of thing without getting caught sooner or later. The law is the law, and cruel or unjust as it may sometimes appear it has got to be enforced, otherwise everything would be in the most frightful mess. See now what interfering with it has led to. Compulsory assistance to the escape of a ruthless thief and assassin, a dangerous enemy to society, who ought by all rights to be promptly tried and executed. And think how Malluc must feel at being forced to do this!"

Continued on Page 141

"How Very Extraordinary!" She Murmured. "What Have You Done With the Thief?"

DECLASSED

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

II

PETER and Cyrilla returned to the Sheldon house on that first Sunday of their engagement feeling that they were going to take a creative part in the great adventure called life. Peter's plans for developing Cyrilla's lot with its unfinished buildings had given them a sense of horizons, a feeling that they could choose their future. Choice in this world is always the same thing as freedom. It marks the climax of self-respect.

After dinner it became apparent that Julia Starrett had used the telephone to some effect in announcing their engagement, for all that afternoon a stream of callers kept arriving. Cyrilla said afterward that a few of them came to scoff politely and by no means remained to pray; but the most of them came from motives of friendliness, mingled no doubt with natural human curiosity. Nearly all the callers elected to take the adventure of Peter and Cyrilla as a great lark. They demanded of Peter why he wasn't wearing his overalls and pleaded with him to say "Yes, ma'am" and "No, sir"; and they asked Cyrilla if she meant to have her dinner parties in the kitchen. They said that people like themselves were the new-poor, while Peter and his brother workmen were the real plutocrats who would soon be owning all the banks and calling in their loans.

Here and there a deeper note was struck. Cyrilla heard one of the older men saying to her father: "Peter Barnes has done a sensible thing. He'll be more comfortable as a workman on sixteen hundred than as an instructor on ten hundred, and he won't have to spend so much on laundry. White shirts won't be expected of him. My boy started in at the First National Bank, and I swear to you, Sheldon, I have to give him his board and clothes. His salary pays for his cigars, laundry, street-car fare and movies. All he gets out of it is social standing, and that never brought bread and butter yet to anyone except polite gamblers."

The Sheldon family played up beautifully all the afternoon and evening, Mrs. Sheldon showing nothing more suspicious than a tender plaintiveness. Altogether Cyrilla and Peter thought that their launching had gone off very well.

The next day, however, proved to be a trial to Peter. It began in the morning as he was setting out to work with Mike Kerrigan. Mike rather looked the part of the great unwashed. His overalls were black and greasy and there was a smear of black across his cheek, caused by his mistaking a grease rag for his handkerchief. A small blackish pipe added atmosphere. Just as Peter and Mike reached the corner where they were to part company a street car stopped and several people dismounted, their hand bags showing that they had just come from the station. Peter saw a man he knew, one Brewer, a graduate student in the department of architecture, who was now doing some of the very teaching that had once been Peter's work.

"Hail, old man!" he called. "How's every little thing?"

Brewer did not seem to see the outstretched hand. He lifted his hat stiffly.

"How d'ye do?" he said and turned to lead to the sidewalk a fashionably dressed young woman whose train he had evidently been meeting. As they walked on, over their shoulders floated detached remarks:

"—— man I used to know. Soldier just back from the front."

"I suppose we'll have to let the soldiers take liberties until they get over being heroes."

Peter's face was crimson, and he was angry that it was crimson. In his secret heart he had always felt superior to Brewer, who could never be anything more than a fairly good draftsman and an indifferent teacher. Now Brewer had just proved himself a first-class snob. Peter knew that he should have felt amused at Brewer's sense of superiority, that he should not have felt the cut; and yet he did feel it.

"Who was your lordly friend?" Kerrigan asked. "He acted as if he thought we ought to pull our forelocks."

"Oh, just one of the birds we've been over there dying for," Peter said, a touch of bitterness in his tone.

"But over here we aren't good enough to meet his lady friends?" grinned Mike.

"Who cares?" laughed Peter. G'by, Mike."

But Peter did care. He told himself irritably that he was a fool; that if he were older, mellower, he would have sense enough not to mind the disesteem with which Brewer and his sort would not cease to show him that he had fallen.

What he said half aloud was: "What do I care, so long as I have Cyrilla?"

But what his nerves said was: "If a man can make me feel this what will not a woman make Cyrilla feel?"

His work at the bank was to calcimine and paint an office adjoining the large room in which Will Brownell had his desk. A window gave from this room into the lobby where the clients of the bank stood to transact their business. No one was present to receive Peter but the janitor, and after a few minutes he was able to work off the keenest edge of his disgruntlement.

Presently the employees of the bank appeared. Brownell came and spoke a word to him, naturally enough. Then Peter was aware of a suppressed giggling. He glanced up to see the two girl employees looking in upon him with unshadowed enjoyment. Again Peter's face grew hot, and the scaffold under his feet quivered. His attempt to appear unaware of his spectators did not in the least deceive them.

Those two girls made a Roman holiday of Peter. To every client who entered the bank that day with whom they had the slightest acquaintance they told the jocular and romantic story of Peter and Cyrilla and offered a view of Peter. Time after time through the lobby window, which seemed to him now as big as a barn door, Peter could see or feel curious eyes boring in on him, faces amused or sympathetic or merely empty.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Peter to himself, trying vainly to be amused, "the film now registers a man of quality endeavoring to do his part."

Peter was angry; the way he used his brushes showed that; his unspoken language would have fired a pile of cordwood. The thought of Cyrilla brought him no comfort. His situation was not helped by a conversation he overheard, and which he suspected he was intended to overhear. He had knocked off work for lunch and was sitting beside his scaffolding in the corner where he was least exposed to observation. This brought him near the cashier's wicket. As he was moodily pouring from a bottle the coffee he had that morning so cheerfully brewed he heard the voices of Brewer and Brownell. He paid no attention to their talk till he caught his own name.

"And Do You Wish Lenine and Trotsky to Hear You or Is What You Have to Say Private?"

"Barnes is posing," Brewer said. "The fellow only wants the limelight. He ought to be ashamed of himself. It is disloyal to the university to behave this way."

"Well, I don't see how the university is damaged because Barnes turns from architecture to painting," Brownell said. "Several millionaires were doughboys, you know."

"That was during the war, as an emergency measure. Barnes has no right to do anything that can reflect on the dignity of the university; and stepping down like this does. Besides, he might just as well announce that the university pays starvation wages to the younger instructors."

"Oh, I guess the university can wiggle along," Brownell replied.

"Besides," continued Brewer, "he hasn't any right to add one more to the list of incompetent workmen that infest the town."

"I guess he's competent enough," Brownell said; "and I have no quarrel with him for changing jobs if he wants to. But I don't think he has the right to drag a girl down to his level. He may think it's a joke to belong to the proletariat. If he were single he might put it across—I mean might keep his job and belong socially to us. But with a wife he can't do it; the other women won't allow it. A good many selfish things are done in the name of love. Do you want any of this money in silver, Brewer?"

The words bit into Peter's brain: "Drag a girl down to his level." . . . "A good many selfish things are done in the name of love."

He had said that to Cyrilla, and she had overborne him. Deep in his heart he knew that Cyrilla was right and that Brownell was wrong. It was Brownell who was behaving selfishly in the name of love, rather than Peter.

"I know we're right," Peter said to himself, "and still these pin pricks hurt. It's a weakness, and I'm sick at myself for having it, but there it is. It's part of the price we'll have to pay, I suppose. I needn't tell Cyrilla—and I begin to wonder if she's been concealing pin pricks from me."

That night he failed to appear early at the Sheldon doorsteps. He went instead to the meeting of the union of the painters and paper hangers. It was held in a rather dingy room over a shop. The glaring cheap pink walls were but poor symbols of the skill of painters and paper hangers, and whoever scrubbed and swept and dusted evidently did not care for work. There were some eighty men present, a number that surprised Peter, considering the size of the city. But then, he reflected, if they all lived up to Schmidt's ideals of labor a place of twenty thousand inhabitants could easily support them.

Under the hard and searching electric lights Peter gazed curiously at his new associates. He had never before been in an assemblage of workingmen. He was used to carefully dressed college men, immaculate as to collars and nails and teeth. These men leaning forward in their chairs or tipped back, their overcoats carelessly slung behind them, gave the effect of rough dressing. Even when their clothes were of good material they did not seem to fit well or to belong. Peter felt that the men would have looked better in overalls, and then he dismissed that as a snobbish thought. Here and there a man bent forward to light his pipe, and the quick flame revealed an irregular profile, an unshaven cheek, an untended hand.

Many of the faces, Peter decided, as he let his eyes ripple over the room, were fine, honest, capable. There must be men in that assemblage who would stand shoulder to shoulder with him and Mike Kerrigan in their ideals. Other men there, it was plain to see, were weaklings and slackers, interested simply in getting as much as they could for as little effort as possible.

Schmidt, Peter saw, was one of the main pillars of the union. Before the proceedings began Peter noticed him in close conference with the two Russians with whom Peter himself had been working two days before on the Central Hotel job—slackers and Bolsheviks, both. Peter meant to make acquaintance as promptly as possible with the real workingmen of the union.

The president, a small, intelligent-looking man whom Peter had never seen before, called the meeting to order and proceeded with the regular business. Peter noticed that most of the men sat stolidly through the reading of the minutes and the various reports. Mike Kerrigan had told him that he wouldn't find the union meetings lively.

"Most of the fellows," Mike had said, "attend because they don't want to be fined for staying away. The times they come out in force and perk up is when the contracts are expiring and there's a chance to raise wages."

After the regular business was over Schmidt rose and was recognized by the chairman.

"I rise to move," he said, "that Larry Wilkins be dropped from the union. He's a scab; the committee investigated him, and we have the goods on him."

The delinquencies of Wilkins were recited, and Schmidt's motion was seconded and voted upon.

Then Schmidt rose again.

"We've done the right thing by Wilkins," he said. "I'd like to point out that we've had to use force on him. I wish to the Lord that the brotherhood of man could be got without force already, but it don't seem as if it could. But what I say is, it ain't fair to use force on one of our own fellows, even if he is a scab, and let the capitalists do worse and still go free. The amount of it is, fellow workers, we ain't got power enough; no, we ain't. Raising wages ain't going to fill the bill, not that alone. We got to do more already. Until the working people have the most power in this country we are the losers. Why shouldn't we have the most power? Ain't we in the majority?"

There were a good many approving faces turned toward the orator. Much encouraged Schmidt proceeded: "There's Winnipeg; there's Limerick, in Ireland; they started a very successful workingmen's rule, and if they didn't finish it, it was their own fault. We don't have to blunder like they did.

"There's another country that's more advanced than ours, in spite of the mistakes it's made. I mean Russia. What we need is soviet rule ——"

Half a dozen men sprang to their feet, among them Peter and another recently returned soldier. There were cries of "Say, this ain't Russia!" "This here is the U. S. A.; we don't want any foolish talk!" "It's more money we want, not murder!"

Schmidt kept shouting that he wanted to translate "soviet" in American terms, and the little chairman kept pounding his gavel. Finally he pounded them all into their seats except Peter and the doughboy, who had heard too much bombarding at the front to give way to the clamor of a gavel. The president recognized Peter, and the doughboy sat down, yelling, "Tell 'em what we found out overseas, partner."

"I'm going to," Peter replied. "Mister Chairman, and fellow workers, I'm pretty new among you, and I know I ought to sing small for a long time, except for just one thing: If I haven't been working with you I've been working for you. For a year and a half now, along with many men better than myself, I've been living in hourly danger of death, to keep the Germans from putting you in a position where you'd have no such thing as five dollars a day and freedom. It was just my common duty, but doing it makes me feel as if I had a stake in the country.

"We learned a lot over there; we learned the value of discipline, of hard work, of giving other people a square deal. The lesson was driven home to us by the toil and blood we paid, day by day. We can't forget it; we can't come back here and lie down and see any enemy of the United States, even if born on this soil, try to preach the anarchy that we know is wrong. We fought there and we'll fight here. Every good union man will fight with us. What we want is high pay, but only as high as we deserve, and as our employers can afford to give. We ought to give an honest eight hours a day of work when we're paid for it. If we don't, in the long run it will ruin us and our children. It may pay for a little while, but not forever. It's a foolish doctrine to say that there's only so much work in the world and that we've got to loaf on the job to make it go round among all the workers. The better we work the more work there will be. People that distrust us now and do without us will come across when they see we're ready to give a square deal.

"I'm not talking against the union. It's a great instrument if it's rightly used. It's a lever. But it isn't a highly polished weapon to stab the world with. So my notion is, if a man has to choose he must put his conscience before the union. No reason why they shouldn't be one and the same. What I'm trying to get at is this: We all want and deserve the best conditions possible for our wives and children. That isn't merely food and clothes and lodging. Part of it is ideals, and one of those ideals is an honest day's work—a square deal to the employer. That's the best way to raise wages. But what we don't want is talk of soviet, of workingmen's rule. The whole people has to rule in this country. Anyone talking soviet is on the wrong track. Russia has not shown herself fit yet to be our teacher. I guess that's all, friends."

There was a certain amount of definite applause. Peter's speech had consisted of too many mixed elements to be swallowed wholesale by everyone present, but he had scored. He saw many nodding heads and some scowling faces, among them those of Schmidt and his Russian satellites. When the meeting adjourned several men approached Peter, shook hands with him, and told him they thoroughly indorsed what he said. They stood by the union and they stood by fair work and they had never lacked jobs.

Peter took their names and addresses, with the idea in mind of sometime soon calling a meeting of them, for the purpose of manufacturing a new spirit, a new influence in the union. While he spoke with them Schmidt and the Russians lingered.

When at last Peter went out of the building, intent on seeing Cyrilla if it were not too late, Schmidt clumped down the steps after him, followed closely by the Russians.

"Here you, Barnes!" called Schmidt.

"Were you speaking to me?" asked Peter politely.

"Yes, I was."

"And do you wish Lenine and Trotzky to hear you or is what you have to say private?"

"You're too darn fresh!" snarled Schmidt. "You and your speech! You're a hell of a union man, you are, and a hell of a painter too. You're fired, d'ye hear? Fired for incompetency."

"Oh, no, I'm not fired," Peter said. "I saw Bart Kerrigan late this afternoon and he arranged for me to do one-man jobs. So I report to him, not to you. Good night, Mr. Hohenzollern-Soviet-Schmidt—if you're sure that's quite all?"

Peter walked off, whistling cheerily to drown out the remarks of Schmidt and the Russians. For a moment he felt like a mischievous boy. But then, when he thought of all he would like to be and to stand for among the workmen, he grew grave. He felt like a citizen who has an overwhelming responsibility. Then as he approached the Sheldon house he saw Cyrilla, wrapped in her fur coat, waiting for him. He knew the look in her eyes. No more was he boy or citizen, but, as he hurried toward her, the ardent lover, going to his mate.

When he took his place beside Cyrilla on the roomy Sheldon sofa Peter flattered himself that he presented a happy and frolicsome exterior, and yet within five minutes Cyrilla said: "What is it, Peter? What's gone wrong, dearest?"

"Woman, what does this mean?" demanded Peter. "I didn't bargain to marry a witch who can read me to the depths of my mind. It isn't safe. I'd rather have you pick my pockets than my mind."

"Ah, no, don't tease, dear," said Cyrilla softly. "Something troubles you. Tell me."

What Peter tried to tell her was the joy and the reverence he felt at knowing that such tenderness, such sympathy were his; that every day he learned more of what love could mean in a man's life, of its many facets, and he wondered at himself as he looked back and recalled the light or stupid or flippant things he had said about love. Every such revelation, Peter told her, made them more nearly one, more sure than ever that they really belonged together. Then he gave her an account of his day.

"It's because we're not already married!" Cyrilla burst out impulsively. "As long as we are only engaged you and the world can't help looking on the thing as just tentative."

She faced him bravely, though her face was shy.

"I believe there's something in that," Peter agreed.

"You see, Peter, we're more democratic in this town than we used to be. The war did that. So many well-to-do boys went overseas as privates; so many girls did farm work. We had quite a cordial attitude toward work with the hands. But perhaps it was only a wartime attitude. For all I know, we'll be just as snobbish as we were before. At any rate, all our friends seem to think we're going into this workingmen's world just for a little while. Well, we may believe that too, Peter, but we must act as if your job was a life job."

"You're dead right," he agreed.

"It's not been an easy day for me," said Cyrilla. "Even this morning, when I was doing the washing, people kept calling up on the telephone and callers began coming before we'd got up from lunch. I didn't suppose we'd be such a nine days' wonder, Peter."

"Neither did I," said Peter ruefully.

"Mrs. Bart Kerrigan called this afternoon. Now, Peter, if you and I had been married and in our own home I'd have been glad to see her. She's a nice enough woman. But mother didn't like her coming; she looked on it as an attempt to climb, and I suppose it was. Mother was polite, of course, but Julia Starrett's aunt was there, and you should have seen her looking down her nose at poor Mrs. Kerrigan. Peter, we just can't live in two worlds, and we'll have to do it as long as we're just engaged."

"I've been summoning up my courage ever since we got engaged to ask you to name the day."

(Continued on Page 112)

"They—are Mistaken," Said Cyrilla in a Choking Voice. "Peter Won't Fail His Audience; and I Won't Fail Peter"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription—East of the Mississippi River, $2.00 the Year. West of the Mississippi River (including all of Minnesota and Louisiana), $2.50 the Year. Remittances from outside the United States proper to be by U. S. Money Order or Draft, payable in U. S. funds, on a bank in the U. S.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.75 the Year. Single Copies, Ten Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions—For Countries in the Postal Union. Subscriptions, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. funds.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1920

Who Lost the War?

"THEY have killed the peace treaty!" was the unvarying form in which the news was passed along when first it was flashed from Washington.

"They" did not kill the peace treaty—we killed it. The buck can't be passed so easily to Congress and the President. In their months of wordy, windy wrangling, in their jockeying for political place, in their maneuvering for partisan advantage, in their refusal to forget personal animosities, "they" were the final and perfect expression of our indifference to politics. Because of that indifference, because we have been too lazy, too careless, too stupid to view government as our personal concern, we are already paying a tremendous bill in the disorganization of our business and the wasteful, unscientific taxation of our earnings. Though it cannot be figured so accurately, our failure to force the signing of peace quickly and to insist on an agreement providing for some method by which the nations can get together to discuss their differences, before going to war over them, entails fresh losses, new expenditures. We are paying the piper vast sums, and the devil is still to pay. War smolders beneath the ruins of Europe. As it dies down in one spot it blazes up fiercely in another. Millions are still under arms; billions are still being wasted.

We are well out of it. Agreed, and let us hope that we can stay out of it. But there is no way in which we can stay out of the effects of it; no way in which we can escape from paying, either directly or indirectly, a part of the bill.

A Balkan quarrel that was no concern of France, Great Britain or the United States finally embroiled all three in the order named. It has already cost us the lives of thousands, from thirty to forty billion dollars in money and brought in its train an unsettling of all our prewar standards. That is not the end. The increase of some six hundred per cent in taxation over our former billion-a-year levy is not the end. We are just beginning to pay.

European propagandists occasionally run out of material about each other, but nowadays they never run out of stuff—and nonsense—about Uncle Sam. He is pictured as wallowing in all the money that there is in the world and many billions that have never existed. But we are a bogus Midas. Inflation is not true prosperity. We are spending, spending like all the rest of the people in the world who have it to spend, but our production is going down and our surplus of commodities is not coming up. Our cities are crowded, because the country is emptying itself into them. There are no vacant houses in town, but there are plenty of them back on the farms. Wheat and corn fields are going into grass and weeds. Dairies are being sold out and the stock is headed for the butcher. We shall be lucky if this greatest of agricultural countries does not face an actual food shortage in the none too remote future. It is inevitable if the trek from the land continues at the present rate. This, too, is a part of the bill.

The real causes that led to the war go back to racial hatreds, international jealousies and shining-armor struttings. The real causes that led to the killing of the peace treaty go back to our political slothfulness, carelessness and partisanship. That we speak of the Government as "they," instead of as "we," sums up our sorry conception of our rights and duties. We are rank outsiders in our most important personal business because we have not had intelligence or determination enough to get in on the ground floor.

Every right implies a duty. If you neglect that duty you cannot complain if you forfeit the right that would be yours if you had performed it. If you neglect your plain duty to take part in the selection of the men who are to stand in the primaries, or if you allow meaningless partisan considerations to influence your choice, you have no right to feel aggrieved if your business is demoralized and your income made free with by country lawyers and big-town politicians. If you select as your representative a man whose training has qualified him to litigate fence-line quarrels and suits against the railroad for cows that wander onto the right of way; if your fancy turns to the boy orator and the demagogue—you have no legitimate complaint when fence-line brains, hot air and confiscatory ideas are applied to you and your problems. It is a matter of real wonder that in spite of our slackness so many men of brains, ability and honesty of purpose do land in Congress.

"They" represent you as well as you deserve to be represented—and probably a little better—while you hold to this muddy, petty, partisan conception of government. "They" killed the peace treaty, but only because, though you wanted peace declared officially and some means provided that would make for the prevention of future wars, you were too lazy mentally to think it out for yourself or too wrapped up in your immediate affairs to make your wishes known and felt in this much more important business of yours. The treaty was a matter that called for continuous consideration, for an unmistakable and forceful expression of public opinion while it was before Congress. Now it is to be thrown into the campaign, made the football of every partisan spellbinder and demagogue, used by them to muddy the waters—to confuse the more simple-minded and to obscure the great business issues that need sober discussion and a constructive settlement.

You are very dull if you do not see how this treaty will be used in a partisan campaign, and even duller if you permit it. The league and the treaty should be as far above partisan politics as is the Constitution of the United States. But one lightning flash—if one were needed to show the spirit in which at times the treaty was considered—illumined the controversy when the Irish resolution was inserted in it. The politician mind saw votes in that action. The real friends of Ireland saw a setback to her cause and an affront to a friendly power that could serve no useful purpose.

Two scholars in politics—one at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue—led the warring Congressmen to battle over the peace treaty. Both are students and writers of history. Both must understand that there are dangers alike in having too much league and too little league of nations; that America must not participate in European quarrels, but that it is impossible to keep from participation in their consequences. Half a league is better than no league, but a quarter of a league as a starter is probably better than either. For in a matter of this kind the world must feel its way slowly; and the simpler, the less complicated the agreement, the better.

Herbert Hoover seems to have had a clearer understanding of this than any statesman either in Europe or America. In his memorandum to the President, written more than a year ago, but only published in March, he shows a wonderful understanding of the problems that confront America in dealing with European nations, and a clear-cut American point of view on them. Curiously enough, much of the comment on this memorandum takes the stand that Mr. Hoover is opposed to a league of nations. But Mr. Hoover's recent statements and a reading of the memorandum without the intention of reading into it things that he does not say show that he favors a league, but that the simpler it is the better it will be from his point of view—in short, a league without the obligations and cumbersome constitution of a superstate. To dot every "i," to cross every "t," to provide for every contingency that may arise, means a document that will cover every contingency except the one that will actually arise to make trouble. A simple agreement that will bring the nations together round a table to discuss and, if possible, to settle differences that may lead to war, an understanding that is dependent on the good intentions and good behavior of the signatories, will go a long way toward insuring good intentions and good behavior. Delay, time for the cooling-off process, a method other than the present cumbersome system of wiring and dealing back and forth between a dozen different chancelleries, is league enough to start with now. Let the fourteen points and the hundred and fourteen, more or less, exceptions and reservations come along later. War springs full armed from its mother hate, but peace is a child of slow growth.

There was a time, just after the war, when men were still filled with the spirit of sacrifice, still under the spell of a high heroism, before the propagandists had begun to poison the world anew with the old suspicions, before professional politicians and cynical statesmen had recovered from their fright and had begun again the old plottings, when the world was ready psychologically for a new understanding, a new relation; but that moment passed and the opportunity was lost in months of bickering and unworthy striving. The league that we got was made a part of the peace treaty, and the spirit of the latter nullified the principles of the former. The kind of league that was once possible must now be a slow growth from humble and simple beginnings.

Lord Loreburn in his book, How the War Came, points out from official documents how, through open alliances and secret understandings, first Russia, then Germany, then France, then Great Britain, and finally, as a sequel to it all, the United States were drawn into the Austrian-Balkan quarrel, after the original difference was in a fair way to being composed. He maintains—and he makes out a pretty good case—that another two days of discussion would have averted the war altogether; that had there been an international council table in existence all differences would almost certainly have been composed and the panic that led to mobilization and so on to hostilities could not have developed.

War is a state of mind. If all the people who are going up and down the world declaring that there always will be wars and that we must get ready for the next war would maintain that another war was unthinkable and impossible, we should soon be headed up the road toward universal peace.

Decent men everywhere in Europe and America can do a great service to their countries if, while the world league of nations marks time, they start little private leagues of nations of their own, binding themselves together by a common hate—the hate of war and strife—and by a common love—the love of peace and humanity. The world has been having hysterics of hate. If it can be swayed only by emotionalism, we must start a wave of constructive hysteria. Unless men begin to think and act along these lines we shall have lost the war.

New Men for a New Era

A GREATER tragedy even than the world war is the failure of most men in positions of trust and influence to realize that a new world is upon us, and that nineteenth-century ideals and methods will not solve the problems that are pressing for adjustment—problems that seem to have been born out of the war, and yet that were

engendered by the conditions that have been slowly developing for more than a generation.

Nothing that has been written so clearly outlines the situation as the article published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of April tenth, and coming from the pen of Herbert Hoover, who may well be called the world's best-informed man and keenest thinker regarding the industrial situation that now confronts society, and the bases upon which a solution must rest.

It is a sad and disturbing fact that all over the world the people are demanding that relief come from the Government rather than from their own activities. One other thing is still more sad, and that is the almost universal assent that publicists give to this pathological psychology. Still another fact is saddest of all, and that is the deplorable mess which our political machinery is making in its lumbering attempts to grind this grist, in the assumption that new issues can be ground out by old machinery. Against this confusion and in favor of the only possible solution Mr. Hoover's voice is heard almost alone, not only in America but in all the world.

Hoover is known as a food specialist. He is more than that—he is a philosopher and a student of mankind in the raw. He knows that a hungry man is a potential criminal, and that a hungry people is dangerous as well as lethargic. He knows that the people of Europe are dangerous because they are not well fed, and he knows, too, that the generation coming on will be even worse than the one that fought the war. He knows that Europe would be even more dangerous than she is now except for the lethargy that comes from underfeeding, and that the real trial will come when she begins again to feel the strength from full nutrition.

All this seems to be a hidden chapter in the book of real life to our brethren of the legislative halls, who have learned to assume that politics with its issues goes ahead, and all else follows. They do not seem to realize that the time has come when war is waged not for spoils but for markets and for food, and that this war was but the accumulation of events and conditions that had been slowly piling up for half a century.

Hoover knows that the only safety of our country lies in retaining to itself a safe margin between its food supply and its people, and that any nation which cuts loose from this principle, either from necessity or from choice, has cut loose from safety and embarked upon troubled waters, and that such a nation can continue to live only by its navy keeping open the lanes of commerce to its overseas food supplies.

His is the one great voice, therefore, which calls us back to fundamentals, while Congress and commissions are busy trying to find ways of allaying industrial unrest by methods direct even though temporizing. This man, like a prophet of old, is calling us back to the issues upon which both peace and war have always rested and must rest—namely, a safe margin between agriculture and industry, and that margin upon the side of agriculture.

Politics and recognized political leaders have always failed when any country or people came to the parting of the ways regarding any new and fundamental issue.

It was so in America in the middle of the last century. There was arising an ugly issue in sinister proportions. Sometimes it appeared under the head of "states rights," sometimes under the head of "slavery." Nobody knew quite what the trouble was, but everybody was afraid of it, most of all the publicists who had political ambitions. Everybody therefore was for compromise. Now, as then, no man who desires political preferment dares to talk about the realities, but attempts to meet the situation until the storm passes by profound and emphatic utterances of well-worn political dogmas warranted to cure the most stubborn cases of unrest. That was what killed the Whig Party, and the ghosts of multitudes of would-be statesmen by the safety route stalked and strutted unnoticed from that very moment.

The world has come to the parting of the ways, and what is needed now is the equivalent of the Lincoln and Douglas debates, bringing out the actualities of the new issues that must be settled in such form as to be helpful to the people who must come to some conclusion about something in the not distant future. Wanting this, the public mind is not informed as to concrete facts. The issues therefore are confused, and public opinion is shattered and unformed because it does not possess sufficient material that is reliable and pertinent for forming definite issues about which it may crystallize. Hoover is about the only man who is discussing these fundamentals in such a way as to be really helpful. It is important that this helpfulness be increased, for public opinion under present conditions can be neither forced nor manufactured because of the danger in reaction.

We are drifting like a ship that has lost, not its steering gear but its captain, if not its pilot. We are wandering in the wilderness, if not of sin, at least of doubt, and we are likely to arrive not in Canaan but in purgatory.

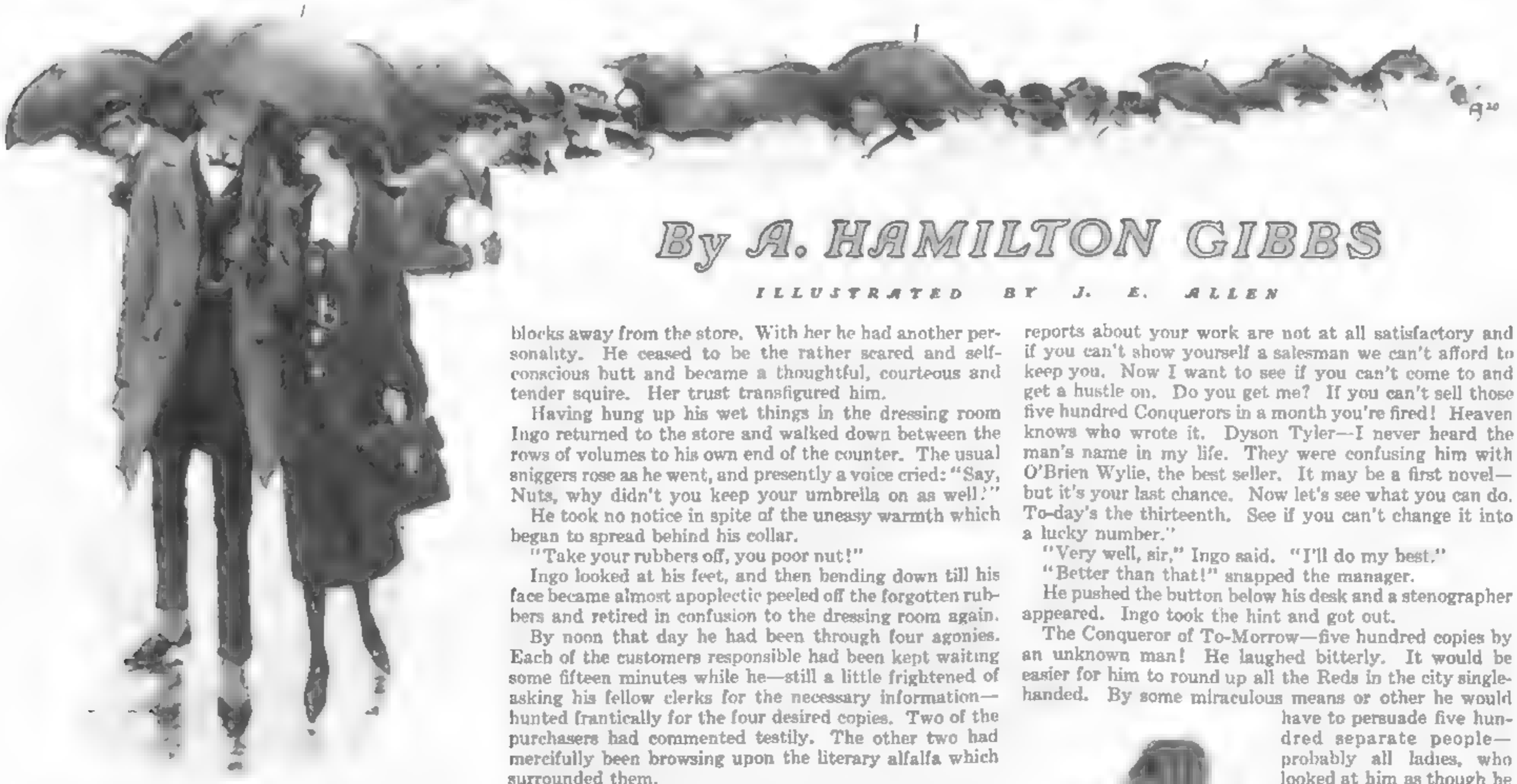
Blessed therefore be any publicist that shall arise, as Lincoln arose, even out of obscurity, to point out the real issues about which we must think if we would emerge. Blessed therefore be Hoover, who, without regard to possible consequences to himself, defends, as Lincoln defended, against the political conservatism, not to say cowardice, of his time, the great facts with which the world must reckon in its readjustment.

It is a new world now, or rather the same old world entered upon a new era. And that means new men, not old ones with habits of thought beyond the power of readjustment. From such shall our new leaders come.

Read Hoover's article again, and know that every nation that would live in peace and without expensive armaments must protect its agriculture from an unequal struggle with industry, against which no form of modern life in which the family is the unit can stand in open competition.

WHERE'S MOTHER?

The Conqueror of To-Morrow



Ingo Left the Store as in a Trance and Made His Way to the Corner Where Lucy Met Him. She Was the End for Which He Worked

By A. HAMILTON GIBBS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. E. ALLEN

HULLO, Nuts! You're lookin' happier'n usual." The speaker laughed as a little undersized man with a rather white face and two melancholy eyes entered the porchway of the bookstore where the two of them worked and folded down a porous umbrella. Ingo McNutts took off his hat and shook the raindrops from it.

"It's only fools who're always grinnin'," he replied.

The other laughed again and went in. Ingo nodded to the liveried negro who was taking down the blinds from the store windows.

"Mornin', Jim."

"Good mawnin', sah. Dis is a real melancholy day foh shuah."

"You're right!" said McNutts.

He cast an eye up the glistening boulevard, where already taxis were sloshing along squirting mud with diabolical aim, their skid chains clanking rhythmically against the mud guards. In the thick drizzle the upper stories of skyscrapers were lost and the thousand umbrella tops of the scurrying bread winners made a kind of Roman shield along the puddled sidewalk.

He shivered and followed the sales clerk who had jollied him into the store. There at least were warmth and light, even if he were worried about his job. He had been hired only a short while and hadn't caught hold of the work yet. The piles of novels which were chest high along the counters bewildered him. He never seemed to know where to locate any particular book; and when fashionably dressed ladies made their scented way up to him and asked for such extraordinary titles as The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse he was as equally overcome by their perfume as by the sense of terror which filled him, because he never could get his tongue round that final word. He thought it was the stuff you smelled for a cold.

Then, too, the other fellows guyed him, gave imitations of the shortsighted way he peered through his glasses, called him Nuts unanimously and were always bringing him back to earth with a crash when in the slack hours he had just got his nose deep into the pages of Mr. Wells' last novel.

He couldn't afford to buy any of them, and there weren't so many chances of reading them anyway. What chance was there of his making good among those smart husky clerks?

The only thing that enabled him to keep his self-respect was a secret locked away in his soul—Lucy. She never called him Nuts. She was going to marry him. The others would have mocked and jeered had they ever found out. So he kept her scrupulously to himself, meeting her twenty blocks away from the store. With her he had another personality. He ceased to be the rather scared and self-conscious butt and became a thoughtful, courteous and tender squire. Her trust transfigured him.

Having hung up his wet things in the dressing room Ingo returned to the store and walked down between the rows of volumes to his own end of the counter. The usual sniggers rose as he went, and presently a voice cried: "Say, Nuts, why didn't you keep your umbrella on as well?"

He took no notice in spite of the uneasy warmth which began to spread behind his collar.

"Take your rubbers off, you poor nut!"

Ingo looked at his feet, and then bending down till his face became almost apoplectic peeled off the forgotten rubbers and retired in confusion to the dressing room again.

By noon that day he had been through four agonies. Each of the customers responsible had been kept waiting some fifteen minutes while he—still a little frightened of asking his fellow clerks for the necessary information—hunted frantically for the four desired copies. Two of the purchasers had commented testily. The other two had mercifully been browsing upon the literary alfalfa which surrounded them.

With a sigh of relief when the last went out of the store Ingo wiped his brow on his handkerchief. A girl's voice at his elbow startled him:

"The manager wishes to see you, Mr. McNutts."

Ingo's heart stood still.

"The manager!" he said. "Holy cats!"

The girl laughed.

"Poor little sawed-off runt!" she thought.

Ingo had seen the manager only once. That was when he was hired. Was he to be fired now? What would Lucy say? Reluctantly, with a deep sigh, he left the counter which—much as it had worried him during the morning—seemed now the most desirable place in the world. He dodged between the damp customers, hurrying like a scared rabbit, and made his way up the staircase. At the door of the manager's room he stopped and with a shaking hand wiped his glasses and pulled his tie straight. Then he took a deep breath and tapped at the door.

After a pause he construed a growl from the inside as a command to enter. He did so, closed the door softly and made his way to the desk where the great man sat between two telephones. He was savaging the end of a cigar between his teeth.

"Good morning, sir," said Ingo in a voice that was difficult to hear.

The manager took no notice for some time. Then he suddenly banged his fist down upon a paper that lay in front of him. Ingo's glasses very nearly fell off.

"I beg your pardon," he said.

"What for?" said the manager. "Listen! There's been some fool mistake somewhere and we've taken five hundred copies of a book called The Conqueror of To-Morrow by an unknown man. I may tell you that the idiot who was responsible for that order has been fired."

The manager paused as though to let it sink in. Ingo changed feet.

"Now, Mr. McNutts, this is your chance to make good. The reports about your work are not at all satisfactory and if you can't show yourself a salesman we can't afford to keep you. Now I want to see if you can't come to and get a hustle on. Do you get me? If you can't sell those five hundred Conquerors in a month you're fired! Heaven knows who wrote it. Dyson Tyler—I never heard the man's name in my life. They were confusing him with O'Brien Wylie, the best seller. It may be a first novel—but it's your last chance. Now let's see what you can do. To-day's the thirteenth. See if you can't change it into a lucky number."

"Very well, sir," Ingo said. "I'll do my best."

"Better than that!" snapped the manager.

He pushed the button below his desk and a stenographer appeared. Ingo took the hint and got out.

The Conqueror of To-Morrow—five hundred copies by an unknown man! He laughed bitterly. It would be easier for him to round up all the Reds in the city single-handed. By some miraculous means or other he would have to persuade five hundred separate people—probably all ladies, who looked at him as though he were a cheese mite—to buy this unheard-of book. And he had thirty days to do it in. He gave an odd little laugh. Who was the stranger who day after day had been building up an instrument to get him fired, to put him on the streets again, to make him wait even longer to marry Lucy? It wasn't right somehow that Lucy's fate should in this curious way be bound up with someone out there who had never heard of either of them.

"It's queer!" said Ingo. "But all the same I'd like to break his neck—five hundred times!"

He had gone upstairs in a panic. He came down in a fury.

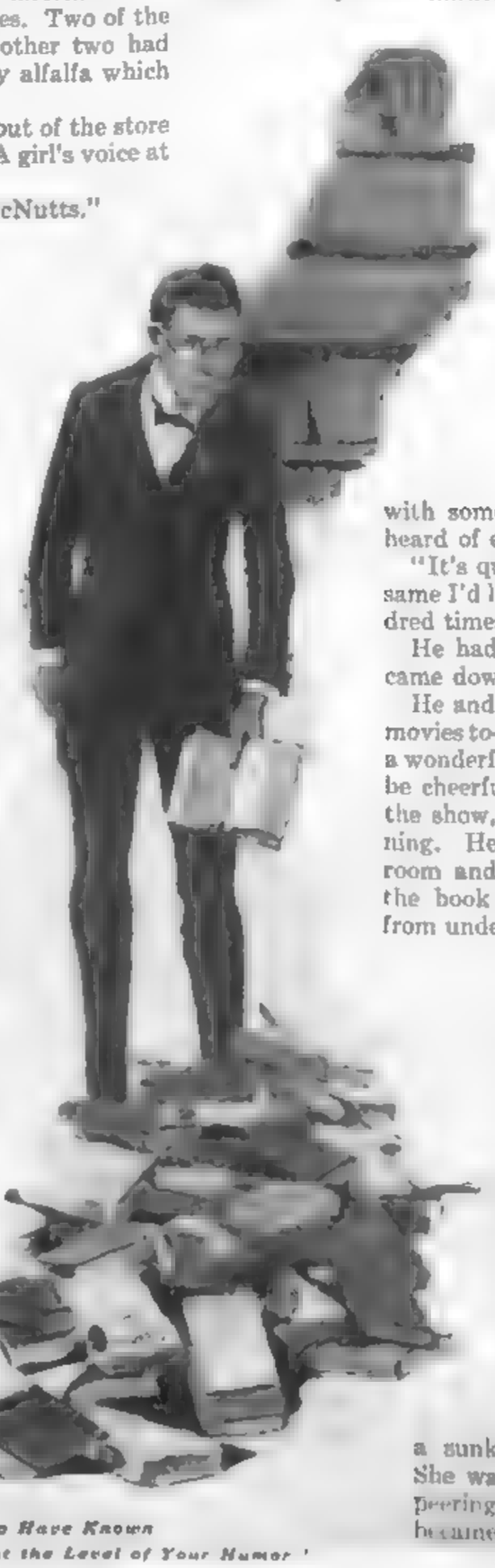
He and Lucy were to have gone to the movies to-night. They were going to have a wonderful time. Now he would have to be cheerful and save this news till after the show, or else it would spoil her evening. He went down to the receiving room and asked the man in charge for the book that had knocked the world from under him.

"There you are!" said the man, pointing.

"Holy cats!" said Ingo.

It seemed as if all the books in the world were arranged in one square funereal pile.

It was a great show at the movies that night. Lucy leaned close and shared with him the candies that he had bought her, reacting unconsciously to the warm humanity all round them, the music and the stimulus of the film, which transported her from the dead level of wet streets and fifteen a week in a department store to a love romance played upon a sunkissed isle in uncharted seas. She was the heroine, and little Ingo peering anxiously through his glasses became the brave and gallant hero



"I Ought to Have Known That the Floor Was About the Level of Your Humor"

(Continued on Page 32)

"This question of digestion
Is the biggest one in sight
And with Campbell s on your menu
You will have the answer right"

Do you eat soup every day?

Authorities agree that good soup meets a positive need of the human system which no other food can supply so well.

They declare it should be eaten every day.

It not only provides in itself extremely valuable elements of nutrition but it makes all your food digest better and yield you more nourishment and energy.

Are you neglecting this important means of health and good condition?

With Campbell's wholesome soups on your pantry shelf you have the best of home made quality at less than home made cost. And ready in three minutes any time.

Prove this with Campbell's delicious Vegetable Soup today.

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30)

It was not until Lucy was chattering to him across a glass of root beer in the drug store that Ingo unburdened his mind. She listened with growing concern

"Emma McChesney couldn't put it over!" he ended miserably.

Then Lucy leaned across the little marble table and put a hand on his

"No, she couldn't. But Ingo McNutts can!" A spark came into her blue eyes. "Your manager thought he'd handed you a bird because no salesman could sell that book. Don't you see, dear, that he's given you your big chance? If you can make good there's nothing you can't do with him. You can ask for a hundred per cent raise and make him come across. Gee!"

Failure? That wasn't Ingo's middle name. Wasn't she going to marry him? There was electricity in her touch, her voice, her look. Ingo sat up in his chair.

"Holy cats!" he said, his imagination in the travail of opening. "What do you know about it? If I can make it ——"

"Make it!" said Lucy. "Why, of course you're going to make it! And do you know how? Come on out and we'll talk about it on the way home. The Conqueror of To-Morrow say, Ingo, you're it!"

The rain had stopped and a small new moon was dipping and ducking between the clouds when the two set off arm in arm down the street, talking eagerly and excitedly.

Just as eagerly and excitedly another young couple in a three-room apartment in Boston were undoing a bulky package which had come in by special delivery. The living-room door was open and the girl listened through the crinkle of the thick paper for a possible cry from the bedroom.

"Author's copies!" said the man. "Ten of 'em."

He picked one up from the pile and fingered it fondly. The girl's arm was round his shoulder.

"The Conqueror of To-Morrow," she read. "By Dyson Tyler. Oh, Dy, isn't it splendid?"

Dyson Tyler growled. No true artist is ever satisfied.

"Well," he said, "it's a pretty bum cover. They ought to have ——"

"You can't fool me that way!" said his wife. "You know you're just bursting with pride. Wait till the reviews begin to come in. They'll knock some of the conceit out of you, the wretches!"

"So long as they knock it good and hard," said the author, "it'll help to sell the thing. I haven't been a critic myself for nothing."

"It must sell, Dy. It's good. Heaven knows you put enough work into it!"

There was a trace of anxiety in the girl's voice. The man sensed it.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," he said. "It'll do something anyway. There's a little old new moon to-night. What's that? Was it the kid?"

They listened, spellbound.

Perhaps it was the echo of faint footfalls two thousand miles away of that other young couple who were walking home under that new moon, valiant players also in the great game.

When the sales clerks arrived at the bookstore in the morning promptly at nine o'clock they found that a new Nut was already there. He had on a smart suit of clothes, a wing collar and a bow tie. Two or three of them stopped in a little group at his end of the counter—the drafty end—and watched him building up patterns with many copies of a new book.

"Say, look at the Nut all dolled up!"

"It only wants a hair-cut to make him look like a real man almost."

Ingo never stopped his game of spillkins.

"Hadn't got time last night," he said. "But I've an appointment with the barber during lunch hour."

"What's happened, Nuts? Aunt left you a fortune or have you gone crazy?"

The edifice was complete. Gingerly Ingo put the last book into place. Then he turned to the group.

"You haven't read your nursery rimes," he said.

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Work like hell and advertise!"

"All right!" said one. "Do a little more work then."

He gave the books a touch and they came tumbling down in a heap over the counter and the floor, bringing a burst of laughter.

Since eight-thirty Ingo had been working to erect that intricate tower of literature. He had wrenched himself out of bed half an hour earlier in order to do it. Slowly he bent down and picked up one of the books

"Thank you, brother," he said, looking the man straight in the eye. "I ought to have known that the floor was about the level of your humor."

The Manager Suddenly Banged His Fist Down Upon a Paper That Lay in Front of Him. Ingo's Glasses Very Nearly Fell Off

The laugh was on the other fellow, and they left Ingo to emulate Balbus once more—an excited Balbus, full of misgivings and hope, a Balbus whose lips moved as if he were repeating over and over again a lesson which he had learned. Intently he worked until the copies of The Conqueror of To-Morrow resembled a skyscraper in miniature, the title catching the eye from whichever direction you looked at it.

The revolving door squeaked and there came in a youngish woman with a child. Would she look at him like a cheese mite with that new suit and the new horn spectacles? Ingo seized a copy of the book, narrowly escaping wrecking his work for the second time, and stepped up to her.

"Good morning, madam." He took a deep breath. "Do you want the very latest novel—only in to-day—The Conqueror of To-Morrow, by Dyson Tyler? One of the most remarkable first novels ever written, a book that will thrill every young mother in the country. The Conqueror of To-Morrow is your own boy, madam, and it is his welfare, his career and his success that make the subject matter of this unprecedented novel. It ——"

The lady interrupted, making a movement to go farther into the store.

"My child is a girl," she said.

Ingo was squarely planted in the fairway. If it hadn't been for the child the lady might have succeeded. As it was she could not get by unless he moved. This he did not do. He swallowed quickly and went on:

"That makes no difference, madam. Girl or boy, it is all the same. That is why this book is so wonderful. It contains the solution of the problem of the present day, the problem of both sexes. Mr. H. G. Wells said that it was better than anything he had ever done; that it was truer, more full of comedy and pathos, and with a peppier plot than any book of our time. Mr. Dyson Tyler is one of the greatest writers in America to-day. If you buy this book you will be in the literary swim. Everyone is talking about it. Look at the number of copies we have in stock! You ——"

There was a book of H. G. Wells peeping out from the spare hand which was not dragging the child. Ingo had seen it. The woman was interested.

"How much is it?" she asked.

There came a queer break in Ingo's voice, but his eyes were sparkling.

"A dollar-fifty," he said. "Shall I charge it or will you pay cash?"

The lady let go the child's hand and opened her pocketbook. Ingo was already reaching for paper and string, thrilled at the first taste of success. The old scared self-consciousness had disappeared. He felt that he could sing or dance or even write a book himself. The combination of Lucy and smart clothes, which had caused him agonies of shyness, seemed to have worked a miracle. He looked taller and his chest had apparently expanded about two inches. His face was no longer pasty and anæmic. He was flushed, drunk with the nectar of victory. Foch, when he handed the armistice terms to the Germans, knew no greater moment than this. It was historic—to Ingo at least. Never had he believed himself capable of rising to such heights. He told himself that but for Lucy and but for being back to the wall for her sake he could never have achieved it. She had made him, and if he could keep it up he would make them both.

His excited dreams were interrupted by the voice of a man who said abruptly: "Say, have you got Robert Service's latest?"

Ingo turned and saw a flying officer at his elbow.

"I don't know," he said breezily, "but if you want something good to read try this. It's the greatest flying book on the market. In to-day, hot from the press, selling like you can't tie 'em up fast enough."

"Is that so?" said the officer. "What is it?" He read the title: "'The Conqueror of To-Morrow.' Sure enough, that's the little old bus all right!"

"Yes, sir!" said Ingo with patriotism in every note of his voice, and feeling that he had made bombing raids over the Hun line for years. "Dyson Tyler's one of our champion aces. He brought down eighty-one machines when attached to the French flying squadron, was decorated with the ——"

"Who's that?" asked the captain. "Dyson Tyler? Never heard of him, and I thought I knew most of our fellows who'd done anything."

"Ah," said Ingo, "but he was over before we were in it. Jumped right in at the start and was wounded and in hospital before our boys got over. He was a hero, all right! You'll remember him, captain, if you read the book. There's a copy here all tied up."

"My memory must be on the blink," said the captain. "Let's have a look." He reached over and grabbed a copy from the counter.

Something snapped in Ingo's mind. Terror filled his soul.

(Continued on Page 85)

REPUBLIC GRANDE CORD TIRES

The greatest economy of Republic Tires, of course, comes from the undeniable fact that they last longer.

But they present at least one other important saving.

Republic Staggard Treads actually give a car greater driving power; or, in other words, they get the same power from less gasoline.

This is so because the Staggard Tread is a really *scientific* design.

The long, oval studs roll *with* the road. Their rounded edges bring road friction down to the last degree.

Yet they grip the road firmly and positively, and tend always to keep the car traveling straight ahead.

No other tire we know of combines so well the three major qualities found in the Republic—longer life, fuel economy, and greater protection from skid and side-slip.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation, Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originators of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By Floyd W. Parsons

New-Found Minerals

PRIOR to the war we looked largely to Germany for our supplies of many chemicals, and to both Germany and England for our alloy metals. After the great conflict had commenced we found that it was impossible for us to turn out some of the finished products the belligerent nations were calling for, because we had depended upon other countries for many raw materials that were locked up in abundance in our own mountain ranges.

We needed refined tungsten ore, which we had always procured from Germany. Graphite was demanded by our industries, but it had always come from Ceylon and Madagascar. Chrome was in far-off Rhodesia, and manganese in Brazil and Russia. The pyrites that had come to us from Spain was inaccessible, due to the blockade enforced by German submarines.

A Western Tungsten Mine. One of the Many Small Mining Operations Started During the War to Produce Necessary War Minerals

By the time the United States had entered the war some efforts had been made by our own people to develop a supply of the most-needed materials from our own resources. The Government recognized the urgency of the situation, and the Secretary of the Interior prepared and presented a bill to Congress asking for funds and power, vested in the President, to encourage and control the production, purchase and sale of forty-one minerals that were listed as necessities of war. As this bill was not finally signed by the President until a few days before the fighting stopped the proposed organization that was to exercise authority over the production of essential minerals was never formed, and the legislation that was passed never functioned. As a result of this inaction the war-minerals industry that had just commenced to get well started blew up and disappeared far more quickly than it had taken to get the business under way. As a consequence the output of many minerals that are just as valuable in peace as in war has dropped to practically nothing, and we have again reverted to our former position of dependence on foreign producers for the supplies necessary in the conduct of our industries.

Before getting to the point of this story let us quickly review our domestic situation in respect to the materials referred to. These minerals can be grouped into three classes: The alloys, which include manganese, molybdenum, tungsten, chrome, and so on; the chemicals, which include manganese and chrome again, in addition to pyrites, mercury, cobalt, and others; and the refractories, which include magnesite, chrome and graphite.

Magnesite, which is used principally in brick for furnace linings, came to us from Austria. Its imports, therefore, were cut off early in the war, so its development has been more substantial than many of the others. Large deposits of this ore occur in Washington and California, but these domestic supplies do not contain the necessary percentage of iron that is present in the Austrian ore. American furnacemen were accustomed to use the Austrian product and were quite averse to substituting the American ore. Our United States producers, however, refused to be discouraged and started out to solve the problem. As a result of their research a way was found artificially to introduce the needed iron content into the ore so that the furnace process would not be delayed or hampered. This experimental work has been so successful that the furnacemen have been won over, and it is not likely that foreign magnesite will again control our domestic market.

The production of mercury from our domestic deposits of cinnabar is a tale of unusual interest that rivals in romance the development of similar deposits in British India. Our principal known supplies of cinnabar are located in Texas, Idaho and California. All detonation caps for the explosion of high-speed projectiles are made from fulminate of mercury.

Before the war commenced the output of manganese in this country was only a few thousand tons a year; during 1918, the production of manganese reached a total of 800,000 tons. In 1913, our production of chrome was 255 tons; in 1918, the output of this material exceeded 100,000 tons. Every pound of tungsten ore which had been produced in this country prior to 1915 had been shipped to Germany, refined there and sold back to us at an enormous profit. The necessities of war caused us to build a large number of tungsten refining plants, which should make us permanently independent of the foreign refiners. Potash production got well under way during the days of war, as did also the production of sulphur.

All of these industries might have been continued and extended if a little care had been taken. But when the war-minerals bill failed to function many of the plants gave up the ghost, closed their doors and are now idle. During the serious days of the fighting many persons pointed to the foolish policy we had followed in failing to develop a war-minerals industry of our own.

Said these folks: "We have learned a lesson that will teach us what to do in the future."

However, the present situation is as follows: If we should become involved to-morrow with a nation superior to us on the sea our supply of manganese could be cut off overnight, and our supply of chrome, tungsten, pyrites and graphite all within a week. It took us four years to get these industries to the production point they had reached in 1918; if they are permitted to vanish again it will take us at least eighteen months to revive them to a point where they could be of dependable service to the nation.

Let us not assume, however, that the only value of the so-called war minerals is for use in case of war. Practically all of them are possessed of great economic worth. When we think of tungsten we usually frame a mental picture of the filament in an electric lamp. However, less than five per cent of the tungsten we consume is used in that way, ninety-five per cent going into high-speed tool steel. A tool made from this steel will cut machined steel five times as fast as ordinary carbon tool steel, thus replacing not only five tools but also five men and five machines. It will run at a speed so high that a cigar can be lighted from the point of the tool while it is cutting, and the steel will continue to hold its temper. The Germans were so anxious to get tungsten into their country during the war that it was smuggled in by the costliest of methods.

We think of graphite in terms of lead pencils, yet that is but a minor use for graphite of the amorphous type only. The big use for this grade of graphite is for lining foundry facings. Crystalline graphite is used entirely in the manufacture of crucibles, since it is one mineral that possesses very high heat-resisting qualities. Chrome, also, is an alloy of tool steel which affords high cutting power and great strength. This mineral is used also in the lining of steel furnaces and in great quantities in the tanning of leather. Chrome, manganese and graphite are all used in the manufacture of paint. Manganese in addition is further used in the manufacture of electric batteries and for the bleaching of glassware.

One of the real discoveries of the war was with regard to the mineral molybdenum. This material produces a high-speed tool steel which is claimed to be the equal of tungsten. Its low percentage alloys have a remarkable tensile strength, which makes them particularly valuable for aëroplane motor parts and motor crank shafts. The axles of the Fifth Avenue busses in New York are made of this low-percentage molybdenum steel.

The position that all war-mineral deposits should lie idle until a time of emergency rises is wholly absurd. One expert who is an engineer and metallurgist comments on this thought as follows: "If we leave these deposits of valuable minerals locked in the recesses of our mountains we are simply practicing the conservation of inertia. An entirely undeveloped natural resource in a time of national emergency is as useless to a nation as an entirely depleted one. It is between the two extremes that we find a medium policy which is wise to follow."

The alloy metals proved their worth in a big way at a vital moment in the nation's history. Leaving all thought of a future war out of consideration, it remains a fact that their continuous development will definitely and substantially increase our national industrial efficiency. Should we ever need these metals again in a serious emergency statistics and theories will avail us but little. Urged on by the necessity of war, the country's engineers have uncovered to view vast mineral resources of unlimited value.

The X Ray in Daily Life

THOUGH the mention of X ray to the average citizen suggests one of the mysteries of science, it is daily becoming more and more apparent that this marvelous discovery of the present generation is to play an

(Continued on Page 36)

STYLEPLUS CLOTHES

Your clothes question

Highest price or Styleplus—
which is it with you?

It's for you to decide whether you are going to pay an extreme price or a Styleplus price to get good clothes. Either way you get fine quality, but which price do you prefer to pay?

Styleplus prices are decidedly less than the highest. Yet every Styleplus fabric is *all-wool* and fully *guaranteed* to give good wear. Correct style. Splendid tailoring. Known price—printed on the sleeve ticket. Good clothes at prices you can trust.

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Baltimore, Md.

Copyright 1920
Henry Sonneborn
& Co., Inc.

The best value in clothes

Styleplus Clothes

$45-$50-$55-$60

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

(Continued from Page 34)

important part in our everyday life. Already X-ray photography has developed into a separate and independent industry of far greater extent and importance than is generally imagined. The most rapid advances of the new science have taken place in the practice of medicine, where it was first applied. As an indication of what this progress has really amounted to let me say that at one of our greatest clinics, located in the central part of the United States, 30,000 X-ray dental examinations were made during 1919. Each case averaged ten pairs of films, or 1000 dental films daily. At this same institution last year 50,000 patients were subjected to other X-ray examinations, requiring a daily average use of 450 plates.

Some people maintain that Röntgen's discovery of the X ray was accidental, but this is not borne out by the facts, for, though he was working with a device that was known to physicists since 1859, he found exactly what he set out to find—invisible rays. He connected an induction coil to a Crookes tube, chose his own combination of circumstances and secured the exact result he was looking for. Recorders of scientific history tell us that other investigators had noticed the fogging of plates kept where discharge tubes were being operated, but it is to Röntgen that civilization owes its debt of gratitude for the X ray.

X rays are produced by an electric current in a glass-walled vacuum tube. They are generated by the projection of minute electrified particles from one metal terminal to another terminal or target. The X rays originate at the point of impact of the electrified particles—electrons—on the target and travel out from their origin in all directions except where dense material obstructs their passage. A photographic plate acted upon by such rays will, on development, give areas of unequal blackening, thus marking out the boundaries of volumes in a body whose densities differ from those surrounding them. The X rays are identical with light and electric waves except that their wave lengths are very much less than the shortest of light waves. Not more than one-tenth of one per cent of the energy delivered to an X-ray tube leaves the tube as X rays, the remainder of the energy being transformed mainly into heat. It is plain, therefore, that our present X-ray practice is wasteful in the extreme, which fact gives us hope that as it progresses in efficiency the possibilities for the beneficial use of the science will increase in like proportion.

The action of the X rays on living cells is very destructive when there has been excessive exposure. The failure of the pioneers in their use to understand this truth resulted in the loss of fingers, arms and even the lives of some of these early practitioners. The injury of X rays to the skin does not manifest itself at once. In large degree the action is cumulative, so that a single dose, in itself too small for injury, may be exceedingly harmful when frequently repeated. Sometimes the burn does not develop for weeks. The dose that will prove injurious varies with the age, weight and physical constitution of the individual.

Almost no danger attends the use of the X ray in dentistry, as slight penetration is needed. In photographs of the head and body, however, great care must be taken if there are to be no subsequent evil effects. The chief danger today, though greatly minimized by increased knowledge, is to the constant operator of the X ray rather than to the subject.

The modern X-ray practitioner will not now accept a patient for photographic investigation until he knows the recent history of the case. If the subject desiring attention has been X-rayed before, the doctor insists on knowing when and how often. A number of instances have occurred where a patient has been X-rayed several times by one doctor and then has gone to another operator who photographed the person in proper fashion without knowing that previous work of a similar nature had been done. The cumulative effect of the new and old applications in some of these cases has been too great, with resulting injury to the patient. In several such instances the doctor who last administered the application of X rays has been compelled to bear not only the expense of damages done but the blame for carelessness and incompetency in treatment.

An overdose of X rays in making photographs of a patient's head will generally cause the subject to lose his hair. In a majority of cases, unless the exposure to the rays has been very excessive, the hair will grow in again, and if the patient had straight hair it will frequently come in curly, and vice versa. The deliberate use of the X ray for removing objectionable hair, however, is a practice that requires great care, since the exposure that is necessary to bring such a result is close to the danger line beyond which human tissues are permanently destroyed. Few doctors to-day who use the X ray frequently ever expose themselves in any way to the effects of the ray. That is the reason a patient himself must hold any plate or dental film in position in his own mouth during an exposure.

It should be understood by everyone that the penetration of the X-ray beam depends primarily on the voltage that is used in the tube. The higher the voltage the shorter and more penetrating are the rays. If instead of being able to utilize only a fraction of one per cent of the energy that is put into an X-ray tube we could get an efficiency of 100 per cent in transforming the electrical into X-ray energy, it would then be possible to take a body photograph by putting into the tube, not four kilowatts as at present, but less energy than is now consumed in the ordinary flash lamp. As we are able to use more powerful sources of X rays new fields of usefulness will open up.

I asked one of the leading medical X-ray specialists to give me his ideas concerning the future use of this valuable aid in medicine and surgery. Said he: "If you had asked me ten years ago what is the greatest hope for the X ray I would have said, the discernment of cancer. This has now been accomplished, and in addition, as an everyday occurrence, we are discovering tuberculosis in its early stages—before the disease can be definitely found in any other way. In another ten years the use of the X ray will be a routine procedure not only in writing life-insurance risks but in many employment offices and all up-to-date industrial clinics.

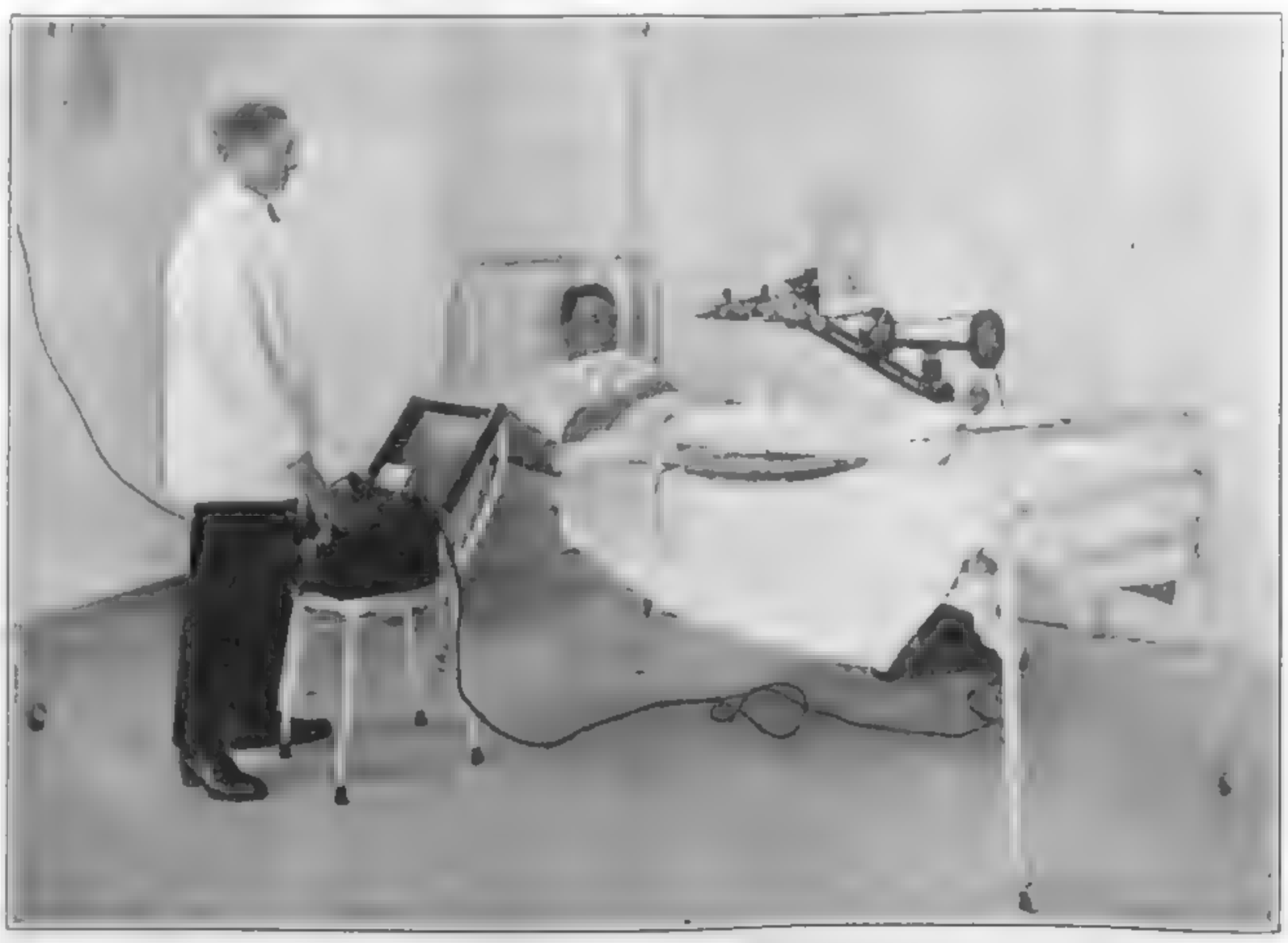
"The X ray will show as low as fifteen tubercular bacilli nests in the human lungs, which case is so slight that the victim would likely feel no evil effects whatever of the incipient disease. What can be accomplished along this line was shown by tests during the war. One hundred soldiers of the Twelfth New York Regiment just returning from outdoor life on the Mexican border were selected at random and examined by X ray. Of this group, all of whom were supposed to be in good health, seven were shown to be afflicted with tuberculosis. Another case was that of the Sixty-ninth New York Regiment, from which body 1000 men were lined up for examination. These soldiers formed in a line, and at two-minute intervals one man would walk forward, stop, take a deep breath and be photographed, thus proving with what facility the work can be done in wholesale manner. Of the 1000 men X-rayed, twenty-six had tuberculosis.

"The modern X-ray practitioner is not satisfied with just photographing bones; his present aim is to differentiate soft tissues. It is now possible to show tendons, muscles and hardened arteries. By using an oxygen injection through a needle into the abdominal cavity, thus filling this interior space with a gas that is readily absorbed after the pictures have been taken, it is quite easy to discern tumors of the liver, spleen or pelvic organs, as well as adhesions. When it becomes possible to take instantaneous pictures of the chest, for instance, we shall then be able to improve greatly on our present results. The heart performs one full cycle in a second, so, when we take a photo by exposing the plate for a good fraction of a second, the picture is slightly blurred, due to the movement caused by the heart and lungs. New inventions appear to promise that we shall soon be able to take such photos in one-fortieth of a second. In fact the time is near, if not already here, when the X-ray operator will be able to tell as much about the inside organs of a human body as if the surgeon had cut the person open and made it possible to look in."

In the matter of equipment used, the science of X ray has shown rapid advances during the past few years. The war proved that the most effective use of X rays could be made at the point where the wounded receive their first operative treatment. American scientists, realizing the inadequacy of the devices then employed, got busy and soon developed an apparatus that made it possible to reduce the weight of the necessary machinery to a point where comparatively high-power units could be made readily portable. Compared with the equipment formerly used, one of these new outfits weighed less than half as much and furnished three times the power; in other words, the new apparatus developed to supply a serious war need was six times as efficient in terms of X ray produced per pound of equipment. Now that the war is ended, humanity is benefited by having light portable X-ray apparatus that can be easily and quickly taken to the bedside of a patient who might be injured through removal to a hospital, which was the practice in the years gone by.

But not all of the recent progress in X-ray work has taken place in the manufacture of power equipment and Röntgen-ray tubes. Some really remarkable advances have occurred in the work of perfecting photographic materials. The first plates used for X-ray exposure were ordinary photographic plates such as are used in general photography. To-day the special plates and films designed for radiography are about fifty times as fast as the plates first used. This result has greatly reduced the time required for exposure. The increase during the last five years in the number of plates used in X-ray work in the United States has been more than 700 per cent.

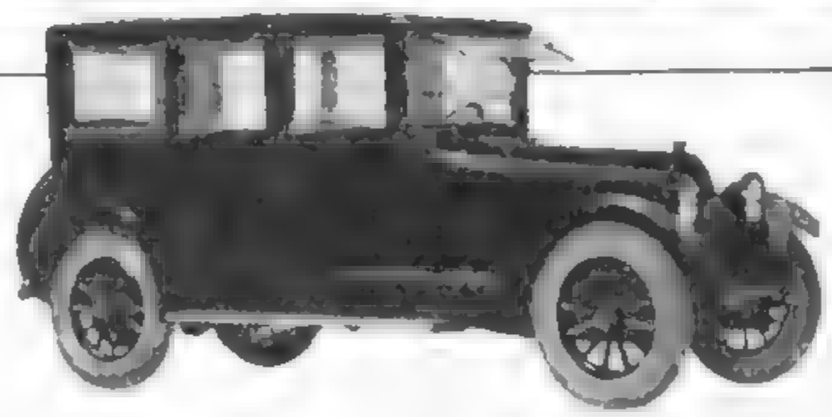
Glass plates, however, presented many drawbacks for use in X-ray work, due to their liability to breakage and the difficulties of filing and storing them. During the war the Army found itself badly in need of a material which could be transported without breakage, which was light and could be easily filed and kept for record. This led to the development of a film made of a transparent, flexible base and coated on both sides with a specially prepared X-ray emulsion. By using this film the Army found that it could transport nearly ten times as many sheets of film as of plates of an equivalent weight. It was also possible to store the new films in one-sixth the space required for the plates that were formerly used. Since the war many physicians, especially in small towns, have taken up the use of these small-powered X-ray units that were originally built for army work, and by using these rapid films have rendered satisfactory service.



The X-ray Apparatus, Thanks to War Developments, Can Now be Carried to the Bedside of the Sick Patient, Who May be Too Ill to Bear Removal to a Hospital

(Concluded on Page 109)

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD



CADILLAC

How often you have seen a woman's countenance beam when she spoke of her Cadillac.

She knows that her possession of the car is a tribute to her judgment.

She knows, too, that the others in her circle feel the same keen delight in their Cadillac ownership.

But pride of ownership is only one advantage of that possession.

There is superb beauty of line and finish that immediately stamps itself upon the senses.

Ease of handling and control are emphasized by an absence of things which distract and annoy.

Driving is an exhilarating tonic rather than an irksome task.

The ultimate in ease and care-free comfort is reserved to those who motor in a Cadillac.

And, finally, there is the peaceful satisfaction that comes to those who do not envy their associates.

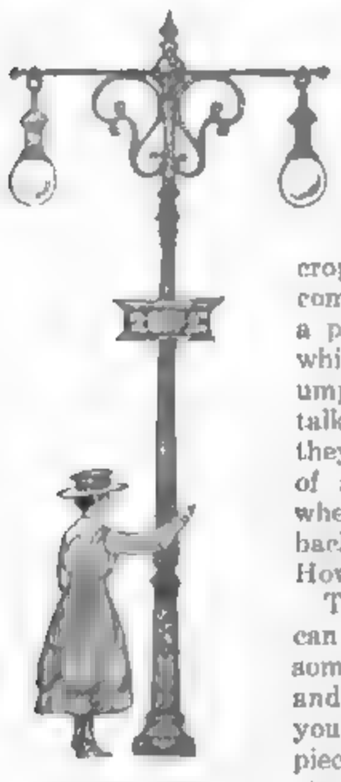
In the new Type 59, these outstanding elements, always characteristic of the Cadillac, are even more pronounced than ever before.

The Cadillac is Made in a Complete Line of Open and Enclosed Body Styles

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN •

THE GREAT WHITE WAIL

By Bozeman Bulger



IN NEW YORK these days there's a right smart whimpering about being lonely. The men-folks claim to be getting tired of just money and health—particularly those who knock about town. Outcroppings indicate that life has become entirely too regular. There is a plaintive cry for casual ears in which to pour troubles and triumphs—ears that will listen to one talk about himself *ad lib.* Yes, and they are yearning for the old days of accidental meetings in places where a fellow slaps another on the back and voices a "Well! Well! How's the boy?"

There's only one place where you can do that. For example, imagine someone punching you in the back and yelling "How's the boy!" while you are trying to exchange the neck piece that you bought for your wife at a department store.

Your New Yorker, in other words, appears to be weakening. The call to the wild has almost got him. Memories of old way stations on the homeward route are sirens luring his mind from the benefits he boasted a while back. His wail may be heard daily in the crowded Subway, along the Great White Way and in the deserted club. Its tone is unmistakable.

"Oh, if I only had some excuse for saying I'd have to get home and catch up with my work!" groaned a writer as we were sardined in a Broadway express the other night. "But I can't. I'm always ahead. I simply work, work, work all the time.

"And if I do get out for a minute," he added, "the best I can do is an errand for my wife, like buying a can of milk, a tube of tooth paste or some stamps. I've just been downtown now looking for adventure, and the most exciting thing I did was to buy a shirt. Where is the gang? It can't be that everybody is buried with a typewriter! It isn't a drink I want. It's the old crowd."

And in this regular, unpunctuated existence some of the women are feeling the backwash.

Husbands Kicking About Underfoot

"I NEVER got so sick of a husband in all my life," the wife of that author declared at a prearranged soda-water meeting that night—everything has to be prearranged nowadays. "Honestly, I feel sometimes as if I'd like to have him go to one of the old clubs, keep me waiting up all night and then come home with a tame excuse. The very thing I longed for so many years is now a nuisance. It's terrible to have a man hanging to your apron strings morning, noon and night. I remember how I used to feel sorry for the wife of a preacher who was always round the house, and I find now that my early instincts were sound. That woman is the world's real martyr. Of course I didn't know then that there were other men who worked at home. I do now.

"For the Lord's sake," she added with a hearty laugh, "you old pokes go downtown and see the men! Come home with something new. I don't care how late you stay—just do something different."

"But where'll we go?" inquired the husband, looking first at the wife and then at me. "Gee," he added reflectively, "what an opportunity this would have been a year ago!"

"How about playing pool?"

"That's a good idea," we agreed, but to make sure of a table he telephoned.

"Not a table vacant," he reported, "and there are fifteen next-chance cards out."

"Isn't the club open?" asked the wife.

"I telephoned there a while ago to ask for a playwright friend," the husband informed us, "and the clerk said the place has been empty since eight o'clock."

"Is there no life at the hotels?"

"Might just as well sit around the reception room of a funeral parlor," declared the husband. "But of course there are the theaters."

"Don't you say theater to me!" exclaimed the wife. "I've seen everything in town—some of them twice. I am getting to hate the very sight of opera chairs."

"Don't anybody play cards any more—poker?" someone asked.

"Might, but where are you going to get the fellows to sit in?"

"Oh, well"—this in chorus—"there's a new movie across the street."

And that is where we went. When the movie was over the soda-water parlor was still across the street, and that is where we returned.

There are other folks, though, who don't stay at home in the daytime. They are business men, stockbrokers, lawyers, merchants, and the like, but they also are getting restless—yes, peevish.

The time was when those men left their offices early and stopped on the way uptown at various clubs, hotels and even saloons, but they don't stop there now. They keep right on home, have dinner and try to get their wives interested in their brilliant or unbrilliant achievements of the day. It is not a good audience. Women were never easily impressed with shop talk and they say they are getting tired of trying. In defense they have turned to the theater, but even that wears. Just like the author and his wife, those people go to the pictures, to the soda-water stand and then home. It's all the same, whether butcher, baker or candlestick maker.

Then there is the bachelor—out of luck all round. But nobody seems to care much about him. He has a remedy for part of his plight at least.

Where are the Bars of Yesteryear?

AMONG New Yorkers is noticed now a growing, even if reprehensible, delight in watching the discomfiture of the well-to-do visitor. His helpless floundering in search of old landmarks seems somewhat to soften the blow on the home folks. In days gone by the state senator, the banker, the stockbroker, just plain tourist, and what not, when visiting New York looked forward to his five o'clock return to the hotel. He would meet there, or would expect to meet there, fellow visitors who could inform him as to doings in sections of the country other than his own. Also the two, or maybe three or four, could talk interminably about themselves, and apparently enjoy it.

But no more. If the state senator from Alabama wants conversation with the state senator from Ohio he must make an appointment—if he can get the telephone connection—at a definite hour in his room. We are hearing complaints, though, that there is remarkably little to talk about after business has been transacted.

"What's the matter with going to a show and then having a little party afterward?" a broad-hatted gentleman was overheard suggesting to a group of friends in the lobby of one of the big hotels the other night. It sounded wonderful.

At midnight the man with the big hat returned to the hotel weary.

"Well," he admitted, "I didn't seem to get much of a thrill out of those oysters and a piece of steak. Somehow I never did care much about night eating."

The head house detective at the most famous of all the old hotels gets most of his amusement these days, he says, watching men register at the desk, send their things upstairs and then walk briskly down the corridor. Rarely do they fail to do this. In a moment, though, he sees them come back, not so briskly, get their room keys and go to the elevator. They have looked in on what was formerly the bar and have shuddered at the atmosphere of barren tables.

"I can tell if they have met an acquaintance on the way up," says this detective, "by a call from the room for cider or lemonade. But there is never a second call.

"Occasionally," he added, "we see empty whisky bottles coming from the wastebaskets, but there are not nearly so many as you would think. We always know when a guest has a real supply by the frequency of his calls for water and cracked ice; also by the number of friends who call on him during the evening. But that is none of my business."

If you ever have seen a flock of pigeons restlessly flying from place to place looking for a cote that has been removed you may be able to visualize the distressing disturbance that upset New York the latter part of January and all through February.

One well-known club, and only one, had enough forethought to prevent the scattering movement that affected the whole town and to furnish a wing under which the homeless could nestle. The board of governors arranged for frequent stunt nights—it is a theatrical club—preceded by beefsteak dinners. With the beefsteak was served one-half of one per cent beer. The taste was the same, and before the members had an opportunity to think it over and become weary of a kineless evening the stunts were put on in the reading room. This definite form of entertainment has actually increased the membership instead of permitting it to dissipate, as in the cases of many old clubs where members now sit round a little while and then go home at some unseasonable hour like ten o'clock. The hotels are feeling the loss of the old jovial gatherings in the late afternoons more than the clubs.

They also miss the after-dinner and after-theater groups who dropped in to gossip a little before going to bed.

These hotels are obeying the law too—a cold fact as distressing to the servitors as the cold water is to the guests.

The old bar forming a hollow square in the café of the Waldorf has been removed entirely. Not a sign of it remains. The room has been turned into a grill, tables occupying the big space where men from all over the country were accustomed to gather round the bar late in the afternoons. It was a convenient meeting place for visitors, especially from the South and West, who wanted to see who else was in town. Such chance meetings are a rarity in New York now. Their absence has taken the laughs out of the place.

The old waiter who for years served the tables adjacent to the bar is still there. He now serves coffee, tea and cakes, or perhaps cider and lemonade. He tells me, though, that the old patrons appear to prefer coffee and tea to the soft, cooling drinks. The noisy, happy gatherings of the late afternoon are gone. It is unusual to see many of the tables occupied at five o'clock.

White-Coated Dispensers Seek New Fields

THE bartenders there, noted for their memory of names and faces, and who were looked upon as fixtures, are still employed in the hotel, but the visitor does not see them. The head man with the smiling Irish face, known to prominent men all over the United States and so often inquired for, comes down at five o'clock and looks after the preparation of soft drinks for evening serving. I was told he has also branched out into the cider business as a side line. The other bartenders are employed in what are known as service bars for the rooms, making lemonades, grape-juice highballs, and such. Their absence from the old grill, along with the disappearance of the bar and the free-lunch table, gives the place a depressing atmosphere of barrenness, of silence. There is a feeling among these old employees that there will be a return to light wines and beer, and they look forward wistfully to their return to the old room where many of them have spent the greater part of their lives.

At another hotel down the street the buffet, as it was called, remains intact. Ginger ale, cider and other soft drinks are served over the bar to customers and to waiters, but the little cozy corners are usually empty.

One of the great hotels near the Grand Central Station also has kept its bar in place, with complete equipment, but the business is very small. The one bartender left, one of the oldest of his profession in New York, by the way, serves an occasional glass of cider or mineral water and talks glibly of old times. He lives in the past. All of the eight bartenders who worked there for years were kept on the pay roll for a long time, he says, but finally got out and dusted for themselves. One of them is in charge of the cigar department of a hotel across the street. Two have become expert accountants, one has a taxicab in service, one has a political job at Albany and another is employed on what is known as the booze boat, a vessel plying between Miami, Florida, and Havana. The bar is thrown open when the boat is three miles out from the United States and does a flourishing business between the two ports.

Farther uptown at a place celebrated for its clientèle of men about town—Simon-pure New Yorkers—the bar has been turned into a fashionable candy store with a soda-water fountain behind the old railing. The grill next door is still operated as a luncheon and supper room, but patrons and servitors complain that it has lost much of its bizarre zip.

The old Hoffman House was torn down and converted into an office building some time ago. The Holland House on Fifth Avenue also will be turned into an office building soon. Already it has been closed as a hotel and signs are out announcing the passing of a historic institution.

(Continued on Page 40)

Supreme

THAT'S what the Pathé Phonograph is: *Supreme* in every good quality that you ever look for in a modern phonograph:

Supreme in design and in construction and in musical range.

Above all, supreme in the one biggest thing that counts—

SUPREME IN TONE

When selecting your Phonograph insist on hearing the Pathé.

Pathé

COSTS NO MORE
THAN THE ORDINARY

PHONOGRAPH

PATHE FRERES PHONOGRAPH CO.
Eugene A. Widmann, *President*
Brooklyn, N.Y.
London, England Toronto, Canada

(Continued from Page 38)

One of the famous hotels round Forty-second Street has closed its bar. The glasses and serving equipment remain as they were, but the doors are locked tight and no one is permitted to enter. This step was taken, it is understood, as a matter of preparedness in case light wines and beer should come back. Nobody expects a return of whisky and other hard drinks.

Most of the big hotels have been generous in looking after their veteran employees affected by prohibition. As a rule these men are kept on the pay roll and employed in the kitchen or floor-service rooms. Where places cannot be found for them they are helped to procure positions outside with the understanding that they will return if needed. First-class bartenders, men of intelligence and courtesy, are an important asset to the big hotels. If there should be even a partial return to the old order of things they will be difficult to replace.

Serving men of this class, though, are the aristocracy of their profession. Like their employers and their clientèle, they are much better fortified against the drought than are their poorer relations—the humble bartender, the little saloon and the workingman customer. Unlike the flying pigeons looking for a certain cote, they are scattered like henless chickens, willing to take shelter in any old cote.

During the last big snow in New York I happened to run into a truck driver, an acquaintance, whose truck was stuck hard and tight. He had been a soldier and still wore the O. D. overcoat. Aside from the coat his brand of profanity would have identified him.

"Aw, to hell with it!" he finally declared. "I wisht I had a drink." And laughed at the impossibility.

"Ain't that a welfare joint over there?" he asked, pointing in the direction of what had been a tough saloon.

His eye had spotted the big welcome sign that soldiers knew to indicate a good cup of coffee and maybe a spiritual talk or a little phonograph music—perhaps all three.

The place was not a welfare joint in the sense that he had known one. It was an old honkytonk leased for experimental purposes by one of the great welfare organizations to help ameliorate the loss of the saloon to the workingman.

"They've started that as a substitute for a gin mill," a bystander informed us. "If it gets by, the idea is to open them up all over town."

"Kind of an eatin' and soft drinkin' joint?" asked the driver.

It was suggested that we go over and see.

"If they've dug up something that can take the place of a saloon," the former soldier observed as we walked across the street, "I'll say they've hit the old bull's-eye."

Indignation in Yorkville

We passed through the swinging wicker door and found many other truck drivers and snow shovelers, some with their shovels leaning against the walls, seated at the little tables. Things to eat and drink and cigarettes were being served over a bar that still showed the polish of its former use.

"What'd you say they called this joint?" the truckman again inquired as we ate.

"It's a substitute for the saloon."

"Hell!" he laughed. "This ain't no substitute for a saloon. It's a substitute for a restaurant."

"What are the fellows doing for their beer these days, anyway?" I inquired.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied. "Most of 'em has forgot it, I reckon. I know I have. I was agin prohibition all right, but when you come to think of it the whole thing sorter works out like the Army. When a fellow knows he can't get a thing his mind gets on something else and he jus' naturally forgets it. Every guy I know has got more money on Saturday night than he used to have at that.

"The main guys I feel sorry for," he said, "are the bartenders."

"What are they doing—what's become of them?"

"One of them that I know is supposed to be a helper on that truck, but I don't know what's become of him to-day. They ain't much good, though."

"The bartenders?"

"Sure! You see them guys is good fellows, but they ain't strong. Standin' up behind a bar all day and night for ten or twelve years gives a man a bad pair of dogs"—feet. "He's too soft for this work. The fellow I spoke of almost broke his back yesterday liftin' a box of leather. Maybe that's what's the matter with him now, and I hadn't thought of it."

The bartenders thrown out of work by the law are getting considerable help and encouragement from their union, the headquarters of which is located in Yorkville, up in the East Side Eighties.

Yorkville formerly was sort of a village off to itself, but long since the city has grown round it until there are no longer any lines of boundary demarcation. The names and customs, however, still cling. Yorkville has a large German population, which probably accounts for its being the center of the brewery interests, or vice versa. There appears to be more reluctance in accepting the new order of things there than in any section of the greater city. A large percentage of the people see no moral issue in the matter of prohibition. Beer to them is as essential—at least they think it is—as milk.

An old liquor dealer, still holding on to his lease, pointed out with great sincerity that it was a crime to deprive mothers with little babes of the beer necessary to produce milk for their tiny offspring. Pure cow's milk, he declared, was impossible at the present price. Malt extract, in his opinion, offered no encouragement in its dealcoholized state for mothers to drink it freely. For generations in this section young mothers have considered beer necessary to their diet.

Well-Paid Speed Merchants

The particular local of the bartenders' union located in Yorkville has a roll of more than two thousand names. Practically no members have turned in their cards since the advent of prohibition. They have an abiding faith and hope in what they refer to as justice. The regular meetings are well attended.

"We will never give up our charter," the secretary declared. "If five members are left we will continue to operate."

The union has a benevolent feature and the benefits of that, particularly in these times, are strong factors in holding the organization together. Men out of jobs are looked after and the sick and death benefits are going right along.

Though all bartenders do not carry union cards, there are close to twenty thousand of them in Greater New York. A rather surprising explanation of the number of nonunion bartenders is that they are not American citizens. No man not a citizen of the United States, or who has not taken out his first papers of intention, may apply for membership. If a man takes out his first papers and fails to get his final papers in the time allowed by law he is dropped from the rolls. In addition to that all members are required to take an oath of allegiance to the United States Government and to the flag. It is a point of pride with these liquor people that they had five thousand men in the military service, many of whom received decorations.

The wiping out of their former occupation has not left the bartenders of the ordinary saloon so badly off as would seem. Their union now embraces the dispensing of soft drinks. They may work as soda-water servers without leaving the organization. Most of the soda-water clerks in the drug stores are members of the Beverage and Soda Dispensers' Union, which is subordinate to the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International Alliance and the Bartenders' International League of America. The secretary explained that all union workers who serve and mix drinks are under the jurisdiction of that body. To give all employment, therefore, it is only necessary to increase the number of soda-water stands. This is being done rapidly. Hundreds of the saloons are also selling bottled soft drinks.

The serving of soda water is not so easy as tending bar, unless the barkeep happens to have been a cocktail and mixed-drink expert.

"There is quite a difference," as one transplanted bartender made clear, "in mixing an ice-cream soda—the most ordinary drink—and the drawing of a glass of beer or setting a bottle of whisky and a glass on the bar. It requires more physical labor and the customer is more apt to kick.

"You know," this man said, "that's one reason why bartenders don't make so good general salesmen as was expected. We weren't wise to the fact at first that a salesman has to know how to boost his goods so as to sell to people a little skittish about buying. In the saloon the goods didn't need boosting. The customer came in knowing what he wanted, and all we had to do was to set it up on the bar. He rarely ever kicked."

Though soda-water serving is hard work, the pay is good. The man who fixes you a sundae or just a plain soda gets from thirty dollars to forty dollars a week. A few experts—speed merchants, they call them—get as high as fifty dollars.

Down in Park Row a man well known to newspaper people as a bartender at Lipton's old place is now serving soda water at a drug store two or three blocks away. Many of his former hard-drink customers have followed him.

"This is a funny business," he said, "this waiting on women and children as well as men, but it's got one feature that is mighty fine. Nobody's tried to make a touch off me since I been in the soda-water business. You may be surprised, but over at the old place I used to get stuck for as much as forty dollars a month. Many a time has a fellow come in and said, 'Johnny, can you let me have ten out of the drawer?' Well, I used to do it and put the I O U against myself.

"Now you'd be surprised to know how many of those fellows never came back—good fellows too. They simply forgot about it, and it was up to me to make good at the end of the month. We don't get many laughs here, but we certainly do save more money. I reckon I miss the town gossip more'n anything. A soda-water place seems too public somehow for a customer to get confidential, and besides the soda-water jerker is too busy."

Many of the men who have gone into other occupations have become waiters. The bartender as a rule, though, does not like the waiter's business. It is too servile, one of them told me while serving a meal in a well-known uptown restaurant.

"It's nothing but a dime-and-quarter business," he said, "and a fellow don't seem to have any independence. I know I'd get along much better—feel much better satisfied—if I could get into one of them grill rooms for men only. I can get along all right in waiting on the men, but I guess I've been in the drink business too long to get onto this business of pleasing the lady customers. Some of them are good sports at that, but as a rule they are mighty tight tippers. I dope it out that a woman has made up her mind just exactly what she is going to give the waiter when she sits down.

It makes no difference how I bring the change back, they'll always manage to get out a certain amount and pay that—even if they have to make different change out of their purses."

It is often suggested in editorials and in comic pictures that bartenders devote themselves to manual labor—some productive enterprise. This is not so easy.

New Occupations for Barmen

The union secretary called attention to his records showing that eighty per cent of the bartenders are more than forty years old. Standing behind the bar for twelve hours at a time has made them flat-footed and flabby muscled, as was pointed out by the soldier truck driver. A majority of them are not physically fitted to do hard labor.

One bartender, fifty years old, with a wife and five children, has solved the question of a livelihood for the present by running a rooming house. He was fortunate and daring enough to procure a lease on the entire house in which he had been renting a flat. By furnishing the rooms on the installment plan he and his wife have been able to get along nicely.

Rooms are very scarce nowadays and there is no difficulty in getting occupants at a good price. Others have taken up this idea, but their main difficulty is in getting a lease.

A small percentage of the idle barkeeps have saved up their money and are able to branch out in business for themselves. In Yorkville one has opened a garage, another has gone into the plumbing business and still another has a hardware store, doing well.

One saloon keeper, a sort of contractor, thinks he has uncovered a great scheme for making money. He says that with the passing of the saloon it will be necessary for the city to spend thousands of dollars in the establishment of public wash rooms and comfort stations. New York has few such public places.

Municipal authorities with whom he has consulted say there is no doubt that something of this kind will have to be done. The methods of European cities, where there are no saloons, are being studied. There is no immediate urge, however. Hundreds of drinking places are still open to the public in New York. It must be recalled that there were eleven thousand saloons in the greater city prior to prohibition, a majority of which have not yet closed their doors. The operation of these places for the sale of soft drinks is also helping to stay off the calamity that hovers over the bartenders

Most of the saloon owners are peculiarly lacking in vision and imagination. So bitter are they against the Anti-Saloon League and the recent laws destructive to their interests that some of them stubbornly refuse to consider any alternative plans for the future. They believe that a beer-and-light-wine law will be enacted and that it would be folly even to consider the surrender of their valuable leases. There are a few, though, holding long-term leases on entire buildings who have got out at a great profit on the lease alone. Others have been utterly unable to stand the gaff and are subleasing their places for purposes that seem odd to the New York passer-by.

Beer Supplanted by Milk

In upper Amsterdam Avenue old residents have been treated to the rather strange spectacle of lines of children, some with and some without their mothers, going in and out one of the best-known saloon sites of New York—an unsavory one years ago. The place was turned into a scientific milk station by students of public-health nursing in training at Teachers College to help decrease the shortage of visiting nurses, so badly needed in the epidemic of influenza. Round the wall of this old saloon oaken tables were formerly arranged at which men played pinochle and drank beer. In their places now are rows of little tables for children like those used in a kindergarten. Young women wearing white caps serve milk over the bar in stone mugs.

The visiting mothers are taught the common-sense science of disease prevention.

"The Lady of the Bar," as one of the young women is called, has taught the children drinking songs. Instead of Raus mit Kraus and Sweet Adeline the wondering passer-by hears such baby choruses as this coming from the old saloon door:

Here's to your good health and mine!
To make us grow this milk is fine!
At morn a cup, at evening too,
To bring good health to me and you.

"It beats the dickens," observed a former customer as we listened, "what they really can do on milk!"

Twenty blocks farther north on a corner at one time boasting the finest collection of sporting photographs and the most complete file of ancient sporting papers in town the old windows now flaunt a variety of baby carriages, "unsurpassed in New York." Inside are other kinds of household utensils and furniture, but the window decorations run almost exclusively to perambulators. The proprietor says he is doing a good business. On Washington Heights baby carriages always were in demand—and use. The old back room where chauffeurs formerly found solace while waiting for calls from the garage across the street has been converted into an office. High up on the wall, though, a whisky ad depicting a horse and red-coated hunter leaping a stile still hangs.

The chauffeurs now do their loafing in a room provided for that purpose in the garage, where they amuse themselves trying to improvise substitutes for hard drink. They inform me that their repeated efforts at coaxing cider to do tricks by putting a raisin in it have met with complete failure. Complaints are being heard from all over the country, by the way, about the futility of that much-exploited recipe.

Down in the lower sections of New York those old places that years ago catered to sailors, longshoremen and fishermen have been converted into eating places without a change in surroundings. They advertise a business man's lunch by means of the old-fashioned blackboard and chalk hung outside, just the same as in the days of a big schooner and free lunch for a nickel. The bartenders are waiters, but they also sell quite a lot of the no per cent beer, as they call it.

(Concluded on Page 42)

The distinct and delightful difference in the way the Liberty rides and drives is an index of quality so unmistakable, that the car has attracted to itself, everywhere, the highest character of ownership.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Concluded from Page 40)

"The boys never use the old leather dice box now," a veteran server informed me. "Prohibition seems to have got them old dice boxes just the same as it did the clove stands that used to decorate all bars—remember 'em?"

"By the way," it occurred to the man in charge of the cigar-and-tobacco stand, "what do you s'pose is goin' to become of the concerns that used to sell us breath pellets?"

"Yes," came another suggestion, "and the pretzel makers?"

"Oh, there'll always be folks who like pretzels," answered the cigar man. "But I'll tell the world the old breath pellet is the deadest cock in the pit."

He pointed out with lucidity that if a man should happen to get whisky on his breath in this day and time not only would he acknowledge it at home but he would take steps to advertise the achievement all over town.

Despite the legal entanglements erected in the path of the would-be evader, there are ways of achieving that distinction, devious and ingenious. But a few weeks ago a dinner party was invited to leave one of the leading restaurants for rowdy conduct directly due to a hot-water bottle that one of the women had brought in her muff.

One Saturday afternoon in February a man of affairs dropped in on an office party—those office parties are quite the thing nowadays—just as the enthusiasm had ebbed with the supply. Sensing the situation the newcomer bethought himself of a coup he had put over the night before. He fished nervously in a leather wallet, finally found something and smiled.

"I thought I still had them," he said. "Take a look at these."

Round the group he passed two prescriptions made out in proper form and signed by his family doctor. They called for *spiritus frumenti*, with an explanatory note that the medicine was for use in the treatment of influenza. The prescriptions did not specify the quantity required. They seldom do.

Certain drug stores in zones fixed by the Government are designated to distribute whisky for medicinal purposes. One of these was just across the street.

"They are perfectly good," declared the drug-store man, smiling, as the man presented his prescriptions with some misgivings, "but we won't be able to fill another prescription until Monday at the earliest. We've had such a run on our first stock that every drop was sold out by noon to-day. I guess we miscalculated on the number of people subject to influenza as well as the amount of medicine required. Nearly every patient took a quart."

The office party adjourned *sine die* to meet at the call of the prescription holder. It worked on Monday. In that neighborhood the doctors are now enjoying an unusual personal popularity.

The feasibility of the prescription as a weapon against the arm of the law, experts inform me, has brought out a large crop of associated ideas—mental by-products. That it is unlawful to carry intoxicating liquors on the person is well known. Prohibition officers say they have the right to confiscate a container of intoxicants as well as the conveyor. The flask being the container, the trousers obviously are the conveyor. So if a citizen be caught he is faced with the disaster of losing his pants as well as the bottle. That is no light risk. Profound thought has been given to the matter and the balm came in the development of the prescription idea.

A student of law points out with clarity that if it is lawful to obtain whisky on a prescription it is certainly just as lawful to convey the said whisky to its destination. Ergo, if a citizen be caught with a pint on the hip and at the same time can show evidence that he obtained it on a doctor's prescription, he may feel reasonably comfortable.

Prohibition officers are having a most difficult job in convincing the people of our town that evasion of the liquor law is really a crime. They refuse to take it seriously. Exposure of the methods attempted by supporters of anything spirituous, vinous or malt is furnishing much of our newspaper humor. This irks the serious-minded officer sorely. It's a pretty tough thing for a sleuth to make public the unearthing of a liquor crime and then have all the vaudeville comedians use the sordid details in their acts.

The New Yorker insists upon regarding the pursuit of forbidden liquor as a sport, and it is hard to cure him. Right now these enforcement officers are even confronted with the task of explaining to the incorrigible what is a home and what isn't.

A former dealer in Brooklyn gladdened his neighborhood not so long ago by displaying on the front door of what had been his family liquor store a large sign reading:

MY PRIVATE RESIDENCE

Beneath he wrote his name in large black letters.

The old stock, or part of it, remained in the store. He interpreted the law to mean that he had the right to invite any of his friends inside to partake of the joy-giving hoard.

A newspaper humorously called attention to the novel private residence and the prohibition officer, accompanied by deputies, paid the resident a call.

The law enforcers claim to have discovered a cash register ringing regularly in this residence and a skilled man in apron serving guests in a manner to rouse the envy of a novice. The head of the house explained that the man in the apron was his friend, but the officers thought it unusual that such a hospitable host should put an apron on a caller.

"Besides," asked one of the officers, "if this is your home, where do you sleep?"

"Right there on the floor," was the answer. "We don't care about beds. The boys in the trenches stood for worse than that."

The resident was arrested and all his stock taken over by the Government, pending a hearing.

As this is being written there is talk of the case being fought out in the highest courts. The prohibition officers expect to get a new legal definition as to what actually constitutes a home.

Among the spectators at the raid there was much favorable comment on the genuineness of the home so ruthlessly upset, but toward the end there came a dissenting voice carrying much conviction.

"No!" declared this wag as he watched the removal of case after case of vinous goods to a waiting truck. "Home was never like this!"

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Imposing on Hospitality

DOWN in Birmingham, Alabama, a negro team driver came home one night and found his wife highly agitated.

"Jeff," she said, "you knows dat Asa Rogers' wife Sallie is dead. Ain't you goin' to be a pallbearer at de fun'r'l?"

"No, I ain't," he answered with unusual positiveness.

"You ain't? Well, wusn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his second wife, Melissa?"

"Sho I wuz. But dat ain't ——"

"En wusn't you a pallbearer at de fun'r'l of his first wife, Mandie? Whut you mean, you ain't goin' act dis time?"

"Liza," he said, "suttinly I wuz a pallbearer at dem fun'r'ls, en I done de best I could, but I'm tellin' you now I ain't acceptin' no mo' favors frum nobody whut I can't return."

A Striking Resemblance

AT THE training camps of baseball clubs it is a rare spring that does not bring some young baseball writer, a novice, who sees greatness in every recruit. His enthusiasm born of inexperience becomes a chronic bore to the old-timers, players as well as correspondents.

Down in Jacksonville in March a youthful scribe had driven nearly everybody from the bench by his frequent discoveries that certain recruits had all the mannerisms and bearings of certain great players of the past.

"Just watch that young bird!" he called to a veteran outfielder lounging in the sun near the water keg. "Look! He's an exact replica of Willie Keeler!"

"He's a what?"

"Why, he stands and acts just like Keeler up there at the bat—his every motion."

Just then the rookie batter struck out, falling to his knees from the force of the misspent swing.

"Ye-s," drawled the veteran, biting off a fresh chew, "he's got exactly the same number of arms and legs."

He Said Nothing, But ——

AT A RECENT labor conference in Washington one of the venerable leaders, to point out a lesson to a young hot-head, related the following story:

A farmer, being short of teams, hitched a mule and an ox together to help with the hauling. When the team had gone a mile down the road the ox stopped, lay down and refused to go farther. The farmer said nothing; simply unhitched the animal, returned it to the stable and made the mule pull the wagon the rest of the day. That night the ox spoke to the mule confidentially.

"What did the boss say to-day?" he asked.

"Nothing that I heard," replied the mule.

The next day the ox was hitched with the mule again. This time he lay down and quit at the end of a half mile. Again the farmer calmly unhitched him, put him back in the stable and made the mule do the hauling by himself.

"What did the boss say this time?" again asked the ox that night.

"I didn't hear him say anything," replied the mule, "but he's leaning over the fence out there talking to a butcher."

A House Divided

A WELL-KNOWN theatrical producer in New York, who had been undergoing many severe lectures from his wife on account of frequent absences from dinner, came to his office wearing a very unhappy look. Several of his friends, knowing the cause, began to chide him.

"Got everything squared, Harry?" one of them inquired. "How's everything up to the house?"

"Say," said the theatrical man, "that wife of mine announced to me last night that she had decided to divide the house."

"Yes?"

"Yes, and she did. She's given me the outside."

Well, Wouldn't You?

CLARENCE MONCURE wears dove-colored spats;
He spends hours selecting his neckties and hats;
Keeps his watch on his wrist and his contours incased
In clothing that indicates exquisite taste.
He plays excellent bridge and can dance like a dream,
While at dinners his friends say his line is a scream;
And success for a hostess can't fail to be sure,
If her party is graced by young Clarence Moncure.

Bill Simmons is rawboned and awkward as sin,
But his features are lit by a good honest grin.
He's a bonehead at bridge, and his small talk consists
Of remarks on the weather—and then he desists.
At a dance his maneuvers resemble a dray,
But he's sweet and obliging, the hostesses say.
And his boss always says Bill is worth any two
Of the rest of his men when there's real work to do.

Now honestly answer, would you rather fill
The spats of Moncure, or the brogans of Bill?
You'd rather be honest Bill Simmons? You lie!
You'd rather be Clarence Moncure. So would I.

—*Clement Ripley.*

$100,000,000 APR 25 – MAY 2 — QUICKEN — $100,000,000 APR 25 – MAY 2

The Week of Fulfillment is Here What Are *You* Going To Do?

We have written and talked and worked and prayed toward the week of April 25 — May 2.

In that week, we have said, the churches will prepare themselves for war against the evil forces which threaten humanity.

The week is at hand.

You must GIVE NOW or let Christianity attempt its greatest advance without your support.

For You **Millions need our aid $100,000,000 APRIL 25–MAY 2** **to Heed**

A Crisis Exists Today

We know beyond quibble that the world war did not achieve safety for democracy, nor achieve an end to all wars, nor achieve a spirit of universal brotherhood. Those results were predicted. They are not here. They will never come, they cannot come through battle.

The wolves of license, greed—materialism in all its forms—are leaping at civilization's throat—at Mankind's moral self.

There are places on the earth where leaders deliberately stifle the Christian ideal, to the end that men may be used in the fulfillment of evil ambitions.

In our own land not one of the enemies of civilization the government has unearthed, has declared himself a follower of Christ. That would be a paradox.

The Task is Well Defined

Northern Baptists have carefully surveyed the necessities in the old fields, some of which have known their ministrations for a century and a quarter, and have set their faces toward certain new needs, too urgent for neglect.

Our Survey has been checked in every detail with those of the other evangelical denominations, in order to prevent duplication of effort.

The problem of the foreignborn—as sharp ache to the immigrant as to ourselves—will be lifted toward solution by Christian Americanization. Thirty millions of dollars will be fuel for the beacon-light of education. Far, sparsely settled stretches and city slums alike will know the Gospel as never before. In the lands beyond the sea, we shall follow the "Go ye forth" command of the Master.

Where the $100,000,000 will go

This hour tests Christians

The whole world cries for that spirit of unselfish service exemplified by the Man who rose from a carpenter's home and—with the world at His feet—chose the path of humiliation and death that unselfishness might live.

The things which war could not win for us must be won through the spread of *His* gospel.

Northern Baptists seek to raise $100,000,000 THIS COMING WEEK for the *vigorous application of Christianity to the problems confronting the World.*

Baptists and the friends of Baptists must GIVE NOW. The responsibility is PERSONAL, not aggregate.

What are YOU going to do?

THE NEW WORLD MOVEMENT OF NORTHERN BAPTISTS
276 Fifth Avenue **New York City**

For the complete program at home and abroad write for a copy of the "Survey."

$100,000,000 APR 25 – MAY 2 — QUICKEN — $100,000,000 APR. 25 – MAY 2

The quest for beauty is an age-old desire of man. Today in the Auburn Beauty-SIX we find expressed the same aesthetic ideals which distinguished such masterpieces as the Venus de Milo

THE daring lines and consistent power of Auburn Beauty-SIX are acclaimed by all who appreciate the utmost in motor-car values.

The newest models, Series 20, possess in a larger measure the enduring worth that has characterized Auburn Beauty-SIX over a score of years. The builders of Auburn Beauty-SIX are pioneers and Series 20 represents their master offering. It is only natural to find their great experience and superior judgment unhesitatingly accepted by seasoned motorists.

In Auburn Beauty-SIX are embodied those inviting luxuries of appointment and comfortable proportions that make motoring truly a joy. Auburn Beauty power, adequate at all times, is easily and perfectly controlled. One may feel entirely confident of the responsiveness of the Auburn Beauty motor, under all conditions, on country roads or city streets.

For year-'round service Auburn Beauty-SIX Sedan assures you complete protective comfort through all changes of weather.

The supreme devotion that inspired ancient masters to perfect their ideals, finds artistic reflection in Auburn Beauty design.

Auburn Beauty Model 6-39-H Touring; Auburn Beauty Model 6-39-K Tourster; Auburn Beauty Model 6-39-R Roadster; Auburn Beauty Model 6-39-Sedan, Five Passenger; Auburn Beauty Model 6-39-Coupé, Four Passenger.

Your copy of Auburn Beauty-SIX Catalog awaits your request

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

Automobile Engineers for Twenty Years

AUBURN Beauty-SIX

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart

(An Autobiography)

I HAVE spent the past half hour here at my desk, physically inert but mentally very active, thinking over my past and trying to recall any incidents that might be of interest to others. It is a difficult matter, because I belong to a profession which, in times of peace, does not require one to seek adventure or thrilling incident far afield.

When I read the autobiographies of others that appear in these columns I am thrilled. They are full of vicissitudes endured, misfortune overcome, and foreign lands traversed in search of adventure.

Is it any wonder that I am discouraged this morning because I have no such mine of experience from which to select golden nuggets?

I am writing this in an office building less than two squares from the spot where I was born and but three squares from the house to which my forbears came in 1811. And even then they came to the small town of Pittsburgh from a few miles out in the country. With the exception of two years' army service during the war, all my professional life has centered in my native city. Only in my vacations have I ventured forth to other scenes. At those times I have loved to get away from the ordinary commonplaces of a doctor's daily life. It is fortunate for me that my family enjoy such things also.

Dr Stanley M. Rinehart and Family, With Pack Train, Crossing the Rockies. From Left to Right, Doctor Rinehart, Mrs. Rinehart, the Other Rineharts

Together we have crossed the Rockies and the Cascades on horseback. We have fished in the streams of Canada, in the lakes and rivers of Glacier Park, in Puget Sound, in Panama. We have seen the Englishman on his native heath and hunted the Hun to his lair. But all these experiences of ours have been written up, and they need no description by me.

A doctor's life is largely made up of the tragedy, the melodrama, even the

(Concluded on Page 46)

Lee Wilson Dodd

(An Autobiography)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is perhaps the one form of fiction I have never attempted, and I can't say that I find the given subject particularly inspiring. As I glower upon him he seems to me—as possible material for art—to have lived a singularly "ungrateful" life. He was born forty years ago in a small town of Western Pennsylvania, which—like many another small town the world over—calls itself "the nursery of great men"; just why, the inhabitants of neighboring towns have never been able to comprehend. He was removed thence at an early age to New York City, where he was more or less starved on the fruits of culture at various private schools, and then sent to Yale University. His career at Yale, in the Sheffield Scientific School, was anything but brilliant; but he made three or four friends there and read a number of amusing books not included

(Concluded on Page 46)

Mr. Dodd, His Daughter (to the Right) and Some Friends of the Family

Conscienceless Stuff About Ed. Hungerford

THE BOYS' FRIEND was our first journalistic venture. We then were ten. Eight pages of foolscap in size, we wrote and illustrated it in lead pencil and then, with the aid of carbon paper, multigraphed it. So it was that we met the slender demands of beginning circulation—all of it in our block, save three copies each week to the south or benighted side of Clinton Street. Gradually we broadened, became aware of the existence of still another sex—and The Boys' Friend became merely The Friend. Also we received from a doting parent a small printing press and seven fonts of secondhand type. Circulation increased. Our field of influence swept from the Third Ward

(Concluded on Page 46)

Mr. Hungerford and One of His Favorite Diversions

Dr. Stanley M. Rinehart

(Concluded from Page 45)

comedy, of others. These vicarious experiences are so much a part of his existence that he has neither the time nor the perspective to appreciate them. But because he has so much to do with serious things, in his moments of relaxation he loves adventure and the lighter forms of amusement.

A friend of mine once expressed surprise at my frivolous taste in this latter regard. I had expressed a predilection for farce. For himself, he said, he loved tragedy and doted on weepy melodrama.

"I understand perfectly," I replied. "I have enough of such things every day, but you are a manufacturer of merry-go-rounds."

For years I have had a secret longing to be a humorist, probably because much of my life has been associated with conditions so antithetical.

And always I have wanted to write. I know it now, although I never fully realized it until lately. And always, hitherto, I have resisted, with the persistent passive resistance of the barnacle that sticks to one spot, in spite of all currents.

Lack of spare time has had a good deal to do with it. A doctor is so busy doing things that he has not the time to write about them. But when I came back recently, after two years' absence from practice, the opportunity came. There was the usual "period of adjustment" which everyone, officer or enlisted man, has experienced who has returned to civil life. And there was a scattered practice which refused to reassemble all at once. Indeed, for a while I thought it was going to be difficult to convince any appreciable number of people that I was home. It was my opportunity to write. And, naturally, I wrote upon subjects with which I was most familiar, the ailments of people and how to avoid them. My experience with the draft and in the Army had been invaluable to me.

Before I obtained my commission I had served on the County Registration Board and afterward as chairman of a Draft Board. Then, in August, 1917, my commission came and I was released from the other duties. It took all the eloquence I could bring to bear and all the importunities of my friends, to accomplish it. I explained in letters to the governor and to Washington that I was not trying to desert my job, but merely to seek a field of greater activity and usefulness in my special line of work.

They saw it at last. I discarded my "civies" for a uniform and went away with high hopes of getting to France. But it was not to be. Half of my twenty-one months of service was spent in camp as a specialist in a base hospital. Then, one day, I received a summons to report for duty to the office of the surgeon-general. Here, I thought, was my opportunity—so much nearer the port, and that so much nearer France.

A colonel in the regular service laughed when I was indiscreet enough to speak of my desire. "So, you have joined us in this cemetery of dead hopes!" he said.

However, I knew better—or thought I did. But there I remained, as did many others whose duties kept them until the end of their service, fighting the Campaign of the Potomac. For one thing I shall be forever grateful, however. As a consultant I visited many military hospitals in remote parts of the country, from Connecticut to Arizona, and back. I had come in contact with young men from all over the United States. I had examined the draft men, had seen them in camps and had watched their convalescence in hospitals after their return from France. I had followed them from civil life back to civil life.

Wasn't it natural, then, that I should try to put some of all of this on paper? I could not resist the impulse, and so I began to write about certain physical ailments and disabilities of the men which are common to us all. To my great astonishment my lucubrations were not rejected.

That is about all. I have not been at it long, you see. But I cannot stop. Something gets into one's blood with the first success, however small and unimportant—to others—the success may be. I know already that I couldn't quit if I tried.

Two things I refuse positively to disclose here: One is my particular specialty in medicine. This for professional reasons. The other is my habits, what I eat, what I drink, how I behave. This also is largely for professional reasons. I never practice what I preach. I eat, for instance, a lot of things I should not eat and am guilty of many other medical indiscretions. If I disclosed them here, what weight would my future suggestions or warnings have?

Lee Wilson Dodd

(Concluded from Page 45)

in the curriculum. By the end of Freshman year he had decided that he wanted to go to Paris and paint. Since there are plenty of mediocre painters in the world, it is perhaps fortunate that he was not permitted to do so. Then he took to writing somber and skeptical verses and grisly little tales imitated from Poe and Guy de Maupassant. None of these things proved marketable; and having now graduated from college he was put to studying law—which he did off and on, but always under protest. Meanwhile he had made up his mind to become a poet and dramatist, and his admission to the Bar of New York was unavoidably delayed one year owing to the surreptitious composition of a tragedy in blank verse. It was not accepted by Mansfield; neither was it accepted by E. H. Sothern. Later on, after some years spent half-heartedly practicing law under his father's always kindly protection, he wrote a ridiculously bad play which was accepted and produced by the Shuberts. He expected to awake and find himself famous; what he did do, was merely to awake and partially find himself. From about this point on, he gave up pretending to practice law and—aided unfairly perhaps by a modest inherited income—turned over a new leaf and retired to the country. He still knows of no better place to be; but as an entirely obscure author he was by now thoroughly disillusioned, exasperated with himself, yet thoroughly stubborn. He would teach himself to write if it killed him. He has been trying to do so ever since. For a brief period, at Smith College, he even endeavored to teach others an art he had not as yet mastered himself—an art which throughout recorded time has acknowledged few genuine masters. This Quixotic endeavor taught him personally—something; but not enough. He is still hot on the trail of his reckless ambition—faint, yet pursuing. One way or another he expects to keep after that ever-vanishing mistress to the end, bitter or otherwise.

But he is not nearly so depressed as he sounds. In fact, once the present autobiographical spasm is over, he will be as ready as ever to live and laugh and let live. And two or three of the more valid reasons for this are included in "Exhibit A"—the "intimate" snapshot duly hereinabove attached.

Only—what a subject for fiction! Really, Mister Editor, you must permit me hereafter to select my own heroes. Swimming with one's hands and feet tied is not an easy, and never a graceful, accomplishment.

P. S. The more responsible member of my family says I have managed to give the impression that I am the author of one theatrical failure, and that I must have been dismissed from Smith College for general incompetence. Whereas, etc.

If she is correct in this, it but emphasizes my impression that, while all the arts are long, the art of writing intelligently is *longissima*.

Conscienceless Stuff About Ed. Hungerford

(Concluded from Page 45)

into the Second and even into some near-by corners of the Fourth.

Gone for a time were the poignant joys of authorship. Sticking type was a new pleasure and, for a little while at least, extremely worth while. An ancient printer—like most of the elder members of the craft, he claimed to have worked on the New York Tribune and to have had a personal acquaintance with Horace Greeley—taught us our "p's" and "q's." We reeked of benzine and wallowed in ink. And to-day we cannot pass an old-fashioned printshop without a vast yearning to go in and stand at the cases and put the clicking types into the stick once again. It still seems to be the most fascinating profession in the world.

The Watertonian was our third venture. This was an ambitious affair, far too large for the small press we owned, and so was printed in the establishment of a kind-hearted relative. It had a short life but a vigorous one. Its realm of influence was limited neither to Watertown nor Jefferson County nor the whole state of New York. We had exchanges, if you please, in England, in India and in far-off Australia. Those were the days—a full quarter of a century ago—when amateur journalism flourished—all over the English-speaking world; while to write and print a paper that would excite commendation in London or in Calcutta or in Brisbane was an achievement worthy of all the effort.

But the day came when the Watertonian, like many and many other publications, printed its valedictory. "Circumstances over which we have no control," wrote the editor in double-leaded eight-point type, "compel us to suspend the publication of our magazine." He spake the truth. He was going away—to boarding school. No longer would Homer Rice's Arctic Soda Fountain at the end of the public square beckon to him as it has been beckoning to Watertown boys for more than half a century now. Jefferson Hose Company Number Three and John Hancock Hook & Ladder Number One would have to roll their ways to all the fires sounded by the siren whistle on Knowlton Brothers' Paper Mill, without his aid; no longer would he stand at the junction, watching Jeff Wells' Number Forty-four—which as all the North Country knows, hauled the Cape Vincent local for more than forty-five years before going to the scrap heap—and wondering if God in his infinite goodness would ever send him a passenger run. All these things were to cease. A stern New England seminary was going to take a wrestle at a scholastic bramble bush in the making.

Of the growing of that bramble bush we shall say but little now. The founder of The Boys' Friend became the least distinguished alumnus of a much distinguished college in Central New York. But what was college compared with working on a real newspaper, in a real metropolitan city like Rochester, with Rob Beach, the kindest city editor that ever sat at a copy desk—and the most patient—to work out the hard journalistic knots at the very beginning of serious things? And what was even the thorough training of The Rochester Herald to be compared with that of The New York Sun, with the kindness and sympathy of Kellogg and Mallon and Boss Clark, only second to that of Rob Beach?

These were still the formative years. From them sprang all the desire of mind creation. Stories, articles, even verse—how they flowed from the typewriter those days and how uniformly and consistently they flowed back, like the very movement of the tides. Until one day the editor of a highbrow magazine, wearied with the flood perhaps, reached down and caught one of the manuscripts and printed it. Printed another. And another. But a fourth found him on the anxious seat.

"It's a good story," he averred to the writer, "but the boss won't let me print it. Says it's too practical. Try it on THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They're a practical bunch over there."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST bought the yarn; and printed it. That was more than twelve years ago. It has printed many, many since—close to a hundred all told—some three-quarters of a million words. And the typewriter, like Sam Blythe's more famous machine, is still strong and going. Some day we are going to slip into fiction again. We may even essay a tripartite novel—or whatever it is—such as Frank Norris started. In the meantime we like to think of ourselves as a good reporter—nothing more—and to stand by a craft that has finally come into its own. Work does us good. We like it. We like other things, too, and for convenience have jotted them down herewith:

FAVORITE BOOK—Official Railway Guide—current issue.
FAVORITE PLAY—Pudd'nhead Wilson.
FAVORITE AUTHOR—Mark Twain, with Irv Cobb running a very close second.
FAVORITE ACTRESS—Ethel Barrymore.
FAVORITE FOOD—Homemade country sausage with griddle cakes and maple sirup.
FAVORITE COLOR—Pumpkin yellow.
FAVORITE DIVERSION—Running locomotives or driving our own little six-cylindered Lydia through the country highways.
FAVORITE HOPE OF THE FUTURE—To run a certain small country hotel and run it awfully well.

THE TOWN PUMP

(Continued from Page 5)

Our system of voting was planned in an age when practically everybody lived handy to the town pump. There were no roads to encourage travel in those days, much less railroads. To-day, on the contrary, John Citizen may be half across the continent when Election Day comes round. Our industrial system has set thousands of people traveling as an everyday necessity in their work, and they are perhaps the best class of citizens. We engineers are always on the go, and so are the traveling salesmen, the actors and most business executives. To board the train for Chicago and attend a conference is a commonplace thing for the average business man. The town-pump scheme has been replaced by national industry and trade, and a lot of us have become national citizens—even international.

This national electorate is much larger than people suspect, and probably accounts for considerable of the heavy percentage of voters who do not vote. Draft statistics classified 2,200,000 men in occupations more or less peripatetic—actors, showmen, engineers, commercial travelers, and the like. There are 200,000 traveling salesmen on the road, 50,000 actors and showmen, and perhaps 200,000 voters working in Washington with legal residence elsewhere. This counts only the men, and now that the women are voting, and travel and change of residence are common, there must easily be 1,000,000 voters, at least, who find themselves far from the town pump on Election Day, and therefore voiceless in determining the kind of government for which they must pay.

Uncle Sam was very careful to give our soldiers in France their opportunity to vote. I believe that mail-order voting for us soldiers of the transit, sample case and make-up box will become necessary now that the Government reaches into our pockets so deeply. How it can be done I do not say, but it seems to me a simple matter of organization and justice.

From acquaintance with men of my own profession I know that a considerable number are national citizens in the sense of having no legal residence, and therefore no voting place. Constantly traveling from one job to another, in the United States and abroad, some in consulting practice and others supervising construction and other projects, they maintain offices in New York or Chicago, and live in hotels when in town. With no town pump to go to, local government does not affect such citizens, but the National Government does, and they seem clearly entitled to vote and representation.

Such a citizen can be highly useful to people living round the town pump. Some years ago a contractor friend of mine was building a schoolhouse in a New York suburban town. Five miles farther up the railroad was a village which had lately passed through a real-estate boom and been invaded by commuters. The villagers were chiefly old people, retired farmers and the like, owning their little homes, tilling their little gardens, and living comfortably on a very narrow margin. Their children had all grown up, married and gone away. The commuters were young people with children. The only schoolhouse was a fire trap, too small for the new arrivals.

The newcomers proposed a $50,000 brick schoolhouse. This alarmed the old folks, who feared that such an expenditure would bring high taxes and upset their tidy way of living. Some actually believed that taxes would take their homes. The proposition came up in a village meeting. The old folks swarmed out and voted it down.

The commuters were discouraged. At this point my contractor friend stepped in, told them that in no instance had a community in that state ever refused funds

(Continued on Page 49)

PROVE for yourself that the Hoosier is best for you. Study each Hoosier feature. Go to your local Hoosier dealer. Sit in front of a Hoosier, visualizing exactly how it will fit into your kitchen work. Better still, have it SENT OUT so that you can actually place it and study its possibilities as a step-saver and economizer—RIGHT ON YOUR HOME GROUNDS. You will find every Hoosier dealer accommodating and agreeable to any reasonable test you care to make. May we suggest that you do this—TODAY.

BEST—In the Judgment of Two Million Housewives

TWO MILLION American housewives have agreed that the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is the most satisfactory—otherwise they would obviously have bought some other kind. Twenty years of learning how is behind its construction.

It is founded on what the housewife *knows*—not on what theorists think. We have given every constructive suggestion careful study—accepted the *proved* improvements—rejected all the rest.

The Hoosier's patented flour sifter, which also **FLUFFS** the flour, illustrates what we mean by *proved* improvements.

Every day the need of a Hoosier *in your kitchen* becomes more and more apparent. And that need is sharpened by the present scarcity of *good* kitchen help.

THE HOOSIER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Main Office: 420 Maple St., Newcastle, Indiana

Branch Offices: Mezzanine Floor, Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. 368 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Can.

HOOSIER

THE SILENT SERVANT WITH A HUNDRED HANDS

Copyright 1920, The H M C

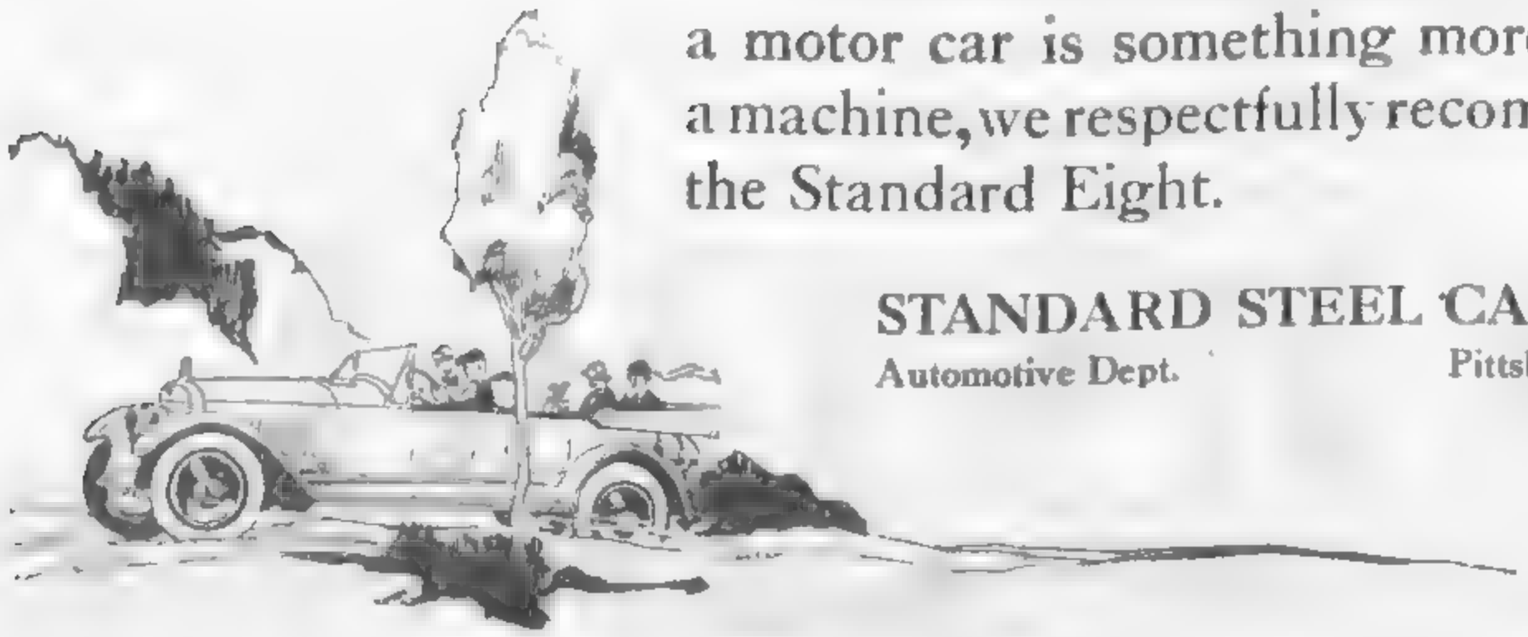
More Than a Machine

STANDARD EIGHT

A Powerful Car

THE beautiful lines and luxury of your car please you, but you respect it for its power. In time you come to love it for what it has done for you, and you depend upon it as you depend upon your friends.

To those men and women to whom a motor car is something more than a machine, we respectfully recommend the Standard Eight.



STANDARD STEEL CAR CO.
Automotive Dept. Pittsburgh, Pa.

(Continued from Page 46)

for modern school buildings, and showed them a way in which the proposition could be brought up again in town meeting. By this time the old residents had got over their fright, knowing that they controlled the situation. At the second meeting the contractor spoke, showing by figures that the actual increase in taxes would not be alarming, and that moreover the new residents who needed this school were raising property values, so the burden would be widely distributed. The project then went through with a big majority. Incidentally the contractor got the construction job, but that was not his motive. As a citizen-at-large with practical experience in the problem that community faced he volunteered to help them with his counsel; and that, to my way of thinking, is real citizenship and real government. When the schoolhouse was finished the old residents were more proud of it than the commuters with children to educate.

Loyalty to the town pump, I have learned by extensive travel, is one of the most fundamental traits in people everywhere. The Bolivian Indian thinks his bleak plateau the finest place in the world, because it is so cold and windy, and the atmosphere is so nice and thin at 12,000 feet. The Egyptian fellah wouldn't trade his patch of Nile mud and his burning heat for a farm in Kansas. Folks live on volcanoes, seismic faults, ice packs and marshes, and in slums, and insist loyally that there's no place like home.

The town pump is therefore a natural and unchangeable political center. I am not quarreling with it. We roving voteless taxpayers are only a small minority anyway. But I think the town pump should be kept at home in matters of National Government. As the center of a community many splendid institutions and activities grow up round it. But taken to Washington it is a nuisance and danger.

My Uncivil-Service Jobs

Witness the influence of the town pump in the form of the organized minorities which have been dominating our politics the past five years.

The rule of might instead of light which has lately come into our government affairs is genuinely reactionary, and will make trouble if we don't watch out. I view with alarm!

In dealing with people as employees or clients or associates I have always found reasonableness the best lever. When a difference of opinion arises we do not vote to see which side is strongest, and then suppress the minority. Instead, we sit down and talk it over, find out what the other fellow thinks, and work out an adjustment. Very often the adjustment is reached through acquaintance and information. That is administration, as contrasted with politics, where a difference of opinion is hung up in the air. If this is true of people as men and women it must be true of people as citizens, and if we substitute force for reasonable administration, then we are plainly going backward, and there will be trouble in the Balkans!

My interest in government began when I paid my first income tax. It was a nominal sum. Washington said that this revenue measure was to be largely educational, and assessed me one per cent the first time. But in five years I was handing over eight and twelve per cent, with a shrinking exemption. My education is progressing rapidly! The best way to teach a pupil, undoubtedly, is by practical examples that arouse interest, and the spirit of inquiry. Like millions of other Americans I am sitting up, and taking notice, and asking questions. I want to know where the money goes, and what it buys. I watch the dilly-dallying of Congress and the steady multiplication of government jobs and wonder if I am getting value for my money.

Until we got into the war my interest in government was keen and growing, but centered upon government where it reached out and touched me from a distance. When the army of war workers started for Washington I fell into the ranks and went along, and for fifteen months saw government at work on the spot, and as part of it.

It makes quite a story.

I held several jobs during that period. Starting in as a dollar-a-year man—though I never got the dollar—I rose to $5000 in eleven months, and would probably have had to get into the cabinet to secure an increase of salary. For my work at a dollar a year I was not even thanked, but for the $5000 job I got a handsomely engraved certificate.

At one time I held two jobs at once, and a horrified chief clerk told me that I was violating the civil-service rules. Investigation showed that neither job came under civil service. Both connections were with emergency bureaus organized for war purposes. So I belonged to the uncivil service, apparently. But I relinquished one of the jobs. It was an uncivil experience. I learned a good deal about Uncle Sam in those days—enough to want to reform him. Among other interesting things, I think I learned who Uncle Sam really is—the old sweater!

"The pull of the town pump against policy," was Rodgie's descriptive phrase for what we engineers often had to deal with in Washington during the war.

Let us review an actual case:

One of my war jobs was placing and building several industrial plants to make war materials. By the time the news leaked out that they were to be erected in different parts of the country our locations were all made. We went by studies of labor, housing, transportation and the like—and let me assure you it was hard to fit them all in too!

A certain enterprising city was in the odd predicament of having lost population during the war. Most communities were just opposite. But this town had surplus houses, and also surplus workers. So why not hustle for one of those factories?

Well, it sent a delegation to Washington. It was a typical town-pump delegation. I say this in all respect. The town wanted something, and it sent its best men, among them the mayor and prominent business men, and they were shepherded through Washington by their senators. They came and camped a whole morning on the chief's doorstep—or rather, in one of his anterooms, where people warmed chairs all day long.

Chair-warming helped win the war. Certainly a great deal of it was done in that office; not because the chief wanted to keep people waiting, but because there was simply one of him, and thousands of patriotic citizens to see him on town-pump projects. He worked nights, and Sundays, and on trains, yet never came to an end of the work. Congress regarded him as suspiciously active, and frequently called him to the Capitol for investigation. To people seeking town-pump advantages, and politicians on the floor, and the newspapers, he was a football.

Finally their turn came—or the chief was caught between two anterooms and backed into a corner by a senator. Introductions followed. A spokesman produced the document and cleared his throat. The delegates were as solemn as in church—the town pump is interesting as an atmosphere.

"We have come to help the Government in a serious crisis," said the spokesman, with his document. "Any sacrifice we can make to help win the war ——"

"Why, certainly!" assented the chief. "But let's cut out the patriotic stuff. We're knee-deep in that round here already. Just what is it you want?"

The Patriotic Chair Warmers

"Now, you're a business man! I like to talk to you," said the spokesman, laying down his document.

Several times he tried to find passages in the typewritten pages, but the chief headed him off and in three minutes got his story. It was a typical piece of special pleading from the community standpoint. Jonesboro had an abundance of marvelously skilled labor. It had empty houses and idle manufacturing plants. Its contributions to war loans and funds were enumerated. There were sly digs at Washington for locating war activities elsewhere when Jonesboro was clearly entitled to them.

"How is that lumber plant in your town getting along?" cross-examined the chief. "I hear its production is rotten."

This took the spokesman aback.

"We admit it has had difficulties in getting started," he confessed. "There has been trouble between the management and labor."

"I think your delegation might go back home and iron the wrinkles out of that situation. It would be a patriotic service. Meanwhile I'll look into this other proposition."

We investigated Jonesboro, found that its lumber plant seemed to be under enemy influence in management, that its labor surplus was rapidly being drawn elsewhere, and that its idle manufacturing facilities were antiquated and could not meet even war costs. There was no reason for departing from the straight engineering facts back of our policy. So in this case the town pump did not pull policy awry—in others it did, I am sorry to say.

The delegates went back home. But they left a prim little old man behind to represent Jonesboro's interests and community pride. He looked like an unsuccessful storekeeper. There was nothing for him to report, but he wandered timidly through our busy hive every day, and warmed chairs for several weeks. He was pathetic as an individual and a cause.

Until we got into the war I had never had occasion to visit Washington, though constantly making business trips to cities all round it. Washington seemed to be out of the day's work. One never had to go there for anything.

War set the business man marching toward the capital. At first it was the engineer, the production man, the industrial and transportation executive. Sometimes he dropped everything and went as a volunteer. Again he was sent by his boss. As the first comers got settled at specific work they in turn sent back for others, mostly specialists or associates.

The Town Pump in Washington

A very little experience of Washington showed me why I had never been there on business. The sort of business that I did and the kind of people who employed me to do it were not known in Washington.

"I want you to go out to Arizona and do so-and-so," said the kind of man who employed me, and if I found out obstacles he helped me clear them away. Action was the important thing. Costs were disregarded when it came to a big-enough investment to do a big job, and at the same time were minutely considered in detail when it came to economical production of the unit. Speed counted, because we had something else to do after we got that going. If employees or government authorities or the public sent round a delegation, we found out what was wanted as quickly as possible, and settled the matter to keep the enterprise running.

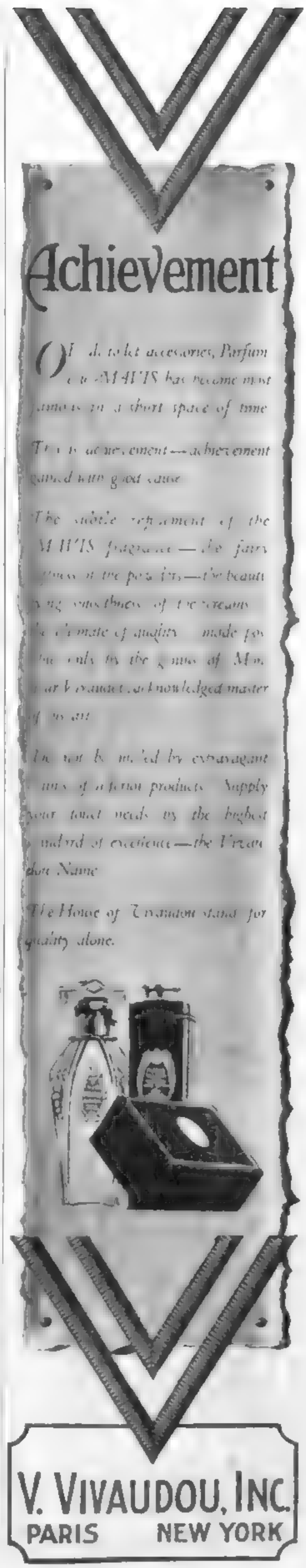
Exactly that sort of thing was needed for war, and Washington reached out for it—the business men accustomed to saying "Go, thou!" and the kind of fellows who would go. But once on the spot they were hampered, worried, slowed down and sometimes stopped by town-pump tactics.

War meant the spending of government money on a marvelous new scale. Government money had seldom been spent to do a specific job, but to produce something tangible in a given locality, to appeal to community selfishness. Post offices, customhouses, rivers and harbors, jobs, pensions—for two generations this was all Washington had had to sell to the country. It was the chief stock in trade of the Congressman, and the latter's constituents and customers swept in upon us to help themselves from the prospective billions. There was no reason to criticize or complain, so far as I can see. With a Government that cost us about three cents a day individually, and millions to give us if we could bring the right town-pump pressure to bear in the right quarter, we had simply acquired a perverted national viewpoint. To get a better way of doing business a better viewpoint was needed. That might be a matter of years.

But a war will not wait. Its diversified machinery had to be laid out strictly by policy on a scale that staggered the biggest executives from the business world. The machinery had to be installed and set running, regardless of local or individual interests. When the latter interfered they must be given the new viewpoint of administration and policy.

At first it was simply a matter of getting out from under the pressure of the town pump, with its delegations, its organization and its Congressional interference and criticism. For the first few weeks I received chair warmers from nine in the morning till six at night, and did my real work after dinner and before breakfast. Fortunately my first chief, a resourceful executive, saw that I was being swamped, and sent Rodgie in to help me.

Rodgie was a wonder. Originally an Easterner, with a broad university education, he had made a fortune in Wall Street as a promoter. Then his health broke down.


Achievement
Of delicate accessories, Parfum
MAVIS has become most
famous in a short space of time
This achievement — achievement
gained with good cause
The subtle refinement of the
MAVIS fragrance — the fairy
grace of the package — the beauty
of the creams
the climate of Anglin made for
the only by the gums of Mon
Carlo and acknowledged master
of perfumes
Do not be misled by extravagant
claims of inferior products. Supply
your toilet needs by the highest
standard of excellence — the Vivaudou
Name
The House of Vivaudou stand for
quality alone.
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
PARIS NEW YORK

Playerphone

THE exquisite charm of the human voice, with all its sweetness and personal magnetism, is faithfully reproduced in the rich, full tones of the PLAYERPHONE.

That rare and unique tone value, peculiar to the PLAYERPHONE, has made it an instrument unexcelled, and eminent among music lovers everywhere. The superb finish, hand carving and artistry of the beautiful PLAYERPHONE cabinets are the work of our own master craftsmen, done in our new PLAYERPHONE factory recently completed, covering almost one-half block, four stories high, especially built for the exclusive manufacture of PLAYERPHONES.

The PLAYERPHONE specially designed tone arm, reproducer and newly invented weight adjuster plays all makes of disc records perfectly without any change of equipment and to the advantage of each record.

Before buying a phonograph insist on your dealer demonstrating to you a PLAYERPHONE, the talking machine with the human tone.

Dealers can procure the PLAYERPHONE agency through the following well known jobbers who carry a full line of PLAYERPHONES for immediate delivery, and back the PLAYERPHONE with their own reputation.

Chapman Drug Company, Knoxville, Texas.
[illegible] Ohio.
[illegible] Company, Des Moines, Iowa.
S. Dreiser Furniture Company, Beaumont, Texas and Houston, Texas.
[illegible] Son & Company, Paducah, Ky.
[illegible] Company, Pittsburg, Pa.
[illegible] Brothers, 14th & Hoyt Sts., Portland, Ore.
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Company, Omaha, Nebr.
[illegible] Talking Machine Co., Hitchcockville, Ohio.
[illegible] & Son, Oakland, California.
Western Jobbing & Trading Co., 731 S. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.
[illegible] & Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
[illegible] Store, Hastings, New Zealand.

The PLAYERPHONE comes in nine different styles and sizes ranging from $110 to $380. Each PLAYERPHONE guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Is now being advertised monthly in this and several other leading publications. A few splendid jobbing territories still open.

For Further Information Address

PLAYERPHONE TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
4223-41 W. Lake St., Chicago
D. W. McKENZIE, Pres. W. D. CALDWELL, Treas.

He went West. Health or no health, his mind went on working. Here he would see half a dozen things interfering with each other. They might be starved little utility companies fighting in the same field while service and growth were overlooked. Or it might be an overcapitalized enterprise in the hands of exploiters; or something being held back by jealousy in management; or the intense local pride of Western communities.

Rodgie was a first-class corporation trouble-shooter. First he located all the difficulties by getting acquainted with the facts and the different interests. Then he began adjusting the carburetor, eliminating short circuits, filling the gas tank, and finding a sober chauffeur. And away she went up the road, utilizing the abundant power that had been dormant in the situation. Incidentally he charged the promoter's fee for the job, and having seen him at work I feel that he was entitled to it.

Whether Rodgie is worth one million dollars, or five, or ten, I do not know. I dare say that for single promotions he has received as much money as I shall make in my lifetime. When the chief brought him in and made him my assistant it was a little awesome—a millionaire office boy for a plain engineer. But that disappeared when he got to work.

An Expert in Listening

He did it largely on personality. The first trait that impressed me was what looked like an endless capacity for being bored. All my instincts were for getting rid of people who seemed to be interfering with the technical situation, so that plans could be worked out. Rodgie got a cubby-hole near my office, some cigars and cigarettes, and began listening. I turned the visitors over to him, and he listened. He listened with hospitality. He listened with an appetite for detail. He asked questions, and took documents for examination at home, and examined them line by line, and asked further questions, and listened. If there was nobody to listen to in his cubby-hole he went round listening elsewhere.

There were people who had been in Washington so long that nobody would listen to them. I remember a notorious labor agitator who came in one day. Rodgie heard his own version of a reform he was trying to bring about, which touched our policy later, and got information and a viewpoint that were priceless when the time came, for they forestalled a labor tie-up.

Presently things began to emerge like the details on a developing photographic plate. One imposing delegation would go home satisfied because Rodgie quietly demonstrated, through information gained by listening elsewhere, that its demands were not compatible with the broad policy of war. And in the more or less inarticulate case of some little delegation he would find an overlooked opportunity, and bring it to light so it could be utilized.

In the form of these delegations we found the town pump decidedly open to reason. It became necessary to call certain interests to Washington and tell them about proposed restriction of their community or business activities. They had no voice in the matter—we had emergency war powers to do what was best for the country. They always came in hostility and apprehension. Many were competitors, and had never seen each other before. First they got acquainted. Then the necessity for restriction was explained and their teamwork asked for. In a day or two they would go back home, fully understanding the situation, enthusiastic about the restrictions, and ready to get the neighbors in line.

Congress gave much more trouble, because less open to a change of viewpoint and of heart. When any of the newcomers in Washington had shaped their policy and plans, picked the experts and said "Go!" Congress often interposed. It wanted to know where, who was going, and why. It wanted to know who had authorized the project, and where the money was coming from, and what it would cost. Everything in Washington is authorized by law. A lot of the things started in the first months of the war were planned because they were necessary, in the expectation that Congress would pass the necessary laws later. Some of them were started under the special war powers of the President. Congress dilly-dallied in passing the laws, and criticized what had been done.

It takes either a good deal of philosophy or a pretty tough skin to stand Congressional criticism. At bottom it is largely fireworks. Party lines up against party, section against section, and man against man in debate. Things are said on the floor of the Senate or the House for political effect. Those on the inside understand the hidden motives. Sometimes a congressman is mollifying his constituents at home, and again a senator is simply advertising. Officials in the regular Washington departments know the motives and the ropes, have their friends in Congress, and also understand the fine art of doing things by the statutes—or walking through them legally. The newcomers did not know that Washington has a different philosophy of business. Action, not law, was first with them, and in going ahead they stirred up criticism and opposition. In some cases they did things illegally, and later had to be technically reproved and technically forgiven.

One of my chiefs took this all in good part. "I'm ready to be investigated any time," he said. "There's no harm in it." A railroad executive, he knew something about Washington methods and men. A good deal of the criticism on the floor of Congress seems to be mere word play, a relief to long dry debates or committee hearings. Harm comes chiefly when it is picked up by the reporters as good headline stuff and scattered over the country by the newspapers.

But another of my chiefs, one of the ablest in the emergency war organization, was pitifully sensitive. An engineer of high ideals, almost magnetic in his management of people in actual contact, he seemed unable to discount and laugh at a little group of Congressional critics whom he had never seen. One of his most active cr[illegible] was a politician whose early experien[illegible] had included a long period as prose[illegible] attorney. To get the goods on ever[illegible] and [illegible] was [illegible] the views [illegible] couldn't see things any other way, and understanding [illegible] constructive [illegible] beyond [illegible]. As a thing, w[illegible] in Congress re[illegible] g[illegible] these papers work or himself w[illegible], he would have had at present, had never to worry and depress [illegible] all day w[illegible] a [illegible] in the distortion of newspaper headlines.

Cross-Roads Hamlets

Congressmen themselves have been criticized so much that it is time to put in a word the other way. The English have a saying that "When you elect a fool or rogue to represent you in Parliament, he does represent you." My impression of the congressman was that he has been elected to represent either the town pump or that section of his community which is politically active, but not representative of the best. He is not the kind of man who would be selected to direct big enterprises—say, an automobile corporation, a railroad system, a trust company, a religious denomination, a university. Seldom a business man, he lacks experience in planning and carrying out policies. Very often he is a lawyer. The actor type is prominent—many a cross-roads Hamlet has found the road to Washington easier than that to the Rialto. He is the fellow who criticizes the book or play, not able to write one himself.

But once in Washington, he usually works hard. There is information to be grubbed for, and highly technical subjects to be discussed in committee and commission hearings. There has been a good deal of criticism of the Southern congressman, especially the past few years. But even the Southern congressman—or let us say the rural congressman generally—is better informed on many matters than his critics, and usually open to any honest information they can give him.

Once every two years we average Americans get excited about politics. Something below the average of us goes to the primaries and the polls, while our superaverage goes to the golf links and the country club. The man elected to represent the community is not a rogue, but subaverage. He tackles the job of representing us. Our chief interest in him thereafter is when we want something for ourselves or when something that we have already is threatened. Then we bombard him with requisitions and telegrams, pull him this way and that, hide from him everything except what strengthens our side, and resist every compromise making for real administration along-broad policy lines. We haven't even a policy for the community, much less for the nation. Why should he have? We threaten him with defeat if he doesn't get us what we want, and because politics are his livelihood he makes the best horse trade that he can. It is the viewpoint that is wrong—and that viewpoint is ours. He faithfully represents our nearsightedness and self-interest. When we get better he will be better.

We had trouble, too, with the established government departments. These represent the local Washington town pump—and, next to New York, Washington is the biggest little country town on the continent. Working for years on small salaries with an elaborate official system of positions and titles, fighting for the appropriations that keep them alive—the war offered the department men a magnificent opportunity for expansion. As the program for shipping, food conservation, fuel administration, aircraft and other activities developed, the permanent departments tried to add them to their own organizations, and when separate boards and bureaus were created there was much heartburning and covert hostility.

"We were here first," was the departmental feeling, "and will be here when you fellows have gone away. This is our job—why the devil did you come, anyhow?"

Winners in Small Games

One of the old departments was particularly grumpy about the first emergency war organization with which I was connected. When we got going a little get-together club was formed by the chief to promote acquaintance and corps spirit. We had rolled up an organization of one thousand people so quickly, and were so scattered through different buildings, that only in this way did we all get a chance even to see each other. Gatherings were held once a week for discussion, with a little food-conservation feed for principals once a month.

Somebody suggested inviting principals from the jealous old department to break Liberty bread with us and hear our own version of what we were trying to do. We sent invitations to all the big bugs of that department. Not exactly knowing who was who, we took the names out of an official directory—the director himself, several assistants, and the division and bureau chiefs.

Did they come? Not on your life! A few of the tail-end men showed up, but the others sent regrets. And the tail-enders after listening skeptically made brief speeches assuring us that we would know more when we had been in Washington as long as they—with the implication that they didn't think we would, being a passing phenomenon of no importance.

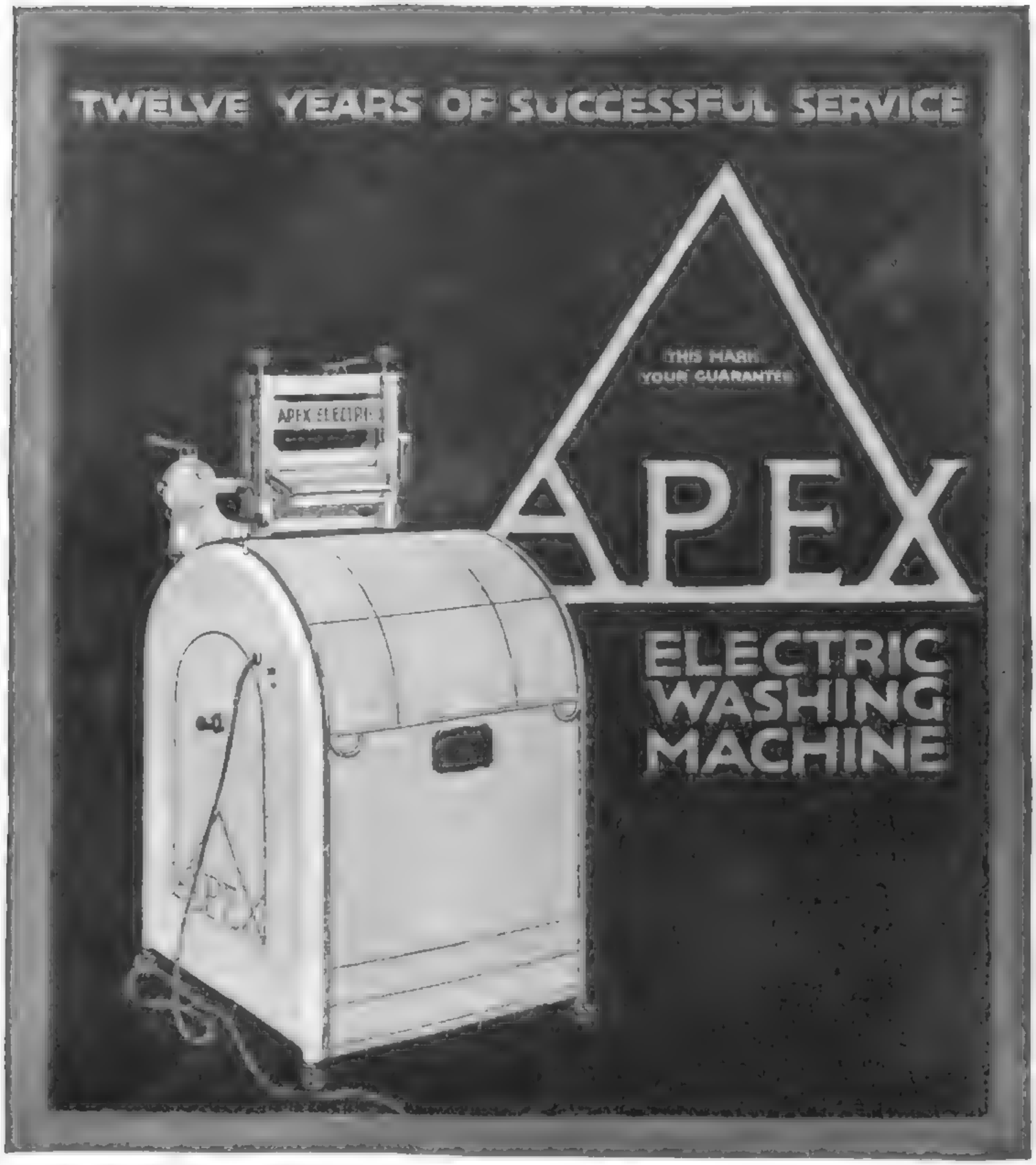
When we asked this department for information, or offered teamwork, we got printed reports and guarded official letters. When we made a technical blunder—and the Lord knows we often broke through the thin official ice—a rigidly formal criticism was received. Perhaps as chief of a bureau in my organization I put my foot through the icy crust of a bureau in the old department. The chief of that bureau wrote a letter to my chief and passed it to his division chief, who passed it to the director, who signed it and sent it to my chief. The latter handed it to me, whereupon I wrote a reply to the director of the old department, handed it to my chief, who signed it, and so it passed down the line to the bureau chief under the ice. A war on? Well, perhaps—but they followed the routine if it took a month.

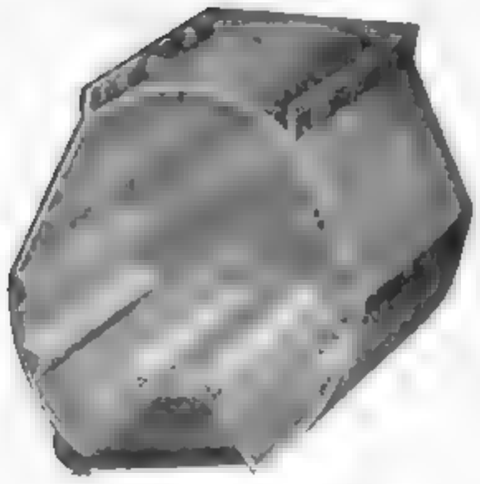
Now that department has done much useful work, scientific and otherwise. It is full of able men. But they are limited by viewpoint—the viewpoint of able men holding positions under an official system that allows no expansion, as against the average position in the business world which you can expand as much as you are able—and if you don't expand it, get fired.

Washington is full of able men who have been wonderfully successful in rising from small beginnings. But they can rise just so far. If they finally reach the supreme throne of assistant secretary in a department their salaries are about half that of a good specialty salesman, and the secretaryship is not a promotion, but a political appointment—not for them.

Washington is full of able men who have succeeded at a small game. The majority of them seem to be satisfied with their success or are afraid to break into a bigger field. There is a fair percentage of men constantly stepping out into business positions—men who have used government

(Continued on Page 53)





Interior of oscillating tub showing how maximum action and suction is secured without the slightest danger of wear or tear. The oscillating tub is an original APEX feature.

Apex cleanses thoroughly and quickly

Everything, from the finest fabrics to heavy woolen blankets, washed carefully and thoroughly in the APEX Electric Washer. No hand rubbing. No boiling necessary.

The APEX is built to give a lifetime of service. It meets *every known* home laundry requirement—and one more. *It is practically noiseless.* You cannot afford to make your selection without first seeing the APEX.

The swinging wringer locks in any convenient position.

Apex Domestic Ironer

Practically the entire family ironing done in an hour with the APEX improved type Ironer. Combination hand and foot control. Heated by gasoline, gas or electricity.

Our dealer will make satisfactory payment arrangements with you. If you do not know him write for his name.

APEX APPLIANCE COMPANY

3223-3263 West 30th Street, *Chicago*

BOSCH

You Can Get Bosch Magneto Ignition

Your car needs it your peace of mind needs it and you can get the known and proven dependability of Bosch Magneto Ignition simply by insisting that it is put on your new car or by having the nearest Bosch Service Station install it on your present engine. The function of a Bosch Magneto is the most vital function on your car—that of supplying the all important spark for ignition *only* and it has a reputation for doing that with absolute dependability.

BE SATISFIED · **SPECIFY BOSCH**

AMERICAN BOSCH MAGNETO CORPORATION

Main Office and Works—Springfield, Mass. *Branches*—New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco *300 Service Stations in 300 Centers*

AMERICA'S SUPREME IGNITION SYSTEM

MOTOR TRUCKS · TRACTORS · AIRPLANES · MOTOR CARS MOTOR BOATS · MOTORCYCLES · GAS ENGINES

(Continued from Page 50)

service as a school, and then gone elsewhere to market their ability.

Before going to Washington I had a dim suspicion that as an employer Uncle Sam was niggardly, and as an executive often a bonehead. I judged by the little things in government service which touched me frequently. They touch you too.

For example, the mail carrier. Everything that is brought to my office nowadays except mail comes by delivery wagon or motor. But letters and periodicals, tons of them every day, are carried miles from the post office to delivery routes on the human back. Put the average carrier's load of mail on the back of a Peruvian llama and he would lie down in protest. Load it onto the threadbare mail carrier, however, and he trudges faithfully through snow or heat, because official Washington has not engineered a better distribution system.

Go into a British post office and ask for a money order in any amount, and the brisk girl clerk will simply snip off and hand you a blank check. You fill in the name of the payee, make a memo on the stub, mail the check and keep the stub, and the latter is your receipt. No question asked. Buy a money order at a United States post office, however, and you must write out your life history, and then stand in line until the clerk can copy it all over again.

Where Time Isn't Money

At Washington I came to the conclusion that as an employer Uncle Sam is a sweater. If you moved the Washington departments into any industrial state and sent factory inspectors through them they would be closed up, unless speedily modernized. Thousands of government employees work in dark cubby-holes, with inadequate sanitary arrangements. Why Washington has never had a big fire I do not know, but if some of Uncle Sam's fire traps ever blaze up there will be a catastrophe big enough to wake the country.

Employers' liability takes care of industrial workers who are injured at their occupations. Uncle Sam is exempt on a little reservation of his own.

Pensions and group insurance are now provided by practically all the big industrial and transportation corporations. Uncle Sam stops the pay check the day an employee dies. One of the pathetic sights of the Washington departments is the little old man or woman of eighty-odd who is kept on the pay roll by a sympathetic chief as long as he or she can toddle down and punch the time clock. Some of them spend the day in the office under the delusion that they are working, and will quaveringly tell you how they have missed only twenty days in fifty years of government service. Others cannot toddle, and are brought down in a seagoing hack to punch the punch that is their only pension.

Before going to Washington I wondered why everything connected with government should be so dilatory. When I got there I marveled at government speed—considering conditions. If you want more speed in an industrial organization you offer to pay for it in money. If you are an employee in a factory or store, and voluntarily increase your speed or production, the money is pretty certain to come, in better pay or promotion.

But Uncle Sam still buys work by that old-fashioned yardstick, the day. It is a short day, to be sure, averaging seven hours. But the day's pay is inflexible. Only an act of Congress can change it; and in a crisis like the present, when higher pay is desperately needed by such people as the Washington workers, an increase of pay will be debated several years in Congress, because it lends itself so beautifully to town-pump appeals and poses. Uncle Sam offers nothing, and pays nothing, for increased speed or output. You may work harder or longer, but there is nothing added to your pay check next month, and seldom any speedier promotion. Under the encouragement of a chief whom employees like, many a government worker stays after hours to finish up an urgent job—at his own risk. Sizing up Uncle Sam as an employer, I was astonished at the willingness and loyalty to be found among his employees, and I believe that a modern scheme of measuring work, and paying for it by quantity and quality, would accomplish wonders in his service.

Here is one real road to government economy. And I could not blame the thousands of departmental employees who stop instantly at five o'clock and rush for hats and bonnets, already washed up on government time.

Before I went to Washington Uncle Sam was to me an ideal figure -all-seeing, honest, righteous, benevolent, to be revered, obeyed and followed in all things. In other words, the Uncle Sam of the cartoons. It was a shock to find him pinching stenographers' pennies, obstructing progress, catering to special interests and provincial greed, with little care for broad national administration.

I began to ask myself, "Who is this Uncle Sam?"

And after checking over the entire mechanism I found out to my own satisfaction.

Check it up yourself. Begin at either end. Start with the little old octogenarian of the Washington departments. Trace his lack of pension to the department appropriation, and lack of Congressional action. Follow the thing up to the Hill, and there you will find Congress making appropriations and laws, not to do the work of the departments constructively, as the work of railroads, mills or mines is done, with far-sighted policies maintained from year to year.

No! The money is appropriated and the laws are passed to impress constituencies, to provide patronage, to skimp here and there with false economy. This takes you straight to the Congressman's constituency, and there you are—at the town pump, from which you can check it all back to the little old octogenarian.

Uncle Sam does not exist in Washington at all. You must look for him at the town pump. He is not a national abstraction. I myself am Uncle Sam, and so are you. Such vices and virtues, ideals and shortcomings, as he possesses, are mine, and yours.

To our fear of contact with politics, and our plain failure to take a part in running even the town pump, all his characteristics are to be traced.

Uncle Sam does truly represent us, and we have no reason to be proud of ourselves as reflected in him.

And one of the biggest jobs ahead of us right now is to begin cleaning up Uncle Sam by cleaning up ourselves—as I will show you, a town-pump proposition.

I have long been an admirer of certain refinements in the British political system. There is the flexibility of the Mother of Parliaments. If an administration at Westminster fails to carry a measure Parliament automatically dissolves, and the voters express their views by electing another Parliament. Sometimes two Parliaments have been elected in a single year, as in 1910. It is another form of the referendum.

There is the British system of having all bills carefully drawn up by the administration in power—which cuts out the thousands of freak bills that clog our own legislatures, national and state.

The British Voting System

Then there is the Briton's respect for minorities. We seem to think that all will go well when we have a huge majority one way or the other. But in England they actually pay a minority leader to oppose the administration and crystallize the other side.

Most of all, I like the British way of voting for one candidate at a time. Our elections, national and local, involve a long list of candidates. In the excitement of voting for headliners like President, governor or mayor, we elect the wrong dog catcher. It is a scheme that enables politicians to head the ticket with a shining leader and line up a rabble behind him. In England, on the contrary, they vote for one candidate at a time—now a member of Parliament, and then the borough councilor, who is equivalent to our alderman. The voter's interest is centered on one officer. If the outgoing borough councilor has failed to give satisfaction, and runs again, speaking from the tail of a furniture van, interest may be centered on him so intensely that the voters will pelt him with paper sacks filled with flour—which is a feature of the British system that I do not admire.

The British look at their politics through the big end of the telescope and get a clear focus.

We look at ours through the little end, so that men and issues are too remote to be distinguished.

"Let's not argue. Look it up in the new edition of the Official Rules of Card Games."

MOOT points are bound to arise in any sociable game. There's a simple and effective way to settle them. The Official Rules of Card Games—Hoyle up-to-date—covers every contingency—answers every question with the authority of experts to back it up. It is not only a book of rules but is a guide to the finer points of play of 300 games both ancient and modern.

Just as all difficulties regarding rules and intricacies of play are met and settled effectively by the Rule Book, so are all mechanics of play made easy by the use of

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

They make shuffling, dealing, and playing a delight. In shuffling, the two halves of the deck telescope without friction. In dealing and playing, cards do not stick—they glide easily and stop where you want them to. The beginner does not "need a basket." The Ivory or Air-cushion finish is designed to make them durable as well as attractive. They will outplay and outwear any other deck at the price.

Congress Playing Cards

The exquisite deck for social play, prizes, gifts, etc. Art backs in color from real paintings. Gold edges.

You can tell fortunes

with Revelation Fortune Telling Cards. There is a charm about the mysterious that adds spice to any entertainment. Everybody likes to have his fortune told. You can quickly learn to enthrall and amuse your friends with this new deck. Two styles—one color back, tuck case, 50 cents; colored back, gold edges, telescope case, 70 cents. At your dealer's or postpaid.

"Auction at a Glance"

Written by an expert. Mr. Foster tells not only the rules of the game but how it should be played. The conventions and niceties of play, which stamp at once the proficient player, are lucidly explained for the beginner.

"Auction at a Glance" and the "Official Rules of Card Games" will be mailed to anyone on receipt of twenty cents in stamps or coin. Send today.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. A8
Cincinnati, Ohio, and Windsor, Can.

Dept. A8
The U. S. Playing Card Co., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A., or Windsor, Can.
Please send postpaid the new "Official Rules of Card Games" and "Auction at a Glance." I enclose 20 cents.

A REFLECTION FROM THE BEST SHOES OF THE YEAR

Tough and long-wearing, yet yielding and flexible. And with the correct touch of style.

That is why the makers of the better class of shoes select the——

PLYMOUTH RUBBER HEEL

PLYMOUTH RUBBER CO.

BOSTON, MASS.

I think there is a way in which we can turn the telescope round without changing the system—just changing ourselves.

As I have said previously, I am profoundly dissatisfied with American government. I am dissatisfied as a taxpayer, believing that my money does not yield me service as a customer of government. I am dissatisfied because my working and living conditions as a roving engineer practically deprive me of a vote. Most of all, I am dissatisfied because fifteen months' actual experience in Washington during the war gave me a close-up of this system, with all its shortcomings.

I was looking through the little end of the telescope when I voted for Woodrow Wilson in 1912. His idealism fascinated me. I did not vote for him in 1916—the second and only time I have been handy enough to the town pump to cast a presidential ballot. But I am entirely satisfied with the downright administrative value we got during President Wilson's first term.

Shortly after the 1918 inauguration my attention was called to the big end of the telescope in a startling way.

The little New York State crossroads where I vote—when I get the rare chance—boasts not even a general store—just a tiny post office. The township is hide-bound Republican. Only four Democratic votes were cast that year out of a couple of hundred.

The new Postmaster-General had hardly taken office when John Herkimer received an inquiry from Washington asking about his politics. John Herkimer is our postmaster. A Civil War veteran, crippled with rheumatism, the post office nets him maybe twelve dollars a month. Everybody agrees that John needs that money most, and nobody would think of taking the job away from him. John told the township, and the township rallied round him. We drew up a document. Everybody signed it. It went post-haste to Washington. And it stated that John Herkimer was our oldest and most respected Democrat! We saved John's job.

We vote, if we get the chance, concentrating on the headline candidates for the big places. And then we drop politics until next election, unless politics interfere with some individual everyday interest. If they interfere, as in John Herkimer's case, we get busy, and take enough interest to fix it for John or ourselves. But it seldom occurs to us to go further and fix the thing for everybody, and keep it fixed.

Where Politics Begin

There is a theory confidently believed by most Americans, that if you want to change anything in government you have ample power through your vote. We regard the ballot as our safety valve, and assume that we are functioning beautifully in politics if we take the trouble to cast it. Most of us have been afraid to go into politics any further, for fear we might be smirched. We have left politics to the politician.

We have assumed that politics were the affair of the gang hanging round the City Hall, the party conventions, the presidential beekeepers, the managers of big campaign funds subscribed by somebody—not us. Politics have been a show, with free admission to everybody. But now the tax collector has demonstrated that politics are a commodity for which we pay as directly as for groceries or a suit of clothes. In fact, even though you have the price of a suit you can't get it until you pay for the politics.

Two of the hardest things in the world are—first, to refrain from reforming other people, and, second, to reform yourself, personally, spiritually, or what not. Just think what a world it would be if each of us let other people absolutely alone and centered all his inborn reforming instincts upon cleaning up his own back yard!

Lately we have had rather too much agitation and law directed toward reforming the other fellow. What I propose politically is that we forget the other fellow awhile, assume that he is as good as ourselves, and begin cleaning up our own political back yards. Let us all go into politics. We have to pay for politics anyway, so let's get the best value. We shall never get it by changing our vote from one election to another, nor by sending resolutions to Washington or the state capital when some of our personal interests are at stake. We shall get value only by giving value—by getting into the political game where it really begins—with us at the town pump.

"What—me get into that dirty game? Not on your life!" says the average citizen.

Let us picture him as the average business man. He is not imaginary, either, for dozens of business men have made practically this same reply when I first suggested the idea. It is proof of the average American's neglect of politics that he cannot even get the point at first statement.

Mention politics in connection with himself and the business man sees himself running for office, with the fireworks and speeches and all.

"Why, I never made a speech in my life!" he protests.

He pictures himself doing business in the City Hall with the gang leaders. His only experience with politicians has been, probably, when they extracted money from him through some subtle device that threatened to hold up some of his projects, and it was easier to pay for the sake of facility than to get out in the open and fight the gang.

Why Tammany Endures

Now running for office is about the last thing in politics. Even the politicians only do it every other year, and only a few of them at that. The chief difference between the average citizen and the politician is that the former thinks it is all over after the election results have been announced, while the politician is busy all the time with a kind of politics which the average business man can play better himself.

Let us take Tammany as an illustration. Every other year the average citizen gets hot under the collar about the wickedness of Tammany Hall. That enduring institution is cartooned as a bloodthirsty tiger, with claws, teeth and stripes. It can be defeated occasionally, but not destroyed.

Why?

Because Tammany is playing, every day in the year, the most attractive of political games, one in which the business man would find himself quite at home, and be a winner. His only hope of beating Tammany and the gang politician everywhere is to play this game, and play it more skillfully.

A newly arrived immigrant dies in an East Side tenement and leaves a widow and several children. The Tammany district leader is on the job, raises money for the funeral, and gets the widow something to do. Tammany is probably the only institution functioning in that place at that obscure little crisis.

Johnny Mulligan was not a bad boy, at all, at all. But he ran with a lower West Side gang, committed larceny and was sentenced to the reformatory. This broke his mother's heart. Johnny's father went to the district leader with the story. Unless something could be done Johnny's mother would surely die. The Tammany man cried with Johnny's father. Then he took a train for Albany. Two weeks later he met Johnny at the Grand Central, took him to a hotel for a few days, bought him some clothes, sent him to a few shows to get the reformatory slant out of him, and on Christmas morning presented him to his mother.

The fundamental difficulty about making people believe that Tammany is wicked each election is that so many people like the Mulligans know otherwise through actual contact. Do you suppose that any coalition of reformers could persuade Mrs. Mulligan that Tammany is a tiger?

Tammany is constantly getting people out of trouble. The political boss everywhere is part father, part priest. Tammany is constantly getting people employment, not merely in the City Hall, where the jobs are least desirable nowadays, but in thousands of business establishments. In other words, though the Hall dons costume and make-up every other year for the big melodrama called Politics, when it resumes street dress it plugs away at something harder, more necessary and not at all showy—administration.

Is there a little East Side in your typical little American community?

About the last place one would look for slums is in the farming towns of the Far West. I have in mind one such community. It was a new town, on fertile virgin soil, with farmers all round making money raising fruit, berries, potatoes, clover seed, sugar beets. On the edge of town a lot of families lived in squatters' shacks.

"Who are those people?" asked the practical sociologist visitor—a woman. "Why do they live that way? How do they manage to get a living?"

(Concluded on Page 56)

Supreme Beauty

THE beauty of the Commonwealth Four-Forty is more than a style—more than a fad of car design—it is the beauty of artful simplicity—*beauty that endures.*

With this grace of outline are combined utility, and a great base strength that makes the Commonwealth the car of comfort and durability.

See the Commonwealth—ride in it—drive it—ready for immediate delivery. Ask for book containing series of photographic views and complete specifications.

"Built in America—
Girdles the World"

$1395

A GOOD PROPOSITION AWAITS THE MOTOR-WISE DEALER IN UNASSIGNED TERRITORY

COMMONWEALTH MOTORS COMPANY

General Offices: CHICAGO, U. S. A. *Factories:* JOLIET, ILL., U. S. A.

Makers also of the Thorobred—America's Pedigreed Tractor—and The Quayle Oil Burning Engine. Ask for Descriptive Books.

COMMONWEALTH

"The Car with the Foundation"

(Concluded from Page 54)

"Why, I don't really know," replied the astonished secretary of the local Boosters' Club. "It never occurred to me to find out."

Whereupon the sociologist lady investigated and found that these were the berry and fruit pickers, who had employment hardly five months a year, whose earnings permitted living in no other way. It was a little community cancer, like similar spots all through the Northwest, where the four basic industries of agriculture, lumbering, mining and fishing make wages highly seasonal. And when radical agitators found that the Northwest was the easiest section of the United States to turn upside down, that town's East Side did its bit.

To run for mayor or governor is a grand thing, but it is not all of politics. It isn't a fraction of one per cent compared with the everyday political affair of local administration—running the schools, gathering the garbage, keeping up the roads and catching the homeless curs. Administration is the cause, and elections are just the effects.

Are we going to sit comfortably in the grand stand, we average Americans who are working every day at administrative jobs in the business world, and root for or jeer the political game as played between professional teams? Or are we all willing to take off our coats and play the game ourselves—the scrub game of the sand lots? I believe that when the average American, and especially the business man, learns how much healthful excitement and downright human satisfaction he can get out of the sand-lots game the professional element will disappear in big-league politics, and be replaced by better players from sand lot and bush.

Getting Good Roads Built

As I have said, my professional rovings have made it difficult for me to vote, much less take a hand in running the little township where I have my legal residence. But occasionally there has come a chance to mix in the affairs of other communities, and my experiences have made me keen for it. Even jury duty, which most men dodge, is a community experience worth far more than the time and trouble it demands. If this rambling screed should be instrumental in selling the idea of everyday political service to average Americans like myself, and teaching them the satisfaction of the thing through their own experiences, that will be good work.

One occasion came when I had a bridge job in a backward Eastern hill county. Farmers up there raised hardly enough to feed themselves. Experts had tried to teach them scientific agriculture, county officials thought immigrants were needed to till more land and relieve labor shortage—for all the young people were deserting those hills. To me it seemed that bad roads were the real difficulty. So I jogged round Sundays on a quiet horseback survey, laid out a scheme of highways that would put the farmers in touch with markets, and when my mental picture was clear began to talk about it. At first they said it couldn't be done. Where was the money to come from? When I assured them that smaller and poorer counties had done it out West they replied: "Yes, but people out West are different—we're not so enterprising here in this old section."

Now here's another fundamental thing about folks—that they change when you get them together. Singly they may be skeptical, stubborn, stingy. But gathered into a crowd they warm one another up, lose their sharp angles, forget their prejudices, become optimistic. Singly they don't see how the thing could be done. Collectively they want to start doing it, and you can get money out of them. Always remember this when you get in sand-lot politics: When in doubt, get folks together.

Well, I am not much of a public speaker, but I can talk to a gathering of home folks. One or two meetings, with an interested newspaper reporter present, got the hill people so interested that I was invited to talk roads all over the county. Most of my spare time was spent that way until I finished the bridge. All I really did was grub out the road situation, put it in a package, and hand it to them. Then I went away. But at the next session of the state legislature that county got financial assistance, on a well-balanced plan, to build the road system laid out and promoted by a fellow who had never voted there. And I have never been back since, nor seen any of the road.

It was on another country bridge job that I took a hand in the rural-school problem. This community had more money, yet its crossroads schools were going to pieces. There were not enough pupils in each little red schoolhouse to pay decent salaries to teachers. I know very little about educational matters, but once upon a time an automobile salesman gave me a spark on country schools, showing how the scattered funds in a county, if invested in two things, would give every child city school facilities. One was to scrap the crossroads schools and establish a single modern school at the county seat, with the best teachers obtainable, paying them good salaries. And the other was to organize motor-bus lines to carry the children to school and home again. The folks in this community had never heard about that, so I talked to them in the little red schoolhouses. Nothing seems to grow so well as a good idea, if somebody will only plant it. To-day that county has a fine consolidated school with a bang-up system for distributing its products, though I have never seen that either.

When you go into politics this way, two things are pretty sure to impress you. The first is that people want administrative information. They want to know how to do things right. You will be busy hunting up good schemes that have worked well elsewhere, and taking them from where they are to where they're wanted. And the other is that people want to be led. They seem to be waiting for somebody to say "Come on, folks!" It may rattle you at the outset when people begin to fall in line behind you just because you are standing on a soap box. But consider yourself a better leader than the soap-box politicians, who have now been leading them this way for years, and go to it!

I have a friend in New York whose views on this subject are decidedly interesting. Originally a newspaper man, he helped organize an office-building society. It grew beyond the office, and he became manager, his present job. He is enthusiastic about the building-and-loan movement, an irrepressible single-taxer, and other things. He has served a term or two in the New Jersey legislature, and been run over by the political road roller in trying to reach the United States Senate.

Meeting Places Needed

He declares that much of our fumbling in local administration is due to the fact that few American communities have any place to meet and discuss community questions. Not politics or theories, but just the plain How-to—matters of construction and policy that arise in building a community, like the questions that arise in building a house. When he first outlined his idea I promptly cited the popular forums which have sprung up all over the country the past few years. But though commending these he reminded me that their discussion centers largely on national questions. What the average American community needs is a place where the carpenter and bricklayer can hear about next year's school-building plans, and the mother of a family about teachers' salaries and the school board's educational policy. People in most communities get this information piecemeal. Factions tell them half the facts, and pull them this way and that. If they could meet for discussion, warm each other up, and hear all the facts, that would be equivalent to the family discussions before the house is built, and would result in the building of a better community. So says my friend, and I believe he is right, for the district that he represented in his state legislature is a regular political experimental station in its cosmopolitan population.

In building our industrial enterprises executives have found that it pays to get the views of the bricklayer and the carpenter. They hang the suggestion box all over the plant, and are now even reaching out for suggestions from the wives of the bricklayer and carpenter. Why not hang up the suggestion box in community affairs? Better yet, invite folks to bring round their suggestions and talk them over.

The New York Sun once defined shopping thus:

"When a man shops he knows what he wants, and doesn't get it. When a woman shops she doesn't know what she wants, and insists on having it."

From my war experience in Washington I should say the latter was also a pretty good definition of politics. For the people who came there usually wanted something, but were not certain what it was. They asked for a munitions plant, but would have been pleased with a new bridge across the creek instead. They felt that it was about time the Government gave them something out of the war, but had no conception of the war policy of the whole. When the policy was explained to them they were willing to turn round and give the Government anything they had. Look the country over politically, from Washington to the town pump, and you will find the same ill-conceived notions of what the community really needs, and the same piecemeal insistence. It is a brake on administration, and can be released only by better information.

The Power of Organization

An illustration comes to mind—a story published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST several years ago:

A certain city discovered that it needed a new building ordinance to prevent growth of slums and maintain better health standards. A commission was appointed to draft a new ordinance. Physicians, architects, builders, real-estate men, property owners and others served on this commission, and along with them wage earners and labor leaders. One member was a carpenter, earning three dollars a day, who came in his working clothes and spent many evenings shaping up the different sections. It took weeks to iron out differences of opinion and embody good features from the latest health laws of other cities. Those were weeks of community education, in which the whole body of landlords and real-estate men learned the views of physicians and architects, and vice versa. Finally the new ordinance was ready for the city council. Passing it seemed to be a mere formality. Then, lo! up bobbed a little group that had been overlooked, but which held pronounced views against vaccination. These people had well-organized machinery for registering protest. They pressed a button, flooded the city council with resolutions and telegrams, and killed the ordinance solely on the vaccination clause.

In suggesting my sand-lot political game I have had the business and professional man in mind, probably because I know him best. Of all our citizens he has been least active in politics and administration, and is also most needed. Every day in the year he works as an administrator in his business or practice, but seldom sees that his ability in this line can be applied in running the community. He thinks that politics are different, or necessitate crooked methods, or he protests that he has no time for public service.

He can always find time to take on one more directorship or serve as officer or committeeman in some congenial movement. He will find time to take on public service when he sees that it involves clean business methods rather than politics as he misunderstands them. He will take on public service like the English business man, as a year-to-year job, planning it as part of his active lifework, and growing progressively.

There is no political caste in England. But social caste is strong. The British business man can pile up the shillings and pounds until he has millions, but his money in itself will not take him very far socially. To get results in this line he must render public service. So he plans a semipolitical career as part of his life. The first step probably is joining his trade guild. These guilds—the Ironmongers, Drapers, Dry Salters, and the like—come down from the Middle Ages, when their membership consisted of actual merchants in those lines. To-day their membership is broader, and they have grown into great institutions, with endowments, schools and other features. Becoming a member, the young business man serves on a committee at the outset, is active in municipal affairs or charities, and takes a step up socially, along with his wife, by associating with other people in these interests. According to his service he advances from year to year, looking ahead maybe to fifteen years hence, when he will become sheriff, and finally lord mayor—the apex, a thundering job, for which he will train twenty years and spend fifty to a hundred thousand dollars for the single year in that office.

British public life is full of business men rendering public service for honors—a knighthood, a glittering order, the lord mayor's gold lace. If the Briton does this for the honors and the missus, why shouldn't the Yankee business man do it for the fun?

It is easy to begin. We have our chambers of commerce and rotary clubs corresponding to the British guilds, and they can put him to work on committees that dovetail into city affairs. He can start something himself by studying the need for some overlooked public improvement, and bringing the facts out into the open. There are a thousand chores to be done in every community which he can tackle without thinking of politics or office. But why shouldn't he think of them? Why leave this field to the lawyer and the politician, who enter it chiefly for advertising, and to make money on side issues? Is there any reason why the business man should not begin training at twenty-five with a view to running for alderman at thirty-five, and looking forward to five years' service in the state legislature or Congress at the prime of life, somewhere between forty-five and sixty?

I think it is about time all of us began to see this thing whole.

Specialization in Public Work

As a living illustration take Rodgie, my millionaire assistant in war work, of whom I spoke a while ago. Nothing short of a war would have drawn Rodgie into public service. But once in, he has been doing chores for Uncle Sam ever since. The President took him to Paris, where his gift for listening and putting jigsaw puzzles together was useful in a dozen languages at the Peace Conference. Since coming home he has straightened out several tangles. Just the other day I heard from him in Washington, where he was confident of making a composite picture of labor and capital in a troubled industry, provided one or the other or both of them together didn't crucify him first, as he put it. Before the war Rodgie had this ability, and time and means for public service. All he lacked was the viewpoint—which is all any of us lack.

We need not only the business man in public affairs, but the mechanic, the clerk, the railroader, the farmer, and every other fellow who can bring a special slant upon administration. In the things that we all do daily for a living we have become highly specialized—a lot of One-Eyed Calendars. It is time to give public service the benefit of this specialization, and when we get together on that basis public service will benefit us by acquaintance, teamwork, and the rubbing off of our specialized bumps and corners.

Most of all, we need the women. In the heated work of getting the vote women have had to play close partisan politics. Now that it is in sight it is time for them to broaden out and tackle administration. Otherwise they will simply add to the top-heaviness of the old system. Women have more time than men for public service. They have a better knowledge of what is going on in the ward and school district. Practically all local government—and much state and national—is just an extension of the home. If women fulfill their suffrage campaign promises they will get busy. But if suffrage means to them simply more golf on Election Day—well, we shall need more golf links.

I think this completes the picture. I hope that it will be clear to the reader as it is to me—should I ever have readers. Pardon the errors of the scribe!

A Piano that Plays, Untouched by Hands
Wonderful Music for Dancing

The DUO-ART PIANOLA

You have invited some friends in for the evening.

Obviously it isn't a card party, as there are no tables. The floor is cleared as if for dancing. Yet there are no musicians visible.

There is, however, a piano at one end of the room, a Duo-Art Pianola. When the guests have gathered, you go to the piano, open a panel at the front, insert a paper roll and touch a small lever. What wonderful dance-music bursts upon the ears of your delighted friends! A snappy, enticing Fox-trot, perhaps, perfect in tempo with rich, full chords, fleet, delicate runs—and always that steady, pulse-like rhythm that is the secret of good dance-music, played by masters of their art.

When the first delightful number is over, you tell your questioning and enthusiastic guests that a great professional dance pianist (perhaps the composer or the leader of a famous dance orchestra) has played and edited the record himself—that it is actually his playing they have been dancing to. No wonder they have "never had such a dance!"

Then you start the next number, a jolly "jazz" one-step or a dreamy, flowing waltz. But always perfect dance-music. Such music for dancing as you could have in no other way unless these great professionals were available in *person*, at your home.

To the Dancing Members of Your Household

The Duo-Art Pianola brings without doubt greater pleasure than any other purchase you could make. Besides formal gatherings it means that new steps, graceful postures, can be rehearsed in private, defeating entirely the self-consciousness which is the greatest handicap to anyone learning to dance.

To Every Member of Your Household

The Duo-Art's unbelievable power to repeat the playing of the great masters—Paderewski, Hofmann, Bauer, Grainger, Ganz, Cortot, Novaes—means the glory of Music, for grave moods or gay, for young minds or old—the most beautiful message that Art has to give Mankind.

The Duo-Art is a standard piano—for hand playing and study—no different in this respect from the ordinary piano.

It plays also as a Pianola, with any 88-note music-roll, and possesses numerous expression devices which open fascinating vistas for those who wish to *play themselves*, but have not the technical skill.

It is three instruments in one—but its value is not to be measured in words, nor time, nor space—it brightens and broadens the life of every member of the home it enters.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY · AEOLIAN HALL · NEW YORK

London · Paris · Madrid · Melbourne

Makers of the Aeolian-Vocalion—Foremost Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World

MILK *and* WHEAT—

Man's two greatest foods—now made into one

A real achievement in nutrition,
say dietitians

A wonderful new food delight,
say famous cooks

OUT of the mills of the Quaker Oats Company has come a new food value—

Old-time favorites, macaroni and spaghetti, but made in a wholly new way.

Dietitians, who judge food for its nutrition, assure us that we have achieved a food exceptionally rich in vital nourishment.

Famous cooks, whose first interest in food is flavor, acclaim it an achievement in tastiness, a new food delight.

From nature's richest larder

When we set out to make macaroni and spaghetti there was no existing formula that satisfied us.

We sought to make these products ideal foods—complete and perfect nutritive rations. And we sought to enhance their flavor, if we could.

We began with wheat, choosing from nature's larder her richest grades—and experimenting with many blendings of them.

We found one kind, great golden-kerneled grains, rich in gluten, which gave superlative results; and this we adopted exclusively, though it cost us more than ordinary blends.

But we didn't stop with this superior wheat, abundant though it was in body-building nourishment. We went again to nature's larder—this time to her fertile dairy lands—and chose that other great body-building food of man, sweet and wholesome *milk*.

What dietitians told us

For in milk, dietitians told us, there is one vital food substance that wheat fails to supply.

A substance, known as vitamines, which is absolutely essential to human growth and health. Our daily food problem is to get as much of it as we can.

Combine milk and wheat, these scientists said, and you will have a perfect food value—man's two greatest foods made into one. Milk and wheat—the fat o' the land!

In bread and milk, our childhood's wholesome supper. In bread and cheese, the cotter's daily standby. In bread and butter, the staff of life.

A new food delight—a new food value

We then set to work to find a way to combine milk with wheat, in spaghetti and macaroni, so that it would keep indefinitely.

Finally we found that way—after many experiments. And we found, when we were through, that we had a better macaroni and spaghetti than even we had hoped for. The sticks were a beautiful amber, almost translucent, and so hard and brittle they broke off sharp and clean, like crisp, fresh celery does.

As light, when cooked, as puffy little popovers—as tender as fresh asparagus tips—as rich as creamed potatoes.

And a new food value—as rich, as nourishing, as home made bread and country butter.

Now it is ready for you

You may have Quaker Brand Milk Macaroni or Milk Spaghetti tonight for supper.

No new cooking skill or experimenting is needed to enjoy it—just cook and serve in your regular style.

We want you to see in this way how much better these products are than those you have been used to.

You pay no more

We pack more macaroni and spaghetti than usual in each box. By thus saving in packing, and other costs, we are able to give you this better, more costly product at about the same price per ounce as ordinary macaronis.

The 15c box contains enough for two full family meals. The 25c box is an even better value. (These prices do not apply in Canada, the far west and south.)

Ask your grocer for it today. If he should happen not to have it, write us, giving his name, and we will see that you are supplied. The Quaker Oats Company, 1204 Railway Exchange Building, Chicago, U. S. A.

WILL IT LAST?

(Continued from Page 7)

exiles in Switzerland or virtual prisoners in their castles, all turn their longing eyes on this biggest of all jobs. So, of course, do their supporters.

The strongest of these claims is that of Bavaria. Down there, I understand—I did not visit Bavaria this trip—the populace is rather more royalist than in Northern Germany. Bavaria has always resented a little the supremacy of Prussia. There has been even the possibility of a political separation. In this she is certainly not discouraged by France, to whom what German politicians call the Balkanization of Germany would be highly beneficial.

Before I leave the leaders, let me say that in the winter they were paying lip service to the idea of a democratized monarchy. None of them, even the irreconcilable supporters of the Hohenzollerns, seemed bold enough then to declare, publicly at least, for a return to divine right and camouflaged absolutism. One of the most eminent among them stated his position thus:

"We look over the Entente, and what do we see? The Senate in the American republic deadlocked with the President. Anarchy! The French nation without apparent policy. Anarchy! No single collective will in any republic. What Allied nation got the most out of the war? England. She is a constitutional monarchy. Therefore we must imitate England."

Which proves, among other things, that the old-time German has not straightened out the kinks in his sense of logic. But the very lip service to a parliamentary system with universal and equal franchise is an encouraging sign. It proves, among other things, their belief that the German people will no longer accept unmodified the old system.

How it stands with the people—and it is they who must finally decide for monarchy or republic—no one can yet say, not even a German. That first election, held, like all other postwar elections, at a period when the people were in a hysterical and abnormal state, probably did not typify the true spirit of the country.

The Logic of the Peasants

There was to have been a general election in April; now, in view of the crisis, it will presumably be postponed. I have, however, talked to dozens of men—mainly Americans but some neutrals or liberal Germans—who have wandered through the country sounding popular opinion. Collectively they report a vast deal of smoldering monarchical sentiment among the masses, especially the peasants. In Hannover—my own observation confirms this—they are still striding round with their mustaches turned up and talking of the swinishness of republics. Next to Berlin and Bavaria this kingdom, the springing ground of the British dynasty, would appear to be the most monarchical district. In East Prussia, under a local Social-Democratic government, monarchical opinion appears to be fairly strong. An acquaintance who traversed the district by automobile said that many of the peasants seemed merely to be waiting the return of a king. "Things went so well under the old rule," they said. "And look at them now! We must have a king to bring us back prosperity." That the old rule is exactly the cause of their present plight escapes their simple minds, just because no one has informed them.

Going southward from East Prussia these observers have found in the region about Breslau, and along the Polish frontier in general, a tendency to the other extreme. The danger there to the established order was not monarchism but red Bolshevism. In that district there was a burning and lively hatred for the old régime. The pan-German and royalist newspapers of Berlin do not circulate in Breslau. When they were discovered in the express cars the railroad employees threw them off the trains.

In Saxony, where one of the greatest industrial districts of Europe clusters round the splendid cities of Leipsic and Dresden, the situation is perhaps much the same. Saxony was always a center of socialistic thought. The king was a nonentity; more perhaps than in any other district of Germany, allegiance to the monarchy was formal and hollow. In all the factories of this district the Independent Socialists were active. Here the existing government had to fear not the right but the left. In two days of motoring through Saxony I found troops in every little town, nowhere a strong body, but everywhere companies and platoons. Most of the forces left to Germany by the peace seemed to be distributed through Saxony in anticipation of trouble.

Of imperial and still dominant Prussia it was harder to determine anything; opinion, one would say, was in a state of flux. For in Prussia was the capital, with the dependents and friends of the republican régime concentrated about the source of benefits; and in Prussia also dwell the paladins of the old régime. There is no doubt that Berlin missed, as any capital suddenly gone republican must, the glitter and parade and gold lace of the old régime. I have described the lackadaisical sentries at the entrance of the former Kaiser-Palace, the trucks driving through the Kaiser's arch of the Brandenburg Gate. One saw uniforms still, but they were not laced with gold, and their wearers looked either apologetic or defiant as they made way for mere civilians. More than once I have seen an officer in full uniform walking briskly home loaded with groceries.

The King Habit Dies Hard

Berlin, with its massive, pretentious pomp of buildings, was made as a background for the old parade of royalty; it gave one a sense, last winter, of a magnificent stage setting with the cast running through a rehearsal in its street clothes. One got that impression especially when President Ebert attended a theatrical performance in the state box of the late Emperor—Ebert in plain dress suit and looking ill-at-ease, even in his party clothes. There was a gala performance in the Rhinehart Theater the other night; all Who's Who in republican Berlin attended. When Ebert entered the royal box no one rose or applauded or paid much attention to him. An American acquaintance of mine turned to the Mary Pickford of the German stage, who sat beside him, and commented on this.

"Oh," she said, "you see he's lowborn."

Later I talked with one of the great German industrials who struck me as altogether the ablest man I met in Berlin. He was supporting the republic with more than words. I asked him what he thought of the men in the present government.

"Well," he began, "you know, of course, that they're lowborn. But ——"

Yes, the habit of kings is still there!

Let us go now to the other extreme. The revolution was promoted and won by the Socialists, and power passed at once into the hands of the Social Democrats, the moderate faction of that group. Without tracing in detail the successive stages of the proceeding, the Social Democrats in power were soon forced to a coalition of all the Central Parties, including the Centrist Party, which always had a labor slant, and the Democrats, or Progressives. The Social Democrats, however, still held the bulk of the power. Outside were the monarchists, as described above, and two militant bodies of Socialists—the Communists, or Spartacists, blood-brothers to the Bolsheviki, and the Independents, who wanted an immediate and thorough application of the maximum Socialist program. In successive crises Noske, the "butcher of the cabinet," a man with little on him except primitive Prussian strength, shot the Communists into submission and showed the more powerful Independents that a revolution of violence was for the moment impracticable. Beaten there, the Independents fell back on a system of industrial sabotage. Month by month the mark was falling, week by week the cost of living was going up. Plain wage strikes began to break out, having nothing for main object but to get a living wage. The Independents encouraged these strikes, gave them a political slant wherever they could, organized others. Crisis followed crisis. Some were resolved by concession; some by Noske's machine guns.

However, each would seem to have been less serious than its predecessor. The last shooting episode to the date of the reactionary uprising came on January thirteenth. The Reichstag was in session at Berlin. A bill, somewhat like the Whitley Plan in England, providing for joint control of shops by workingmen and management, was in debate and slated for passage. It was not strong enough for the Independents; they gathered in a great crowd to demonstrate outside the Reichstag. No one knows whether the leaders of the Independents intended to start their social revolution then and there. They, of course, said no; the government maintained the contrary. Neither has any reporter in Berlin, up to date, been able to establish the exact occasion of the first shot. But suddenly the machine guns of Noske's forces began sputtering into the crowd, which ran away across the park of the Tiergarten toward the opening of the Brandenburg Gate.

Concerning what happened there I have testimony illuminating the Prussianism of Noske and his men. The Brandenburg Gate opens on the broad splendid avenue of Unter den Linden. Just inside the gate, on the avenue, stands the Hotel Adlon. Round the corner from it runs the Wilhelmstrasse with the president's and chancellor's palaces, always well, though unobtrusively, guarded. An American friend of mine living in the Adlon heard the row, and, being an American, started at once to see what was doing. He found that the hotel help had barred all the doors and entrances; past the windows streamed the populace, running away. He persuaded the porter to open a basement gate just a notch in order that he might squeeze through. A dozen men and women, panic-stricken, hurled themselves into that tiny opening. He could not get out in face of that rush and the porter managed to shut the gate again.

"It was a genuine panic," he said; "the worst I ever saw. All the time you could hear the shooting behind the crowd."

Then suddenly a detachment of Noske's Reichswehr men came round the corner from the Wilhelmstrasse and turned a machine gun into the faces of the panic-stricken crowd.

Whether or no they planned a revolution that day, the Independents did not miss this opportunity to stir up reprisals. They declared a general railway strike. The government put the country again under martial law and responded with a general lockout. Every railway man in Germany was fired. Immediately their old jobs were thrown open to such as pledged themselves to be good and to support the government. The strike fizzled out. This spectacle of a professedly socialist government declaring a lockout illustrates the nightmare state of European politics just now. Recognized Communist and Independent leaders were clapped into jail. The violent revolutionary organs, like The Red Flag, were suspended. In less than a fortnight it was all over. The railroads were running as well or as poorly as ever, the prisoners were being released and the red flag was again on sale. Just as the government seemed to handle more easily each successive crisis last winter, so did the Independents seem to have increasing trouble in stirring up sabotage strikes.

The War Criminals

Following which, early in February, came perhaps the most serious crisis of all. I shall be long in forgetting the night when the list of war criminals, refused by the German chargé d'affaires in Paris, came to the Berlin newspapers over the wires of the Wolff telegraph bureau. Most informed Germans believed that the list was going to ignore the great national heroes of Germany and confine itself to those guilty of specific murders, criminal assaults on women, butchery of hostages and the like. I myself, before leaving Paris, had information of the same tenor from a source which I regarded as inside and reliable; and there, at the head of the list, was Von Hindenburg, so popular that many wanted him for king, followed by Ludendorff with his military prestige; by almost every general who commanded an army on the Western Front; by Crown Prince Rupprecht, the Bonnie Prince Charlie of the South; by Bethmann-Hollweg, tool of the old Emperor but, the Germans believe, an advocate of peace; by—well, all the national heroes of the war.

I am not at this moment discussing the moral aspects of the case, but only its practical bearing. Everyone with whom I talked that evening was flattened out with surprise and apprehension. If the government yielded, they said, it had nothing to do but resign or be bounced. Then—a rush both from right and left to seize power, followed by anarchy and civil war, whoever won temporarily. There was even a sense of personal apprehension. Most foreigners in Berlin on business, including a part of the Allied missions, live in the Hotel Adlon. Long before, the American correspondents had received a tip that when the next riot came the crowd was going to rush the Adlon and get the *Schiebers* and foreigners. Those who had their wives along looked rather nervous, and indeed I am sure that if a similar crisis had happened in Paris the windows would have been out of our hotel in fifteen minutes. But the Germans are a people of slow emotions.

However, you could feel rather than observe a sullen recrudescence of national feeling. It took, I must say, a rather unspectacular form. When in the loud dancing places where the profiteers spend paper fortunes the orchestra played the Prussian March it was encored, and Deutschland Uber Alles brought forth a chorus of Hochs. That was all.

A day or so later it was announced that the students of the universities were going to demonstrate. Frank Mason and I went down to see the show. The German students, they tell me, go to extremes—part are radically revolutionary and the other and perhaps greater part, including the exclusive corps, frankly monarchist. Here, if anywhere, trouble might start. I approached it with my ears back, ready to run when the riot against the foreigners started. We saw only a large crowd, seated on the university grounds in ordered ranks, listening to some rather violent speeches by their reactionary professors. Over them, from the wings of the buildings, floated the black and white eagles of the old imperial flag. But nothing whatsoever happened. That same day a man closely in touch with the Independent and Communist leaders came back to report them extremely discouraged. "Unless the government lies down, this thing has stimulated nationalism, which is bad for us," they said.

Traces of Stage-Management

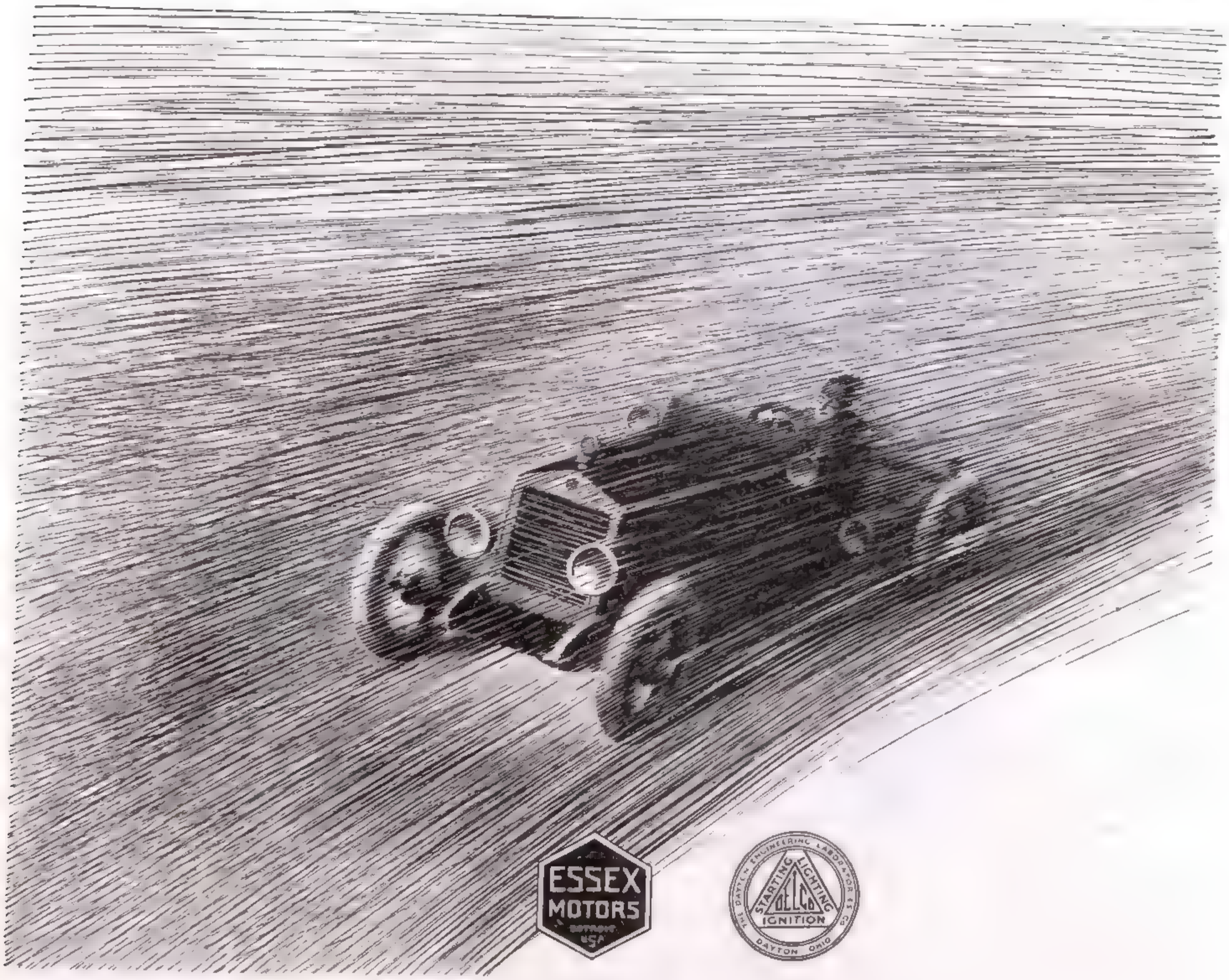
The government played the cards extremely well. First, Noske's Reichswehr—his personal army, half military, half police—announced flatly that it would not arrest any of the culprits. Just as likely as not the government stage-managed that. Then the president and the chancellor spoke. Had they said "We will not" it would have amounted to open defiance, and the Allies could have done nothing except adopt reprisals, such as a further occupation or a renewal of the naval blockade. This last possibility had hungry Germany all a-shudder. The government stopped short of that, simply saying—with the police declaration to back it up—"We cannot." Once, and only once, did it go further, when Noske broke loose and announced that he would not. Perhaps that, too, was stage-managed. It gave the proper little threat of defiance.

One feels in Germany dreadfully shut off from the world. What happened among the Entente Allies as we got it from the worst metropolitan newspapers, as news papers, in the world, appeared puzzling, confused. There was a lot of propaganda, both internal and external, in Berlin. One set of busy and successful propagandists was trying to convince the Germans that Britain was their great and good protector. So it happened that Germany laid the severity of this list mostly on France.

The upshot of the matter is known now to all. The Entente accepted in principle the proposal made by the Germans on January twenty-fifth, before the list came through. They were to be permitted to try their own criminals before their Supreme Council in Leipsic. It amounted, in the opinion of Germans, to a great victory for the Ebert government. There is just a shadow of reason for believing that the affair may have been stage-managed on both sides of the Rhine. Certainly to strengthen a republican régime, which is neither imperialist on the one hand nor Bolshevik on the other, would suit the present policy of the Entente Allies

Finally, this very trial at Leipsic, in their own courts, might be used by a republic as a trump card. It would be easy, especially

(Continued on Page 61)



An Essex stock car, in a gruelling fifty-hour grind, covered three thousand and thirty-seven miles.

As usual, the performance of the Delco starting, lighting and ignition equipment was perfect.

The same Delco equipment now serves more than twenty-five thousand Essex owners.

Delco

Starting, Lighting and Ignition Systems

THE DAYTON ENGINEERING LABORATORIES CO DAYTON, OHIO U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 59)

if the Entente tacitly agreed, to slide out of punishing such national heroes as Hindenburg and Bethmann-Hollweg. What happened in northern France and Belgium was mainly the fault, it may be argued, of the system. With those less popular figures who actually murdered, pillaged, burned, and shot hostages, the case is different. Of what they did the German people are still in ignorance, because no one has told them. The Germans in general throughout the war read just what the imperial government wanted them to read. Naturally they heard little or no news of their own atrocities. I found well-informed Germans singularly ill-informed on this point. I have argued it out with many of them.

"All soldiers will refuse to take prisoners and will commit atrocities in the heat of the battle," they would say. "The French and British did that as well as our men."

"Allow that," I would reply, "and let us confine ourselves to the cold-blooded conduct of your soldiers of the old régime toward the helpless civilian populations."

"Oh, those are just war rumors," they would say.

"Are they?" I would reply.

Then, from five years' reminiscences of the war I would tell them cases which I had proved from eyewitnesses, with names, dates, incidents and places—the Aerschot affair, the massacre of Dinant, the murder of the Procès women at Thiaucourt, the tortures visited on the deported Belgian workmen who refused to work for the German army. When I was finished they had nothing, positively nothing to say. Perhaps they called me a liar when I was gone. I could see that it was all news to them.

Hoover's Humanity

Now the government could, if it would, bring out these facts, whether it tried its criminals in presence of the court or in contempt—for a great many of the worst culprits have already left for South America, Scandinavia or Russia. And here is the point: Almost without exception the men listed among the branded nine hundred were of the imperial régime, trained in the old Prussian system, pillars of autocracy. In the hands of the right kind of advocate this could be made a superbly effective piece of muckraking. The republican government showed a tendency to use this weapon against the Emperor's party. The Kautsky documents, proving that the Kaiser willed the war, were published if not with the sanction of the government at least with its connivance. And I happened to know that more work of the same kind had been in preparation.

But it has been crisis after crisis for the republican régime, floundering about in the wreckage of Germany left behind by the Kaiser and his satellites. In April and May this hungry country stands to go hungrier—even, perhaps, to the verge of famine—and raw materials will almost inevitably run dangerously low. The Communists and probably the Independent Socialists await this as an opportunity.

Let us take first the food situation. Like the raw-material situation, it goes back to the fall of the mark—to the fact that the German standard of value, once worth an American quarter, is now worth a fraction less than an American cent. This goes back further to the fact that Germany, unable to export or to borrow, has been obliged to work the presses night and day on paper money, so that the gold cover which in August, 1914, stood at seventy-seven per cent was in February, 1920, less than three per cent.

Anyone with a pair of eyes in his head has only to watch the crowds, as he passes into unoccupied Germany, to see that the people need feeding up. We in fortunate America so seldom behold the signs of malnutrition that we do not know them as everyone east of the Channel does. The condition shows in the face, mainly by a kind of transparency, an appearance something like that of a moonstone, under the eyes. Then the skin looks curiously dead—that is perhaps the only word for it. As painters would say, it is laid on in flat colors. Lack of the natural oils has deprived it of sheen and light. Everyone knows that the middle-aged face before it develops wrinkles loses its youthful roundness and falls, at first almost imperceptibly, into masses. When the appearance shows in the face of youth—under twenty-five, say—it means usually nothing but malnutrition. Now study a German crowd in a railway station, on the street, in the theater—and you find the appearance common. Back of it lie five or six years of underfeeding, especially in that vital item of fats.

The old régime, we understand now, played all its cards on the spring offensive of 1918. It knew that short of a miracle the food stock would not carry the Germans through the winter. By March, 1919, it was finished or virtually so, and Germany would have blown up in a spasm of hunger-bolshevism but for Herbert Hoover, who fought to a finish to make an arrangement for releasing some German gold against food importation. The Germans do not know this, by the way; someone has given them the general impression that the British did it.

With the great danger passed, the existing government drew up a food plan designed just to get the people through to the harvest of 1920. It looked good on paper—just enough and not more. But certain unexpected contingencies put spokes in the wheel. The harvest of 1919 was disappointing—perhaps forty per cent short. This was partly due to lack of fertilizer. A good part of their nitrate fertilizer they always made themselves out of the air. They normally export potash, and could yet even though the Alsatian mines were lost to them. But the coal situation was also disappointing; not much more than half of the nitrate-producing capacity could be reached, for lack of fuel. Agricultural labor showed little more pep than industrial labor. The plowing and harvest rush of Russian and Polish laborers, who used to do most of the agricultural labor in the eastern provinces, came no more. Finally Germany was short of horses. The fine, big and able beasts which one used to see on the roads of Prussia and Saxony were bleaching bones in Flanders or Picardy; the farmers of the north at least were generally down to Russian ponies, captured during the successive drives in the east or bought across the border after the Brest-Litovsk treaty. These are neat, barbaric looking little beasts, resembling pictures of the prehistoric horse. I have watched the farmers of Prussia and Saxony plowing with these ponies. They could not sink the plowshare, because their teams were not capable of drawing it so. They simply scratched the surface.

Dwindling Food Stocks

However, the lack of fertilizer was the main trouble. In the eighties and nineties of the last century the Germans began to adopt their system of intensive fertilization, by which they increased the productiveness of their farms by an average of fifty or sixty per cent. Never will Germany reach the old production of the land until she can fertilize freely. Besides, an extra supply of manures is necessary to bring back the fields starved in the war. The prospects for 1920 harvest are not very bright.

Then the food-rationing plan went all to pieces. Indeed food rationing was never perfect, even under the old régime, and after the hard turnip winter of 1916–17 it grew more and more imperfect. The people began trying to dodge it; and the strain on German man power drained from the imperial government the forces necessary to keep the people up to the notch. By the time the republican government tried it the people thought scornfully of food regulation. Harassed, perplexed, poor, its armed forces all necessary to keep down rebellion, the government could merely make futile dabs, here and there, at enforcement. The peasants held out their cereals, their pork, their butter, to vend them illegally at fancy prices. The under-the-hand trader became as much a feature of German life as the corner grocer of America. You went out of the front door to get your scanty stock of government-sanctioned rations; you lived for the rest by purchasing at the back door for speculative prices.

As this went on, the government stocks shrank, calling for still further reduction in rations. At the end of February the legal quantity of bread per person was about an average American loaf a week; of butter, a single pat. But no one, even in the working class, seems to pay any attention to the law. I am sure that I broke it or connived at its breaking every time I sat down to a meal.

Leaving for consideration another time the question of prices, I record here that by the first of March it was apparent that

CONKLIN

Never was there such a pen for the traveler!

On train, boat or auto, at hotel or telegraph office, the CONKLIN responds to your every call with instant service—and 100% service—even under the most trying writing conditions.

The famous Crescent Filler is always ready, anywhere. Simple, sturdy, never-failing, it is *the* filling device for the traveler. Examine it yourself and try it. Non-leakable, carried in any position.

At leading stationers', druggists', jewelers' and department stores. Points for every hand and every style of writing. $2.50 and up.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Boston, 59 Temple Pl. — San Francisco, 577 Market St.
Chicago, 1405 Lytton Bldg. — Winnipeg, Can., 340 Donald St.

No. 51C
$5.75

Conklin's
Crescent Filler
Fountain Pen
"Right-to the Point"

stocks in Berlin were going very short. At the hotel, perhaps the best in Berlin, we had for two weeks been getting no butter. If you wanted fats with your breakfast you might have goose grease. Two days before I left we had no more potatoes. I scratched about the shops in the working-class district over toward the Friedrichschain Stadt, and found little but cabbages, potatoes and some stringy beef. And down the streets were lumbering carts laden with great yellow turnips, or rutabagas, as we should call them. These, normally, are used in northern Europe for animal food. When they take to turnips for human food, as they did in the winter of 1916–17, the Germans feel that they are on the last line of food defense.

Those who flit through Berlin for only a day or so remark that the great expensive restaurants about Unter den Linden are feeding you very well. But there is a lot of front to that food. Game and poultry are not rationed; the staple dish is therefore a small piece of goose or a few thin slices of wild boar. You can generally get beef also; usually in the form of *Wienerschnitzel*. The portions are small, and the beef seems stringy, seems to lack substance. You realize in time that the lack is fat. Once in a while you can get a small steak. A roll about as big as a child's fist is beside your plate. If you want another you must ask for it. The rest is vegetables and soup—plenty of very good, thick soup. But after a few meals you find something lacking in the soup—again, fat. You finish with pastry. How they make the crust I do not know; it has no more fat in it than the German skin has oil.

Relations With Russia

Such a meal costs about eighty marks. What that means to a German, I may illustrate by saying that a stenographer or clerk in Berlin now earns from 400 to 600 marks a month. A 400-mark stenographer gets in a month the price of five such dinners. To an American it is eighty cents, and most of our countrymen confined in Berlin on business eat in such places. The old stagers among them find themselves a little underfed; they try to get vacations at Copenhagen or Rotterdam in order to feed up.

Such, in a sketchy and general way, is the food situation. Just when the accumulated stocks will give out the government will not say, probably does not know. The indeterminate factor is the quantity held for personal use or for high prices by peasants and speculators. Almost everyone with whom I have talked believes that the pinch will begin early in April, and will continue tighter and tighter until, toward the end of May, the livestock begins to fatten and pick up milk because of fresh pasture, and green vegetables begin to come in.

When that pinch comes the rich and well-to-do will not starve. Simply, the prices for stuff sold under the hand will go up to figures beyond the means of working people and the middle class. The possibility for trouble is apparent. And the government really can do little. It cannot buy from the American market, to-day the only free and uncontrolled market in the world. With foodstuffs at two and three times their prewar price, with the mark at one-twenty-fifth of its prewar value, a measure of wheat which cost one mark in 1914 costs from fifty to seventy-five marks now!

The authorities are trying, perhaps a little late, to get down to the system of primitive barter. Because the country is not producing and needs all its scanty raw materials, they have little to offer. However, there is potash. Though the fields are crying for fertilizer, little of this can be spared to relieve the present vital necessity; late in February a deal involving the exchange of some $2,000,000 worth of potash against fat Chicago meats was put through. This is only a drop in the bucket, but other such deals are in negotiation. The Dutch loan, consummated at last after much bickering, provides for the delivery of 80,000,000 kroners' worth of foodstuffs in lieu of cash. This, they tell me, will yield about enough fats to keep Germany supplied for three weeks. These measures afford some hope of partial relief. Esthonia had signed peace with the Russian Soviet government by the end of February; at present Latvia has with the Russians an armistice prefatory to peace. That gives a route into Russia. At the same time the Allies declared for a commercial peace, though not a diplomatic one. The chances at this moment are that general trading with Russia will be resumed. Just what attitude the winners will take toward the resumption of German trade with Russia remains to be seen.

This movement toward a resumption of trading was foreshadowed last winter by a change in the character of the Bolshevik agent. No longer is he a man with pamphlets in his pocket and argument concerning the social revolution on his tongue. He is a business man, talking about the stores of hides, flax, copper and platinum available in Russia, the agricultural and industrial machinery needed in Russia, and the possibility of exchange without the medium of money. Though the existing German government, fearing the effect on its own people, is against the Bolsheviki politically, these commercial agents were allowed quietly to stay and to talk business. I strongly suspect that others of the same sort were at the same time quietly staying and talking business in some of the Entente countries. I had long conversations with the chief agent in Germany—I omit his name by request. He spoke of the flax and hides piled up in Russia, ready for exchange against German machinery. But when I asked about wheat it was another story. Already, I knew, overcrowded Moscow was in a state of famine.

Transportation Paralyzed

"There is wheat, mostly in southern Russia," he said. "But we can't deliver it, even to our own north, for lack of transportation. If the Germans will send trains for it, will bring it up to the border, we will there exchange it for machinery. We cannot transport it."

Now Germany is very, very short of transport; at this moment 10,000 locomotives are out of commission because the shops cannot keep up with the work. And the western Russian roads have a different gauge from the German; to use German trains for the purpose would require extensive alterations. Still further, this is an emergency; the time is short. And finally, Austria, nearer southern Russia and in a desperate case for food, wants that supply. One sees from Russia little relief to Germany's hunger.

Many Germans, admitting the shortage, think that the country will worry through. "It's been the same ever since 1915," they say. "Lean months between April and June, with everyone wondering if we should pull through. We always did, somehow. I suppose we can tighten our belts again." However, in four previous lean years they were under pressure of war, and in one under inspiration of a peace and a revolution. And there does come a time when patience fails, when a hungry people grows desperate.

Then, just when the food is going short, the peak of the raw-material crisis is at hand. That is a subject large and broad enough for a separate article. Here I merely sketch. Take the basic necessity of industry in these days—coal. Even with the loss of the Saar Basin and the Silesian deposits Germany should, on paper, still be an exporting nation. The coal program laid down by the government called for a full delivery to the Allies, for enough extraction to run the railroads and supply domestic needs, and for 45,000,000 tons to industry. To date, they have failed; France is sharply reminding them to send the full promised supply to the Entente. The supply for domestic uses is very short; all over Germany people are cooking with twisted wads of paper, and are shivering for lack of heat. And in place of an industrial supply at the rate of 45,000,000 tons, factories are getting coal at the rate of less than 35,000,000.

A Business Proposition

The seven-hour day is responsible for some of this, the Independent Socialist and Communist sabotage for more, the condition of the workers for still more. Coal mining is heavy work, performed badly by ill-nourished men. Careful statistics gathered in a large German factory where Independent-Socialist sabotage does not exist, where the men are willing, show that their production per hour is seventy-five per cent short of their production in 1914. There is no cause for this but malnutrition.

Then there is the transport situation. Even the present imperfect deliveries to the Allies keep 120,000 cars busy. The German coal industry is short on rolling stock for industrial deliveries.

Iron making and iron working formed the main German industry before the war. Germany lost the Lorraine mines with the armistice. And now the prohibitive value of the mark prevents her from buying ore from the French owners. Stripped of Lorraine she has a native supply insufficient for her needs. It could be increased by development work; but for that work, at present, machinery, funds and efficient labor are all lacking. Large supplies of ore from Sweden were piled up in Germany when the armistice came. The imperial government, needing men at the front, had preferred to import rather than to extract. Also, considerable quantities were purchased outside before the mark took its tumble. But importation stopped months ago. The Swedish stock is used up. In February the cutlery works at Solingen, next, perhaps, to those of Sheffield the most important in Europe, gave up the struggle and shut down.

The cotton situation is very acute. Next to food, perhaps, Germany most needs cotton goods. At this moment it is hard to buy a cotton handkerchief in Berlin. Even most fashionable restaurants and cafés use paper napkins, tablecloths and towels. The babies of the poor are wrapped in newspapers for swaddling clothes. For the stock of raw cotton, bought from America when the mark had a reasonable value, nears exhaustion. It simply cannot be bought now, at thirty or forty times its prewar value. Even though the retail price were boosted to meet the cost of the raw material—and that seems an impossible feat—other obstacles stand in the way. For example, the banks have not the money to float cotton projects or operations at this price. A certain large factory, figuring on just this thing, found that in order to purchase enough cotton to keep up its current run the management would have to draw on its bankers for 15,000,000 marks! The cotton industry normally employs 3,000,000 hands. Few factories were as yet closed by the end of February, but none was running all its spindles. Most were operating on a scale of twenty to fifty per cent of capacity, and shutting down more and more spindles every week.

This situation has led to a proposal which typifies not only Germany's attempt to wriggle out of her vicious industrial circle but also her best chance. The cotton manufacturers, representing 16,000 firms, have organized and are putting to the world—which in their case means mostly America—the following business proposition:

"To trade for raw materials with money, at the present value of the mark, is impossible. But our mills must go on. In the present quandary we are willing to offer, for a reasonable term of years, the rent of our factories, our hands and our brains to whoever owns the raw material. If any American banker, association or promoter will ship us the raw cotton we will manufacture it as he wishes, charging a reasonable fee for the service, and ship it out. The cotton, from the moment he buys it until it is sold as finished product outside of Germany, is his property. We offer the regular securities inside of Germany and the more practical security of the increased value of his property as it passes from bale to spindle, from spindle to loom, from loom to dyeing vat. We ask only one thing—that the payment be made in part of the finished cotton goods, so that we may relieve our domestic shortage."

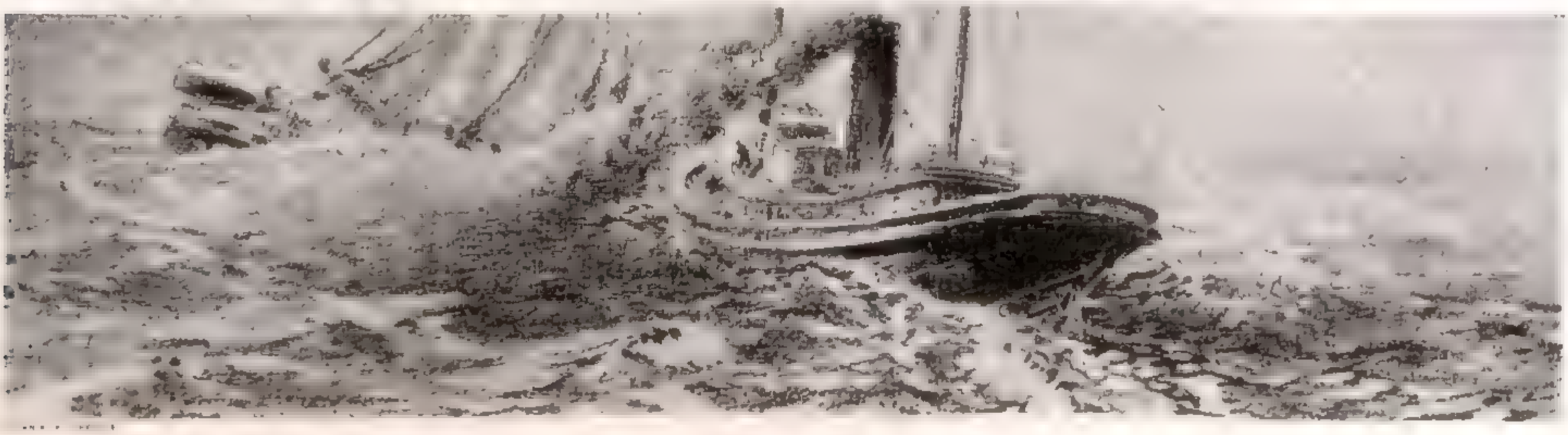
The association is working seriously on this plan. To make it all sound, several bills have been introduced into the new session of the Reichstag, including one permitting foreigners to sit on German boards of directors. Whether America will do business on these terms remains to be seen; if action is long delayed it will be useless so far as the spring crisis is concerned. However, several Scandinavian and Dutch capitalists are trying the plan in rather a small way, buying their raw cotton in the United States.

Other Elements of Hope

It may be the way out for all German industry; most German industrial men with whom I talked think that it is. Other industries are trying out this scheme in a small and tentative way. One American hide-and-leather man whom I met in Berlin had just signed an agreement to have $300,000 worth of raw hides finished by this method. But again, in February, things were moving all too slowly in this direction, considering that the expected April-May crisis was only two months away, and that the average American cargo takes a month to arrive.

There are other elements of hope. If the commercial peace with the soviets goes through there are the Russian stores of hides to rejuvenate the boot, shoe and leather goods industry. The soviets offer not trade, but barter, since the ruble is now virtually worth nothing, and they want above all machinery. Probably, in spite of the low state of the German steel industry, there are stocks of finished machinery

(Concluded on Page 65)



WESTCOTT

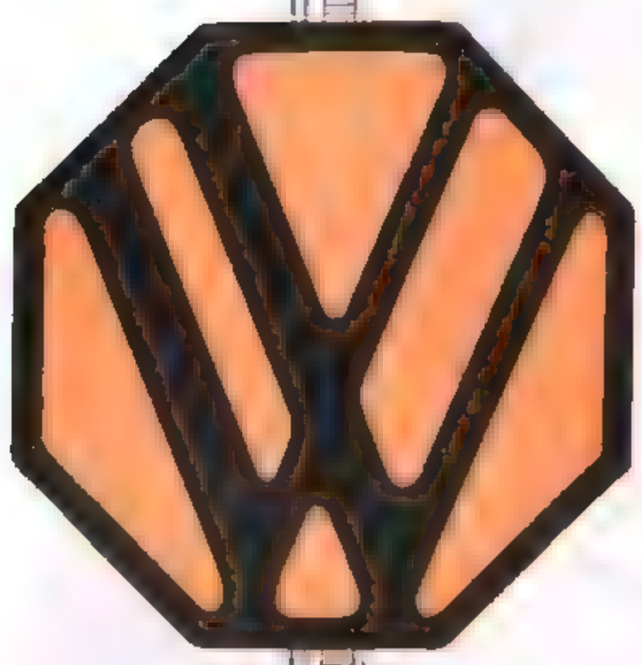
The Car with a Longer Life

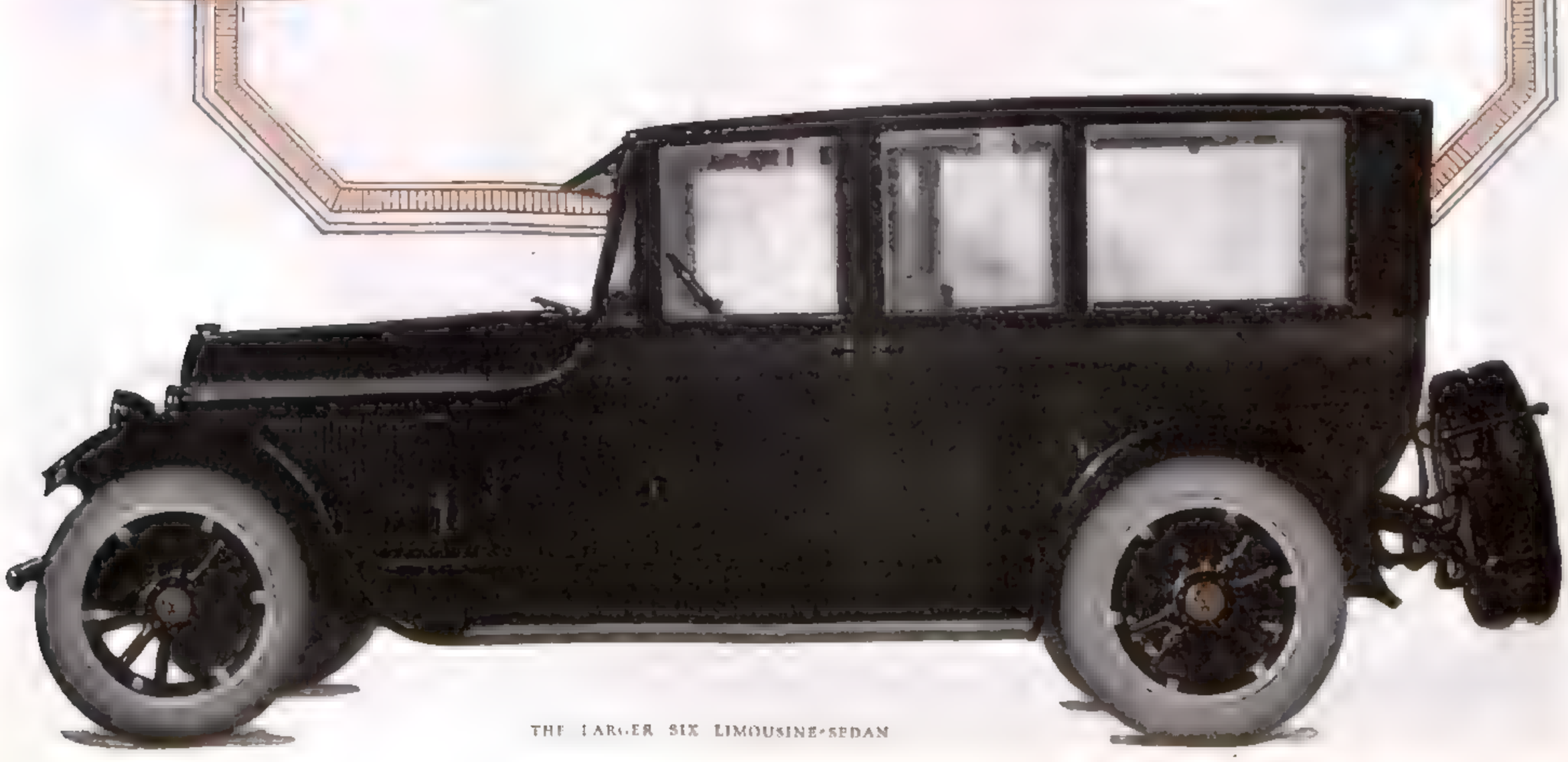
THE LIGHTER SIX
118-Inch Wheelbase
Five Passenger Touring
Two Passenger Roadster
Five Passenger Sedan

THE LARGER SIX
125-Inch Wheelbase
Seven Passenger Touring
Five Passenger Touring
Seven Passenger
Limousine-Sedan

SOME MEN dare to throw habit overboard and buy quality where they find it; and it is from among these that many new Westcott owners are being recruited! The sort of mechanical goodness which means genuine service honestly rendered—not only the first year but for many years—is plainly visible in the Westcott! For example, the superb Limousine-Sedan shown below. This car has a claim upon your attention, not primarily because of its beauty or its luxury, though these are unmistakable—but because of the sound construction underneath. You will find that Westcott, in addition to being the car with a longer life, is the car with less trouble and more genuine satisfaction during every year of that long life!

THE WESTCOTT MOTOR CAR COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

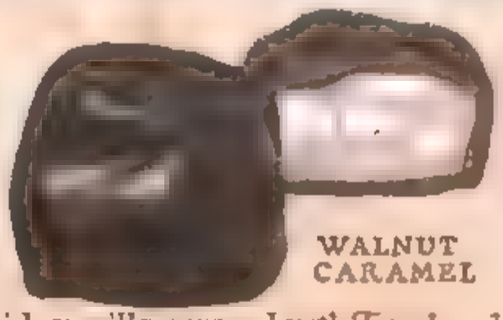




THE LARGER SIX LIMOUSINE-SEDAN

CREAM WALNUT

Heavy vanilla fondant, Mayette walnuts

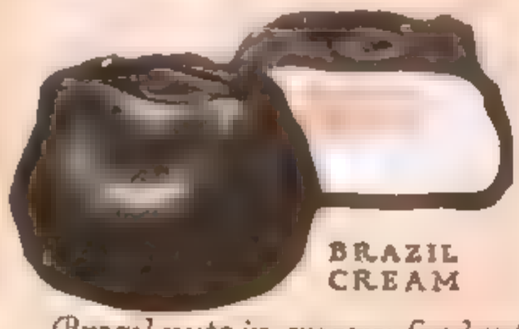


WALNUT CARAMEL

Rich vanilla caramel with French walnuts

BUTTER SCOTCH

Fresh dairy butter, vanilla, sugar



BRAZIL CREAM

Brazil nuts in creamy fondant

BURNT ALMOND CREAM

Rich cream fondant, roasted Alicante almonds

ALMOND CLUSTERS

Alicante almonds heavily covered

PIGNOLIA BRITTLE

Crisp Spanish pignolias in brittle sugar

SOUR ORANGE

Cream fondant, true orange fruit

NOUGATINE

Honey, egg, fruits and nuts

ALMOND CARAMEL

Chocolate cream caramel, Alicante almonds

FILBERT CLUSTER

Turkish filberts spun in rich chocolate

HOW often have you wished for a box that contained *only* the candies you like—and no other kinds? Well—here's the box. Filled with the first favorites of America's candy lovers. We *know*—for we made thousands of them tell us the kinds they like best.

Each chocolate in this orange-and-gold box is made from the best-tasting materials money can buy—pure cane sugar—pure refined chocolate—pure dairy butter—pure comb honey—fresh fruits and nuts.

But that isn't all. In order to give you the most we possibly could for the money, we determined to put the value into the *candy* instead of the *package*.

Therefore, these chocolates come to you without ribbons or costly decoration. The new box, attractive as it is, is inexpensive, but the chocolates—these "chocolates with the wonderful centers"—are the *best*. Get a box today, to try.

Sold exclusively by The Rexall Stores
throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain.
8,000 progressive retail drug stores united into one world-wide, service-giving organization.

Pound box, $1.25. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

Liggett's

"The Chocolates with the Wonderful Centers"

(Concluded from Page 62)

here and there which can go abroad and which the Russians will accept. The Russians have flax, probably in large quantities. The German linen industry has been running at low speed for lack of that material. But all this depends on whether Europe is really getting a commercial peace with the existing Russian Government, and whether the Entente permits to Germany freedom of trade.

I fancy that they will permit; I fancy further that France is moving toward some kind of trade arrangement of advantage to both sides, by which Germany can get, spite of the exchange, the ore for her furnaces and steel mills. M. Clémenceau was strong on politics and not especially enlightened on economics. In M. Klotz, his Minister of Finance, he had a queer figure. Klotz seemed to go on the theory that you can kill your cow and milk her too. Millerand, succeeding Clémenceau, is no more loving with Germany than was the old Tiger, but he does view economic facts broadly, and his fifteen months spent in shaping up Alsace-Lorraine for French rule have added to his education. By small signs rather than great I feel a sense that France and England have realized that the cow is pretty sick and needs to be fed up a little if you are to expect much milk from her.

In 1848 France overthrew Louis Philippe and declared the Second Republic. She was at the time in a devil of a fix, industrially and economically—just as Germany is now. The liberal forces were divided between plain Republicans and communists—as in Germany now. A rather weak provisional government messed along for a time. Finally the period arrived for a permanent government and the election of a president. That adventurer, Louis Napoleon, with nothing behind him but the dazzling glory of his uncle's name, flashed across the political sky. France went mad with memories; he was elected president. A year later, to a day, he made himself quite painlessly Emperor of the French; and the Second Republic was finished. So it may happen in Germany. There is a chance that the people may get behind some strong figure of the old régime like Hindenburg, or some man of royal blood. Give such a one a year or so to build his fences, and he can easily restore the crown either to his own head or to that of some anointed dynast.

Again, there is the Third Republic in France—the republic which stuck. It was founded on the ruins of disaster, like this one in Germany. France in 1870, as Germany in 1918, had been beaten and all but crushed, largely through the incompetence of a visionary king. It was at first a makeshift. Probably the majority of the country was royalist, and there was a strong communist faction. In the very constitutional assembly was a royalist majority. But these people were torn apart by the conflicting claims of the Lord's anointed. Bourbons, Orleanists and Napoleonists had all their rabid adherents; the monarchists could not compose their differences. The republic dragged on, a mere compromise. Then something seemed to happen among the French. The religious sense of loyalty to a king, the love for the display of his honors, was warring in their bosoms with the deliciousness of a man's being his own man. I think that I discern now the same conflict going on in the minds of individual Germans. The bickerings and divisions of the French royalists gave this republican spirit time to sprout and to grow. After five years France dared call herself a republic; and spite of plots and intrigues not quite finished yet, the republic never stepped back. Something like this may be happening in Germany. Time works with the republic. But it is all guessing, even when the best-informed German makes the guess.

However, the German republic of 1918 had one strength lacking to the French republics of 1848 and 1871—the world wave of republicanism outside her borders. Crowns have been falling in showers during the last ten years. When, a few years ago, Portugal finished with kings, everyone expected a prompt relapse; she went through the war a republic, and shows no signs of recanting. It seemed too much to believe that China would make her republic live; but it is still here.

All but one of the new states created by the war accepted republicanism without question; and Hungary alone, up to now, shows signs of a relapse. Nowadays those world waves sweep across the most closely guarded borders; and perhaps finally the strongest ally of a German republic will be the spirit of these times.

CROOKS OF GHOSTLAND

(Continued from Page 15)

thousand names. On this had to be based the vast expansion to come. About five years afterward one of the assistants of Doctor Jones took the list to Chicago and there shortly opened offices to continue the business. At that time there were one hundred and ten thousand names of mysticism dupes on his rolls. A very remarkable growth for that five years.

In Chicago the list began to grow anew. Conditions there in 1906, when Doctor Jones' assistant arrived with the ghostland information, were not as they had been in New York. Chicago's purveying of mysticism was in fact in the hands of a combination which was able to force all intruding fakers to pay tribute or close up. The man with the New York list early encountered this puissant fakers' trust and had to submit to its terms. Roughly they consisted of a percentage of his profits and access at a low price to his information. In return he was allowed to operate unmolested, to sell his information to all outside fakers and to conduct campaigns for adding to his store of knowledge. Moreover, he was hired to make all investigations for this magic trust. He not only made a very fat living but he continued to build the list until it reached almost incredible proportions. I have a fairly definite idea of the present whereabouts of this remarkable library of forbidden information and the number of persons listed therein. Confidence, however, binds me to silence on this point. Let me, however, give you an example of the listing:

Jones, John—40 years in 1920; born Chicago. Home 1721 Blue Street, Townville, Ohio. Five ft. 10. Thin. Dark. Mustache. Nasal drawl. Big scar left cheek. Rube. Falls for hyp and spirits. Butcher shop. Good. Bank $2000; no less. No church. Married. Boy, 7—William. Girl, 5—Gladys. Wife, Ernestine. Is bug on astronomy. Attends lectures. No dead children. His mother dead; father living. Trouble with mother-in-law.

Information From Headquarters

This is a fairly representative selection from the list. Its less apparent portions mean that the man is a rustic, is victimized by hypnotism and spiritism, is a good prospect for fleecing, never has less than $2000 in the bank and can be made to pay. This last is the thing of first importance, for victims without money are as useless in spirit faking as soleless shoes.

Let us say that a spirit medium in Kansas City is visited by a stranger who wants to communicate with the dead. He is first stalled, as the expression goes. He is made to come again, having first given his name and address and made an appointment. Before the date of his return the medium wires to the list office and asks for information on him. Nine chances out of ten his name and record are at hand if he has ever been duped before. The information just as given above is hurried out to the medium in Kansas City. If there is any fear of detection it is sent in prearranged code. When the dupe shows up for his appointment the medium knows all about him and immediately establishes his belief in the powers of the faker. The poor dupe leaves the place bewildered and convinced. He is now ready for plucking.

Generally the medium now wants further detailed information on certain points. She—for they are usually women—again communicates with the keeper of the list. If he has the desired facts in hand he sends them on. If not he gets the information by one of the many devices which will be explained hereafter. With this foreknowledge of her man, the medium can do as she likes with her pawn. She pays from five to ten dollars for the original-list data. For further particulars she pays the cost of investigation, plus a good round profit. If her victim is moneyed she can afford almost any reasonable figure. Often and often hundreds of dollars have been spent to get the dope on spiritist dupes who later paid for these subtleties with extracted thousands.

The strange part of all this is that the victims never seem to suspect the truth. There is the story of one Eastern man who has been duped by one medium after another over a period of fifteen years. In each case the information used has been got from the list. Each new séance has brought out new details, most of them disclosed by the victim himself, so that his record is now a document. But he never suspects. I am told he has had seventy distinct mediumistic adventures. Each has cost him about a hundred dollars. He never has much more at any one time and is rated as a sure-fire, small-fry boob.

It will now be fairly clear what the list is and how it operates. Its chief function, remember, is exactly that of the commercial-rating house, for the first thing the rogue wants to know is whether the sucker can pay, and how much. All other information is secondary. It is not wanted at all if the dupe is not a live one.

To-day, I am told, there are minor lists sprouting in Connecticut, where a good deal of magical paraphernalia is manufactured, and in a certain New Jersey town, where several retired spiritists are building up a large exchange to make their declining days comfortable.

The gathering of lists and the procurement of the listed names and data are the next things to be considered. The methods used are almost endless in variety. It is not necessary to speak of persons who already have adventured into the mystic regions. If they have been in the hands of fakers who operate with the list the facts regarding them have been duly sent into the office and are on file for the use of the next one into whose hands they may stray.

But the objection always raised by those who have faith in occult matters centers about those who have never before been in the hands of the mystics. How can the spirit medium be in possession of facts concerning an entirely fresh subject, a person who has never dabbled before, one unknown to the fakers?

Every case may be explained—of that be certain. These answers will sometimes be painfully obvious; less frequently somewhat involved. The facts as to list gathering will answer most.

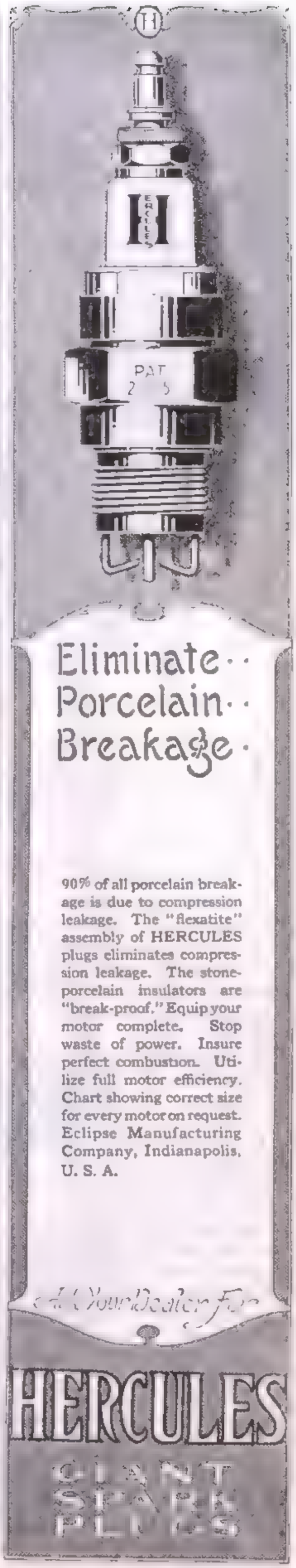
Plot and Counterplot

After the great New York list was removed to Chicago and its owner was operating in conjunction with the mysticism trust there it was the habit to get current information on new subjects in a manner illustrated by the following story:

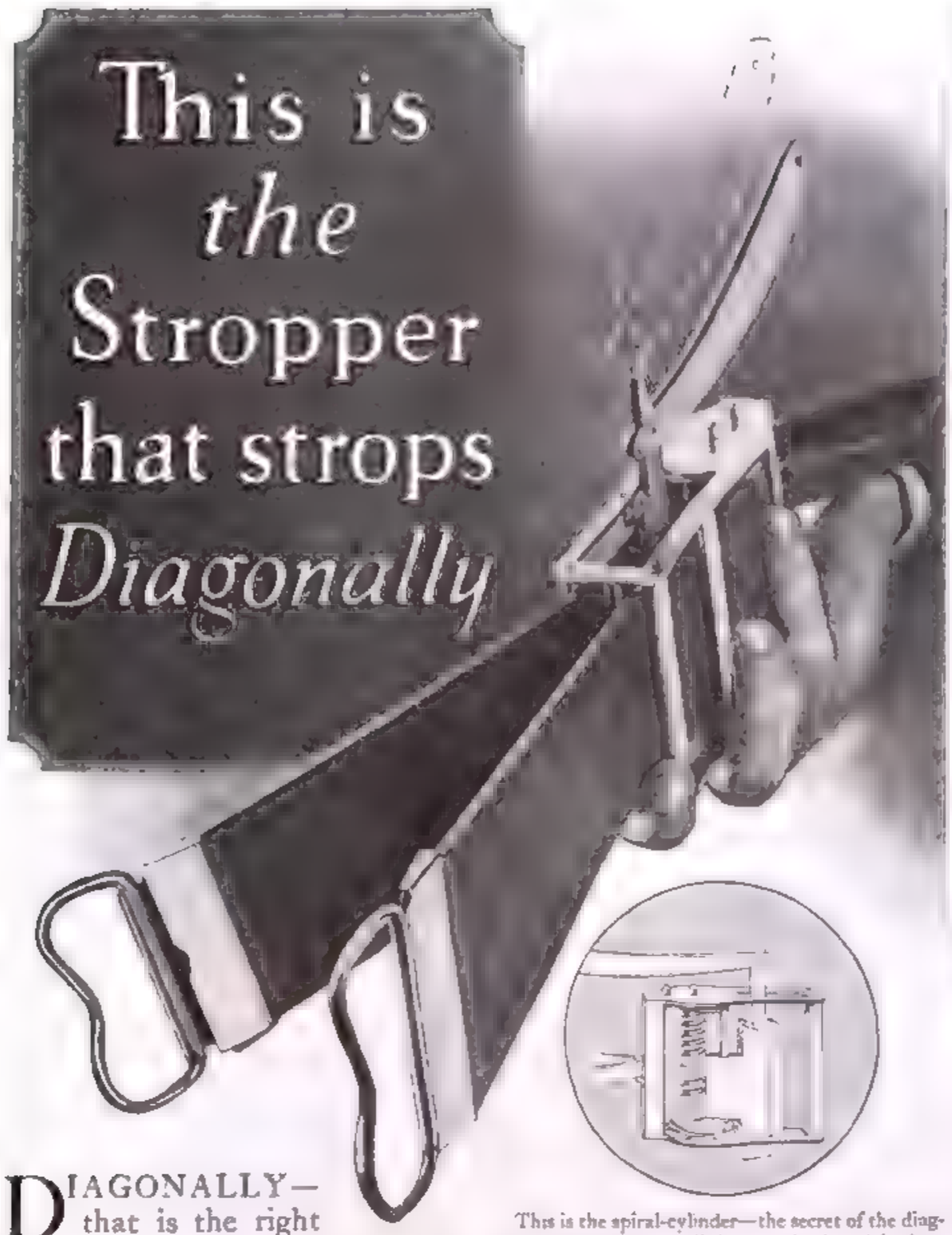
One afternoon in July, 1909, a wealthy Chicago woman was taken to one of the fashionable spirit parlors by a friend. Neither woman had ever visited such a place before. Both were merely out to satisfy a curiosity founded on the mystical opinions of a mutual friend, who was not made privy to their plan. They were admitted to the reception room of the spiritist medium and made to wait. Four other persons were in the room, and a neat maid was in attendance.

An hour passed—two hours. Finally a man issued from the inner sanctum, put on his coat and departed. One of the waiting four was admitted to the medium. The two women grew restless. Finally the maid approached them with apologies. Professor Dart would be unable to see them to-day. There were three others waiting for his services and he had already put in an exhausting day. If they would give their names an appointment would be made for the earliest possible hour. The professor was unspeakably busy. They ought to understand. The women gave fictitious names, made an appointment for a morning three or four days distant and went their way. They did not notice that they were shadowed as they drove off or that one of the intelligence squad of the list saw them through their day's wanderings to the doors of their homes.

This man, a private detective, easily found the real names of the women, made sufficient inquiries about the neighborhood



90% of all porcelain breakage is due to compression leakage. The "flexatite" assembly of HERCULES plugs eliminates compression leakage. The stone-porcelain insulators are "break-proof." Equip your motor complete. Stop waste of power. Insure perfect combustion. Utilize full motor efficiency. Chart showing correct size for every motor on request. Eclipse Manufacturing Company, Indianapolis, U. S. A.



This is the spiral-cylinder—the secret of the diagonal stroke. As you pull the strop back and forth, it turns this cylinder. The circular bands, attached to the blade-holder, travel along the spiral track, and move the blade cross-wise while the strop is moving lengthwise. This results in the exact diagonal stroke.

DIAGONALLY—that is the right way to strop a razor—old-fashioned or safety—the right way to line up all the microscopic teeth of the edge and put the blade in first-class shaving condition!

We don't have to argue this. You know it already. How often have you watched a good barber strop with that same diagonal stroke—felt the razor glide smoothly over your face—and wished *you* could put an edge like that on your razor every time?

Yes, diagonally is the right way to strop a razor, but the question is: How can you do it yourself?

Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper—the only stropper with the diagonal stroke—is your answer. All you have to do is to insert your blade—either old-fashioned or any kind of safety blade—give it a few strokes, and then enjoy your perfect shave.

As you pull the strop back and forth lengthwise, the blade slowly moves crosswise on the strop, first one side of the blade, then the other, at exactly the correct angle and pressure. The result is a perfect shaving edge every time. Better than the barber's, for he works by hand.

KANNER'S Slyde-Stroke TRADE MARK STROPPER

This Kanner is built to be manhandled. We guarantee it against any defect, any time. All parts are high-grade steel, heavily nickel plated. The strop leather is the finest.

We've been building stroppers for 20 years. This is our best.

Try it at our risk. Get it at your nearest hardware, drug or department store—price $5. Use it for 60 days—then get your $5 back if you want it.

If your dealer hasn't Kanner's Slyde-Stroke Stropper, send us his name and address and $5, and we'll send you one at once prepaid. Don't wait a week. Begin right away to enjoy perfect shaving.

Our booklet, "How to keep your razor sharp," free on request.

Samuel Kanner, 556 Broadway, New York

Representatives in:

Canada: Hale Bros., Montreal. C. C. Craig Company, Winnipeg. England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, France, Spain and Italy: Seaton McLennan, main office, Barrowfield St., Glasgow, Scotland. Australia: Partridge Agencies, Sydney, N. S. W. New Zealand: H. E. Partridge & Co., Ltd., Auckland, N. Z.

to be certain of his identification and augmented his knowledge of the pair by perfectly obvious methods. When the women appeared before Professor Dart on the appointed morning they were dumfounded to find that his evoked spirits told their correct names, guided the professor's hand as he wrote out their addresses, and revealed sundry rather intimate details of their lives and personal circumstances.

The names of these women, their descriptions and all the gathered data at once went in to the list. This is of course one of the obvious plans of work. But those who make up the great list do not limit themselves to such crude methods. Neither do they wait for the victims to appear. To-day there are on the spirit rosters the names of many thousands of persons who have never been near a medium's web. The central bureau anticipates. It gathers the names of persons who may be reasonably expected to call in the future.

Such names are got in various ways. One may buy the subscription lists of various psychic periodicals, publications of a sort that grow in number every month. These subscription lists may be bought *in toto* or for any given territory. I do not of course make the charge that all such publications stoop to this practice. Many may be and doubtless are quite ethical.

The list has in its employ the sextons of many cemeteries. These men send in the names of relatives of persons buried in the grave lots under their charge. The mothers of dead babies and of grown young sons and daughters are considered especially valuable. The sexton always tells how big a funeral there was, how expensive a casket was bought and the price of the tombstone, if any. Here again we have the medium's thirst for financial information.

Some canvassers for photographic enlargement firms, which deal mainly in the likenesses of what are called dead subjects, also turn in to the list the names of all recently bereaved persons, especially those who buy expensive enlargements and frames.

Many spiritist mediums fit up fine residences and play a sort of social game on the fringe of better society. All who attend receptions, teas and musicales at such lairs are listed, for they have been bombarded with spiritist anecdotes and marvels at these functions.

Gleaners of Information

The newspapers are scrupulously watched for obituary notices, and especially for memorial services. Persons who hold such commemorative rites are known to be thinking of their dead, and the spirit faker knows that the human being with his mind so directed is the ideal prospect.

Some years ago when I was in Boston I remarked to an acquaintance once deep in the mire of the spiritist underworld that the town was uncommonly full of desk-room brokers. How did they all make a living? The man told me and demonstrated that many of these shoddy brokers were working the spirit-information game with the aid of their wives. Each broker and his spouse were the center of a little social group or circle whose minds were skillfully orientated toward spiritual marvels. The members were then led to the mediums one by one, the necessary preknowledge of these poor dupes and their affairs having, of course, been furnished by the broker and his wife.

To-day in some large book stores where writings on spiritism are sold there are girls in the pay of the list makers. They are the salesladies in charge of the counters displaying such wares, and they are instructed to get the names and addresses of all persons who buy spiritist literature, especially those of men and women who habitually indulge in this form of reading. In addition the girls are asked to talk up the spiritistic idea, to wax enthusiastic on it. They are provided with a stock of brief, marvelous and provocative spirit anecdotes, which they dole out. Many persons interested in the subject stop to chat with these girls, and they usually betray information about themselves worth sending in to the list. But the mere name and address is all that is required.

All such names have a definite market value, depending on various considerations. Prices ranging from one to five dollars are paid by the list for every new live name. If definite information comes with the name the sender receives even more.

It is of course not hard to guess what uses these names fill. Every person whose name goes in through these various channels and many others is in danger of being roped by the mediums. He is listed as a prospect and may reasonably expect to be lured to a den of the ghost worship.

How is this accomplished? Again the answers are many and various. For instance:

In one city during recent months whoever has gone near the shelves in the reference room of the public library where the books on spiritism are or were displayed may or might have noticed a woman who was either hovering over the books or reading close by and keeping an eye peeled for everyone who took down a book from this charmed case. As soon as such a victim appeared the genial dame approached him and began to gush spiritism. Was it not wonderful? To think of it! She had lost her only daughter just six months before. She was in despair. She did not want to live until a friend suggested spiritism to her. Wonder of wonders! She had gone to a séance and her lost daughter had been summoned. She had heard this daughter's voice, received messages of comfort from her, talked over the mysteries of the hidden world. Life and death had now no terrors. How wondrous a dispensation was spiritism!

If the person approached responded—and three of four did, for this woman was a shrewd judge of character and an experienced hand at this trick—she led the dupe into confidences of his own. She wound up by promising him solace similar to her own. Here after some pretended search she produced a card with a medium's name and telephone number. If the dupe were interested he might call up. He could see the medium by appointment only.

How the Steerers Work

If the sucker bit and telephoned his name and telephone number were got, and his address if possible. Then an appointment was made for a week ahead. Meantime the investigators of the list were sent out, the prospect thoroughly looked up and the facts of his life and bereavement reported to the medium, to supplement all information already turned in by the lady. What happened when the poor dupe came for word from the void may be left to sane imagination.

The motherly old lady is one of the principal figures in the spirit fraud as it is perpetrated to-day. She may always approach the stranger without fear of rebuff. This is her first qualification. Again an overwhelming majority of all the victims of psychism are women. I record it with a certain gallant regret. The motherly soul is always listened to with respect by women. Finally the ideal dupe of the spirit medium is the bereaved widow with a little estate.

So these motherly old women are sent out to look up persons whose names have come in to the list as prospects.

Recently in a city not far distant from Chicago was listed the name of a wealthy widow who had just buried her débutante daughter. The woman belonged to the very prosperous upper middle class. She was educated—even cultured. She had had no experience with the world. Her husband, who had been dead only a few years, had shielded her from any concern with practical things and left her very well provided for.

The chief of spiritist information decided that here was a prospect worth a real effort. One of the most practiced of old woman steerers was sent out. She did not ring the door bell of the bereaved widow, to be sure. She made no advances. Instead she waited round the neighborhood with a book on spiritism by one of the standard authors in that field clutched in her hand After some days, utilized to make many inquiries about the prospective dupe, the waiting steerswoman encountered her prey by apparent accident as the widow went on her rounds of shopping. She remarked the widow's weeds with deep sympathy.

"Yes," said the mother, "I have just buried my only daughter."

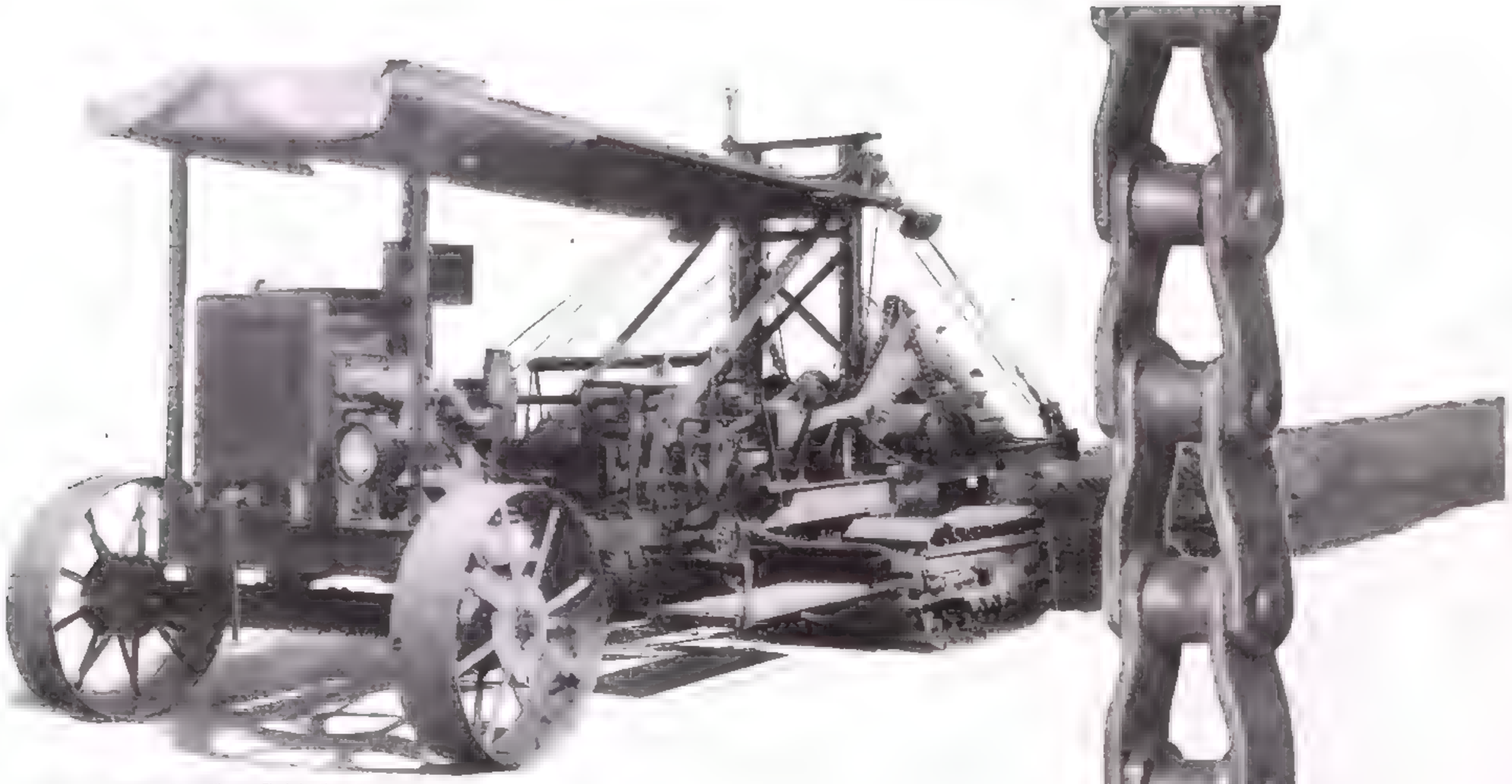
"I can sympathize with you," said the steerer, wiping at a pretended tear. "I lost my own girl last year."

The two women fell to consoling each other.

"You're just where I was till two months ago," said the motherly stranger at last. "I want to lend you this book. It has given me more relief than anything else could."

"I don't take much stock in such things," objected the widow, taking in the title of the book.

(Continued on Page 69)



Because of its strength and long life Rex Chabelco Steel Chain was adopted for this and all other styles and sizes of P. & H. ditchers

Blazing the Trail for Progress

America's network of railways, her miles of good roads, the very ditches in which are laid water mains, gas mains and sewer pipes, are a tribute to the work of construction machinery.

Before these elements of Progress can proceed, construction machinery must be used to blaze the trail—to dig, hoist, fill, smooth, and pave the way.

And in this pioneering work Rex Chabelco Steel Chain has found wide employment for its strength and endurance.

It assures trouble-free operation on power drives of building and paving concrete mixers, trenching, tamping and excavating machines, wagon loaders, steam shovels and other forms of construction machinery.

The continuous operation thus afforded led the Pawling & Harnischfeger Company to adopt this make of steel chain on one type of its ditching machines, in 1914.

As a result of the better service Rex Chain gave to their contractor customers, they adopted it as standard on all thirteen sizes of P. & H. ditchers, and on their tampers, as well.

Rex Chabelco Steel Chain has opened to manufacturers of contracting machinery new possibilities in insuring the dependable performance of their product under the severe conditions encountered in construction work.

Contractors will profit through buying Rex Chabelco-equipped machinery. Our engineers will be glad to co-operate with manufacturers in a study of the application of Rex Chabelco to their product.

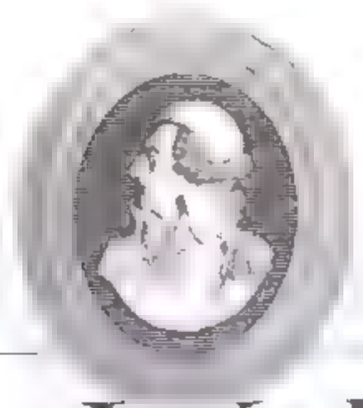
Type of Rex Chabelco Steel Chain used on construction machinery for its strength and endurance, assuring continuous operation and long life.

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers and Pavers, Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities in the United States and Abroad



LAFAYETTE

CONTEMPLATING the LaFayette, the man of technically practised eye reads its mechanism with the professional delight of a composer scanning the score of a distinguished opera.

Here, too, is perfect concord of parts; an unerring harmony of composition; differing chiefly in that its expression is in steel, instead of sound.

What to the layman's view is a compactly powerful eight-cylinder engine of clean and unencumbered design, he sees as a simplified and advanced product of modern engineering science.

What to the casual glance, again, is a five-bearing oil-cooled crankshaft, to him is the source of a durability and steadiness in action to which the earlier motor car is stranger.

A gearless, dual-action water pump, cylinder blocs with integrally cast manifolds and water jackets: these and such as these spell signal progress to his comprehending sight.

Throughout LaFayette's whole low-swung structure, so surely has it been conceived and ably realized, there is not a single bent rod nor like mechanical compromise.

To you, as an owner of LaFayette, these separate factors in its excellence will appear not primarily in themselves, but in the fine character of service the car will give you over many years.

To you, after such association, as now to the man who finds its details eloquent, it will have warrant for genuine fellowship with the finest motor cars of the world.

LAFAYETTE MOTORS COMPANY at *Mars Hill* INDIANAPOLIS

(Continued from Page 66)

"That's because you don't know. Please read it. I know what it will do for you. But be sure to preserve it for me. I want it back. I'll call for it, if you will let me."

The widow unsuspectingly gave her name and address, and went home with the book. She had given this strange plotter entrée to her home. That was what was wanted.

In a week the steerer appeared at the residence of her new acquaintance. The widow had read the book—was dubious, but wavered. Here the stranger got in her licks. She magnified and multiplied marvels. She played the tremolo stop of the widow's grief. She soothed and led and prompted. And she went away leaving another spirit book.

Repeated visits and successive introductions of ever more vivid literature followed. The spiritist agent became a familiar caller at the house of the widow. She penetrated into all the secrets of the other woman's heart. She wormed her way into familiarity with family history. All this information she filed with the list. It was apparent that the widow would shortly be in the fold. How much money could be got out of her? The motherly old woman was aided in investigating this point by a detective assigned for that purpose, an expert at the game. When this vital information was in hand the old woman began on her victim in earnest, filling the widow's mind so full that she was no longer mistress of her wits. She was now ready for the oblation.

After the medium had got nearly ten thousand dollars from this woman the foresight of her husband saved her. The spiritists found to their chagrin that her fortune was not in her own hands and that they could hope to get only what she had saved out of the income. She is still in their power; but they cannot quite pluck her.

Just the proper anecdote to sway the minds of the credulous is a thing constantly being sought and invented among mystic crooks. The latest device is worth setting down. It is used on women of the less-educated classes who have just suffered bereavement and been through the tortures of a civilized funeral. The same type of elderly woman is used for the approach. When she has got the ear of the intended victim she tells this story:

Getting Information

"A friend of mine lost her mother about a year ago while she herself was sick and couldn't attend the funeral. She called in her best woman friend and trusted her with eight hundred dollars for the expenses, and this friend attended to everything. She even went west with the body and saw to the burial. When she came back she told this friend of mine that the eight hundred dollars had been just enough. My friend trusted the woman, and didn't question. But that very night her dead mother's spirit visited her and told her that her friend had lied to her. The spirit said the friend had held out two hundred and twelve dollars and twenty cents. When my friend went to the other woman and faced her she broke down and handed over the money. Wasn't that wonderful? Think of her mother's spirit coming back that very night!"

The effect of such a yarn on the overwrought nerves of one recently bereaved may be imagined. The spiritist who told me the yarn pretended that she had invented it, and was gloating over its huge effectiveness.

Some curiosity or lack of information may exist as to the method of getting data on spiritist prospects. In an ordinary case where general information only is required an operative on the intelligence staff of the list or of the individual medium is sent into the neighborhood of the expected dupe. The detective assumes the rôle of credit investigator. Going to the nearest grocer, he says:

"I represent Blank & Co., the big department store. Do you know Mrs. Frederick T. Jones, of 44 Dark Street, just round the corner? Yes? Well, Blank & Co. will appreciate a little confidential information. The Joneses have asked us for a charge account and we naturally want to know whether we will get our money."

The neighborhood merchant is almost bound by business ethics to give such information if he has it. The investigator finds out how much the Joneses spend for groceries and meats; how many servants they have; what rent they are paying. From this he can gauge their circumstances fairly accurately. Do they pay by check? Are their checks always good, or does their account run low and lapse into overdrafts?

All this the merchant answers if he can. Then the investigator begins on more intimate details. He goes to the neighbors, where he plays on the impulse to gossip. If possible he finds some enemy or ill-disposed person. Here he gets a gossip's record of the family's movements, trials and troubles. In a few hours he can in this way pick up enough supposedly private information to dumfound any half-credulous person.

If even more detailed information is required an old favorite device is dug from the archives of the past. A relative of the prospective dupe is found and the detective is sent to this person with a story about a legacy left to a Jones family. The detective poses as a lawyer's investigator. He says that a fortune of forty or fifty thousand dollars has been left in chancery in England to the Joneses of the locality in question. In order to determine whether these particular Joneses are entitled to any share in the estate he must have a clear and complete record of the family, with names of its various members, a chart of relationships and most detailed history of the clan. Naturally all the penetralia of family history are invaded and the medium is placed in possession of information whose sudden revelation by a stranger is calculated to upset the judgment of all but the sophisticated.

In other cases the venerable woman is again employed to wheedle the last sops of hidden fact out of neighbors, friends and foes. This failing, she cultivates the intended victim herself, as in the case previously related.

A Language of the Craft

These old women are called feeders, or talkers-up. They talk up the merits of spiritism to their victims. They feed the poor dupe on miracles and breath-taking experiences until he has lost his sanity and is ready to be led to the séance. Which reminds me that the spirit underworld has an argot, or slang, of its own, from which I may as well give some samples:

Human progress is the term for spiritism and its aims; the raps is the slang for spirit tapping or knocking. Here are others: The hyp, hypnotism game; sitters, all suckers at a séance; shill, short for shillaber, the cappers used at séances to dupe the real spiritist followers; the nut, a person who first responds to the work of the medium and the shillabers in the course of a seance; feeder, or talker-up, or Foxy Grandma, the old lady used for purposes just explained; pitch, the man who makes the announcements at a spiritist sitting, a leader and announcer; big stuff, the larger game, that involving big money; junk, the smaller fry; ringing the bell, victimizing all the members of any given spirit circle without exception; dumping ground, the fake stock companies into which dupes are led to put their money; make a connection, establish communication with a spirit; under control, having the sucker completely taken in and under absolute domination; controls, the spirits summoned; short stuff, a quick spirit sitting for small money; having instructions, being in possession of the data on a victim; king, the chief faker of a spiritist establishment if he is a man; queen, the chief female functionary in such a place, often also the leading medium.

Many of these terms are used among all spiritists, but the majority are limited to the peculiar language of the crooks of ghostland.

We have now passed through the preparatory stages of fraudulent spiritist séance work. All this great machinery, all this involved roguery is necessary to the successful conduct of the mediumistic display. Without it nothing can be attempted. Once this work on the outside has been done through the list and the information bureau and the Foxy Grandma, the séance is ready to begin. Let us enter.

What strikes every unpersuaded entrant into the spirit shrine is the ritualism that has been built up about the act or pretense of establishing parleys with the dead. Nearly every item of this can be traced to the crooks who spread spiritism about the world. The terminology is theirs, the formalities which hedge the approach to spirit land are theirs, the rules of conduct in the séance or the spirt circle belong to them.

ECONOMY
renewable
FUSES

were the first line using an inexpensive bare link for restoring a blown fuse to its original efficiency to be Approved In All Capacities by the Underwriters' Laboratories. This honor was not won on laboratory tests alone but largely because for many years millions of Economy Fuses have been giving dependable protection, high efficiency and working marked economies.

When you order fuses insist on ECONOMY.

For sale by all leading electrical jobbers and dealers

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.
Chicago, U. S. A.

Economy Fuses also are made in Canada at Montreal

We Won the Boys

With a New-Grade Peanut Butter

They Studied Nuts
Until they found the ideal blend and right degree of toasting

Boys Decided
The fam[illegible] was right

We won the men with Van Camp's Beans, and Van Camp's Soups won women.

Then our experts started to win the boys with a new-grade peanut butter. And no boy who tastes it, we believe, will ever forget Van Camp's.

They Did This

They found the nuts which made the richest butter, then the nuts with the finest flavor. And they made a blend. No one variety of peanut could ever have made such a butter.

By countless tests they found exactly where toasting ought to stop. And they stop it suddenly.

They found that skin removal clarified the butter. They found that the germs—the nut hearts—added a bitter tinge. So the skins and germs are now removed completely.

Note the Difference

They made several delicious butters. But there was one blend which every boy liked best. And that exact blend is now found in every jar of Van Camp's Peanut Butter.

You have tasted some of Van Camp's fine creations. Now try this. Let any child compare it with other peanut butter. Then buy the kind the child likes best. We'll take his verdict on it.

VAN CAMP'S

Peanut Butter

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Pork and Beans
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce etc

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis

Van Camp's
Pork and Beans

Baked as homes can't bake them, yet every bean is nutlike mealy, whole

Van Camp's
Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe which [illegible] cooks have given [illegible]

Van Camp's
Spaghetti

A world famed recipe from [illegible] made with ideal [illegible]

The very need of darkness is a thing surely more important to a charlatan than an honest, disembodied and invisible ego.

The Cagliostros of psychism realize the vacuity of most of their ritual and have long ago invented explanations or justifications. They explain that what they accomplish is done by spiritual magnetism. In this very term may be detected the descent from the old hypnotic faker and Mesmer's animal magnetism. This spiritual magnetism is a force—an idea constantly repeated and accentuated by the orator who opens a spiritistic sitting attended by a group or circle. When the searching for communication begins all members of the circle must hold hands so that the magnetic force may circulate freely. One suspects that a more real reason for this precaution is to keep hands from skeptical investigations. This magnetic force is both positive and negative, according to the spiel of the king, or master of ceremonies. Any antagonistic personality, especially any disbelieving mentality, will so upset the balance between positive and negative magnetism that the spirit cannot be reached.

The precautions taken to exclude the skeptic are too many to enumerate. In every instance, however, it is made clear that the presence of one unbeliever will disrupt the entire rapport and keep the apparition away. So the believers themselves rout out any intruding Philistine. But the professional medium doesn't depend on such hit-or-miss arrangements. She or he usually seats the members of a circle about a large table, hands on the table and eyes on the medium. Then she searches earnestly the faces of all the strangers, and few skeptics can assume successfully the rapt entrancement of the devotee. The medium discovers the intruder and out he goes.

One of the even more effective methods formerly used for skeptic exorcism by all the expert practitioners was not applied until after lights were out and the communication was supposed to have begun. The first message that came was to the effect that there was an unfriendly guest present and that the spirit could not attend unless he departed. If even this did not move the doubter the séance was resumed. This time one of the women slipped up behind the unbeliever, or was placed beside him. In the deep blackness of the séance she suddenly and fiercely jabbed a hatpin into the leg or arm of the infidel and a howl of rage and pain brought up the lights. It was explained to the dubious one that the spirit had stabbed him. He had better go before the ghost was angered to greater violence. At this point the bravest took the hint and departed.

Setting the Scene

But to return to the vaunted spiritual magnetism. This force was often demonstrated to spirit circles by physical means. Many fakers still use the plan. The sitters are formed in a continuous circle, holding hands, with the medium in the center. When she begins her incantations or attempts at communication she simply places her foot on a plug contacting with a galvanic battery. Instantly the spiritual magnetism is felt to flow through the group. Who can doubt it? And shortly thereafter the messages from the great bourn are flashed through the medium's pencil.

It is by the theory of spiritual magnetism, too, that the need of darkness is explained. Light, it is asserted, consists of a series of waves or vibrations. These disturb the infinitely delicate waves of spirit magnetism, so no self-respecting lemur can respond in daylight.

In similar ways all the rules and regulations are justified: why hands must be held, why no one must move during a séance, why no one may ever be late for a meeting, why investigations cannot be tolerated.

The conduct of a modern séance by the most accomplished of the spirit-land crooks needs to be described and understood.

The feeders, or talkers-up, have been at work for some time and have gathered a circle of twelve or fourteen men and women who have been excited to a receptive frame of mind. All these have been through small individual sittings with the medium, at which ordinary tricks of clairvoyance have been used and perhaps some of the information displayed that had been gathered by the list.

On the given night this spirit group assembles at the proper hour. To the genuine subjects are introduced two or three shills, or shillabers—usually at least one male and one female shill are employed. How important a part of the mystic game is the shillaber will appear. He fills all the functions of the capper in the gambling house, and doubles in other arts.

This party of fifteen or eighteen persons assembled, the king or queen begins the services. Hymns are sung, spiritist poems are recited, spiritist prayers offered. The whole thing goes on at a high pitch. The excitement is fostered and brought up to the explosion point. Then one of the shillabers begins to recount a horripilating experience with spirits. When he has done another shillaber begins. By this time the actual sitters are worked into something approaching frenzy. They take over the meeting and continue it with their own recountings and sufferings.

No pause is allowed. There is no time to think, to collect the wits. Something is happening every moment. If the sitters weary the work is taken up by the shillabers. If they exhaust themselves the king and queen begin their exhortations anew. Finally when the whole meeting has been worked up to a point close to emotional exhaustion the medium appears—mystic, wonderful.

Incense burns in censers. Low, mysterious piano music begins in the corner of the great room. The lights wane. One is conscious of the heavy odor of the many flowers which almost always adorn the rooms of a professional spiritist. Why? To touch the reminiscent chords of the mind with funeral memories. All the subjects are suffering from bereavement depression.

Paging Mrs. Brown

The lights go out completely. The medium begins her exhortations: The subjects must concentrate. They must bring the spirit. It is up to them. Be tense, be compelling, be devout, be truth seeking, concentrate! All this only adds to the receptivity of the poor sitters.

Finally the breath of the spirit is felt. The wraith approaches. The icy stream runs down the spines. The first word flashes from the medium's mouth. The spirit wishes to send a message to Mrs. Brown. Who is she? One of the shillabers, to be sure. A set of oral questions and answers is flushed back and forth between Mrs. Brown and the medium or the alleged spirit. They are intricate, deep, emotional questions and answers, shrewdly calculated to strike wonder and terror into the hearts of the sitters. And Mrs. Brown? How she raves, sobs, exults, starts with wonderment! How she finally upsets the last vestiges of caution and sense in the other sitters. At last the spirit departs. Another must be summoned.

The lights go on very dimly. This time the medium will write the answers of the spirit. Sometimes a second bit of hocus-pocus must be resorted to and another spirit arbitrarily announced. Usually, however, the sitters, especially the bereaved women, are now so worked up that at the first suggestion of a second concentration to establish communication some one of the sitters sees or feels a ghost. In this frame of mind many a poor sufferer has seen the hallucinatory apparition, heard the lost voice of the dear dead and carried the fruit of this deception to the grave, unable ever again to disbelieve.

There is no need to go into full detail. Some see or feel the presence of their departed and are answered by them through the medium. Others have to be told that a spirit is present with word for their ears. Now, to be sure, the medium calls on the intensive information collected in advance by the list, the information bureau and the Foxy Grandmas. She has the life and sufferings of all her subjects in her memory and at the tip of her tongue. She distorts simple things into symbolic form and stature. She delivers oracular utterances, Delphic evasions. She utterly dumfounds the always credulous and now half-crazed minds of her victims. The séance breaks up with emotionalism, tears, overbubbling gratitude.

A dozen converts have been made. That is unimportant. A dozen people with money have been put into position for trimming. That is the point.

Overwrought emotion is at once the explanation of many spiritist wonders and the great instrument of the crooks in this form of fraud. Any deception may be practiced upon the human being whose

(Continued on Page 72)

RITE-GRADE SHINGLES

Inspected

Nature's Imperishable Covering

The All-Shingled Home Is Decidedly the Vogue

The quaint charm of the cedar shingled exterior has set a new fashion in home building. Indeed, many of the newest colonial and bungalow types owe their attractiveness to their red cedar shingled exterior.

And such a home is practical, because the red cedar shingle is a wonderful building material. It defies rot, decay, heat, cold, hail, rain, snow; and is truly economical in first cost, length of service and cost of upkeep.

Greatest value is obtained if you specify "Rite-Grade Inspected" Shingles—this means every shingle is strictly serviceable and up-to-the-grade-under-which-sold.

There are three grades of Rite Grades and all are up-to-grade. Ask your dealer what grade you need.

BOOK OF PLANS

We will gladly mail you a copy of our Distinctive Homes Booklet Send 2c stamp to defray mailing cost

Shingle Branch West Coast Lumbermen's Association 425 Henry Building, Seattle Washington and The Shingle Agency of British Columbia 1176 Standard Bank Building, Vancouver, British Columbia.

(Continued from Page 70)

feelings have got out of hand, carrying with them his common sense. The spirit fakers strive for this effect. One of the favorite tricks is so to play upon the nerves of a recently bereaved woman as to cause her to faint. The moment this happens at a séance the medium and male shillabers drive the rest of the circle away from the swooned woman.

"Give her air!" is the cry.

The unconscious sitter is left to the tender ministrations of a single motherly old soul, again one of the Foxy Grandmas, now acting as a shillaber. As the fainted woman begins to revive the shillaber leans over and whispers, "There, I knew you'd see your daughter! She wasn't changed a bit, was she? I knew you'd see her!"

Anyone with the most rudimentary knowledge of psychology knows what is the effect of impressions formed upon the brain in this half-comatose state. It is at such a time that suggestion has its greatest power.

"Yes, yes!" mumbles the waking woman ecstatically. "I saw her! I saw her! So white! So beautiful!"

Purely a funeral memory made vital.

The shillaber knows that the bereaved mother has been thinking of the lost girl. She knows this thought has been an obsession with the sorrowing parent. At the right moment she uses her information for this purpose. Forever after an otherwise sane woman nurtures in her brain this delusion. She has seen a ghost!

During the days of the Chicago psychic trust six or seven years ago, before one of the local dailies caused a clean-up, a young widow was brought in to one of the Chicago mediums by the usual feeder—a nice old woman. The unfortunate victim had lost her husband six months before. Her name had been sent to the list by the sexton of a cemetery. She had erected a very costly memorial. She was known to have a considerable competence. The steerer was sent out, and he persuaded the widow to an interest in spiritism only after considerable effort. This done, the data on the unhappy woman were perfected and she was led to Chicago, where a séance was given for her special benefit, with six other persons present—all shills.

In the crescendo of excitement the victim fainted. A woman shillaber whispered to her that she had seen her husband, and the impression took root. From that moment the bereaved widow was completely under the domination of the medium and her lords. She returned every few days for communication with the shade of her departed spouse. Having once been made to believe she had seen this apparition, her own disturbed imagination evoked it again and again under the slightest excitement. At such times the medium delivered messages from the husband's wraith, both by written orders and by means of a concealed ventriloquist.

Fraud and Tragedy

After a time the dupe was sent to the dumping ground. That is, she was led to invest her whole fortune, about sixty-five thousand dollars, in a fraudulent silver-mining company operated for this express purpose by the spiritist fakers. These investments were repeatedly advised by the spirit. When the last drain of money from the dupe's bank was in hand the company ostensibly collapsed.

After months of struggle and starvation, after a losing fight against the odds of city life for which she was not equipped, after descent into the dregs, the unhappy widow took a room in a cheap lodging house, wrote a pitiful letter to the medium, inclosing a communication for the spirit of the husband, and placidly blew out her life with a revolver. She said she had gone to join him. The coroner's jury concluded that the woman was just an insane spirit worshiper. The crime remained concealed.

Except for ordinary mystification tricks such as were always used by the clairvoyants the resorting to magic has nearly passed out of spiritism. As a result the modern séance is more effective but hardly so colorful as its more antique relatives. In the good old days the phosphorescent arms used to float about the room, mysterious notes were dropped into laps and pockets, the queen, dressed in shimmering white and blazing with diamonds and sapphires, slipped into a blackened room and was seen as a faint ghostly outline with points of radiated fire where her jewels were. Then the bloody stigmatics, irreverent to the point of downright sacrilege, were in high favor. It may be worth a few lines to explain this last trick, old as it is.

The arm of the medium is first soaked for, say, half an hour in a strong brine. The arm is then dried and some simple message or symbolical word is written on the skin with a dull-pointed stick. Perhaps a name will serve, or the brief answer to a question—yes or no. After a few minutes the traces of this writing disappear and the medium is ready for the test. The thing is managed so that the desired question is asked. Here the medium pauses and says the spirit will write the answer in blood. A thrill of horror passes over the circle. The medium is busy violently rubbing her arm with a bit of coarse toweling or the palm of her hand. The lights flash up. The answer is seen on her arm, blood-red but not bloody. In an hour or two it disappears.

More complex tricks are, however, still in vogue. The very presence of these devices in spiritism shows not only the fraudulent nature of these mediums but indicates again the clear connection between the present-day ghostland crooks and the older clairvoyant swindlers and others. In fact spiritism has to-day practically wiped out all other forms of mysticism and magic in this country. Especially since the great post-war revival of spirit communication all the older types of rogues have deserted their native frauds and turned to the spirits. The old-time fortune tellers and clairvoyants have largely disappeared from the occult landscape. All have turned to the land of the shades.

Spooky Rough Stuff

This is the more remarkable where clairvoyants are concerned, for the expert mind reader and practitioner at second-sight always held the spiritist medium in the liveliest contempt. And there was some underworld justice in this attitude. A good clairvoyant understands the tricks of mental habit, of suggestion and of unconscious mentation or subliminal impression. Many practiced clairvoyants are capable of remarkable feats of what may be vulgarly termed intuition. They come as near the supernatural or supernormal as human beings ever do. Theirs is an art, and a highly refined one, acquired through long and intense study. They are trained the best of them—as rigorously as the children of equilibrists. The clairvoyant may resort to the influence of environment for mystification. The rest of his or her art is accomplished by straight and natural means: by mental agility and insight. One of these people, looking upon the cheap frauds of the spiritist rogues and their resort to the lowest tricks and subterfuges of the medicine man, was naturally filled with a deep sense of superiority. But pride has been of no avail.

"Clairvoyance is dead," one of its cleverest exponents told me a few weeks ago. "The people want that spooky rough stuff. Well, I'm giving it to 'em. Come round some day and have a good laugh."

Naturally these people do not like to desert all their old tricks. Not long ago I saw the rather familiar note-reading trick done at a séance. Many have seen it done, few know its secret.

A small glass bowl was placed in the center of a table about which were grouped eight or ten persons. The king of this dump, to use the argot, suggested that each person write two or three questions, each on an exactly similar slip of paper. The questions were then signed, the paper wadded into tight balls and dropped into the bowl. No lights were extinguished at any time. All was visible from beginning to end. No one went near the bowl. The medium did not enter the room till all questions had been written and placed in the bowl. No one left the room either before or after she entered. No word was said to her and no sign given. Neither did any of the writing material leave the room or pass into or through the medium's hands.

She entered, went directly to the chair left for her, searched the faces of the sitters a little, asked that the curtains be drawn and began to summon spirits. After a few moments of concentration she took a wad from the bowl, held it loosely between her finger and thumb so that all could watch it, pressed the wad against her temple for a few minutes and then read off the question and answered it. The person who had written the question was required to say when an inquiry of his or hers had been asked and whether the answer seemed correct. In half an hour the medium ran through a list of twenty-odd questions and gave satisfactory if general answers to all. She made not one mistake. The ejaculations of wonderment were endless.

How was it done? Very simply. First of all there was one shillaber in the crowd. Second, every sitter had been looked up in advance and his history was thoroughly familiar to the medium. Third, in writing out his questions the shillaber palmed his wads and only pretended to drop them into the bowl. When the medium pulled out the first wad and pressed it against her temple she read off not what was in this wad but what the shillaber might have written on one of his slips. As she repeated the imaginary question the shillaber jumped up excitedly and said, "Correct, correct!" Then the medium answered this unasked question to further exclamations of approval and wonderment.

The medium now unfolded the first wad looked at it, nodded and tore it up. The sitters supposed it to have been the question just answered. In reality it was the second question. The medium now took a second wad from the glass and pressed it against her temple, repeating as she did so the question written on the first wad and answering it from her foreknowledge of the sitter. Thus merely by being one ahead in the matter of the wads she ran through the whole bowlful with perfect ease.

One of the current magical tricks is the spirit portrait. I am told it is now being used very extensively and causing the utmost excitement. In playing this trick the portrait of a deceased relative is made to appear slowly on a canvas before the eyes of the sitter or sitters. This is done by the substitution of a finished picture for one of two blank canvases which have just been examined by the sitters.

Two pieces of thin white cheesecloth are put on small stretchers and passed among the sitters for examination, care being taken to see that no skeptic marks either of them in any way. A similar third canvas has been prepared in advance with an air-brushed portrait of the dead subject, as the word goes in this mystic world. The original of this portrait has been got from the home of the interested sitter by a picture-enlargement solicitor, apparently unconnected with the spiritists but really in their employ.

A Halo for Good Measure

In working the trick a small table is placed near a window and the room otherwise darkened. The picture is hidden in the folds of the draperies and quickly substituted for one of the blank canvases. The remaining blank canvas is now placed in front toward the sitters and the finished picture just behind it, the two being held several inches apart. The light from the window falls through the thin cheesecloth of the blank canvas as long as the picture behind is held at a slight distance. The manipulating faker now slowly moves the picture closer to the blank canvas through which the sitters are looking. First the edges of the two canvases are brought together. The lines of the portrait are dimly visible on that side. Little by little the canvases approach. More and more of the picture becomes visible. Finally the eyes can be dimly seen. They appear at first to be closed. Then as the canvases are brought closer they are seen to be open. Finally the stretchers are back to back and the spirit portrait is clearly visible in all its details through the thin canvas before it. The finished picture is now laid on the table, more light is let in and the bewildered sitters examine the work of the wraiths!

All the time this demonstration has been in progress a pitch has been talking up the whole mystery, representing the spirits as being invisibly at work on the picture, sustaining the excitement.

But even this is only the beginning of the hoax. The bewildered sitter whose lost child or husband or mother has been painted on the canvas by the alleged spirits is told that the picture is not done. The spirit sends a message that more details are to be added. However, the sitter may take the picture home with him. The spirit will finish it there just as well as here. Wondering and trembling, no doubt, the poor dupe takes the portrait home and puts it up on the wall, fairly quaking with superstition. In a few days or a week he glances at it. Suffering ghosts! A halo is beginning to

(Continued on Page 75)

Auto-Lite

Starting, Lighting & Ignition

THE FACT that more than a million and a half owners drive cars which are Auto-Lite equipped is a significant comment on Auto-Lite's standing in the public regard.

This immense group of satisfied motorists need look no further than this one feature of the Auto-Lite System

—It is always on duty, ready to start, ignite and light their cars winter and summer, in fair weather and foul.

The complete confidence indicated by this attitude on the part of car owners, reflects the effort and experience of the Auto-Lite organization.

This painstaking skill has won such signal success that Auto-Lite is the world's largest maker of motor car starting, lighting and ignition systems.

Be sure your next car is Auto-Lite equipped

OFFICE AND WORKS
TOLEDO, OHIO

ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE CORPORATION

Willys Light Division of Electric Auto-Lite Corporation: Manufacturers of Electric Light and Power Plants for Farms, Etc.

DETROIT SALES OFFICE
1507 KRESGE BLDG.

Variety
is the spice of meals

With a Council Meat Market on your pantry shelf you have a select variety of the finest meals to choose from an ever-handy supply of the choicest meats the markets afford.

The delicious flavor of Council Meats and the ease with which they are prepared have made many thousands of Council enthusiasts.

There's a Council Meat for every meal, at your grocer's. Have him stock your pantry with their choice variety.

Write for "Appetizing Suggestions"—a little cook-booklet we will gladly send you without charge. It's a wonderful help in preparing meal-time surprises.

INDIAN PACKING CORPORATION
General Offices—Consumers' Bldg., Chicago

Our sunlit kitchens are always open to the public

"All the Taste without the Waste"

Vienna Style Sausage
Corned Beef
Lunch Tongues
Roast Beef
Genuine Deviled Ham
Corned Beef Hash
Hamburger Steak and Onions
Potted Meat-Products
Ol' Mammy Hash
Tripe
Sliced Dried Beef
Veal Loaf
Sausage Meat
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Tongue
Oven-Baked Pork and Beans
Chile con Carne

(Continued from Page 72)

appear about the head of the dead relative. In another week it is there in plain drawing. The miracle!

No need for either alarm or wonderment. The halo was drawn or air-brushed into the original picture when the thing was made in some cheap enlargement studio. Afterward the halo was faded out with chloride of lime. Parts of pictures expunged with this common chemical show up again in a few days or weeks, according to the strength of the light that falls on them. Had the halo been taken out with cyanide it would not have returned. But that was not the purpose.

The spirit portrait is nothing but a silver-print enlargement of the original photograph, touched up with an air brush, provided with a halo, which is treated as explained and caused to appear mysteriously.

A negress once brought to an enlargement house a photograph of herself seated with a pickaninny in her lap. She wanted the thing enlarged, but wished the child taken out of the picture. It had died some time before. She had prospects of remarriage and did not wish to be known as a widow. That was the explanation she gave. The silver-print enlargement was made and touched up in great style. But some jesting artist took it upon himself to remove the unwelcome pickaninny with lime instead of cyanide. The negress hung her portrait in her parlor and did not look at it for some days. One night she went into the room and turned up the lamps. There was the black baby staring at her from the portrait. She nearly went mad with superstitious dread, and the pranking artist lost a very tolerable job.

The ghost-seeking fakers have further developed their magic. They have for this purpose adapted to their special needs numerous electrical inventions. Before considering these it should be remarked that mechanisms now play a very small part in the séance. Formerly all sorts of devices were used—cabinets, musical instruments, trick boxes, gongs, trapdoors, sliding partitions, machines. But the public, gullible as it is, no longer likes mechanical appliances to intervene between it and its specters. The presence of visible mechanisms is no longer tolerated. So though endless paraphernalia are still being made for the magicians, the occult world uses only limited amounts and certain kinds.

The Sparking Crystal

The listening-in device has been employed by fake spiritists for some years. The reception rooms of their parlors are now frequently equipped with the transmitting instruments concealed under the wallpaper. The receiving instrument is in the medium's lair. To use this system it is necessary to guide a stranger or party of strangers into the receiving room and there get them into conversations which the listening medium may overhear. To promote such conversations and to guide the talk into profitable channels the shillabers are employed, again in the form of motherly women or respectable looking men, posing as devotees. However, the usefulness of the listening-in device was always limited and the public familiarity with it has robbed it of all its mystery.

On the other hand, an electrified crystal has lately been developed and is proving highly effective. A very narrow table is used in this experiment and the large crystal ball is placed on this. It naturally tries to roll off. To remedy this a long, dark cloth or baize is laid over the table, its ends trailing down to the floor. On this the ball rests more securely. When the medium asks questions of the spirit answers are flashed in the crystal in the form of mysterious sparks. The skeptical will see very little substance to a thing of this sort, but it fairly awes the credulous.

The explanation is that the cloth laid over the table and touching a connection in the floor contains a fine wire with a minute mechanism almost as flat as the cloth by which a spark is caused when the contact is broken at the switch. The crystal is placed just over this arrangement and the medium or one of the shillabers works the concealed floor switch with his foot. The spark is magnified in the crystal.

But the wireless telephone threatens to bring about a revolution in spirit frauds. Certain electrical companies in several cities are now turning out a wireless equipment perfectly if not intentionally adapted to the needs of the spiritist. In New York and other large cities are special electricians who do nothing else but manufacture or adapt electrical goods to the needs of magicians and occultists. These men prepare these small wireless-telephone outfits for the spirit parlors and install them at a cost ranging from four hundred to one thousand dollars.

The séance room is provided with four hidden receivers or sound amplifiers hidden under the wallpaper in nooks dug out of the wall on the four sides of the room. These receivers are connected by wires with the antennæ, which are buried in the cellar. In addition the floor of the séance room is equipped with five or six invisible plugs whereby the medium can establish contact with the antennæ. She merely wears a special shoe and steps on the plug at the proper moment.

In another house, usually a square or two from the mediumist parlor, the sending end of the wireless telephone is installed. As the thing has been explained to me, a ground circuit is used instead of an aërial connection, earth or water being excellent conductors of the wireless waves. By this means all aërials and antennæ are concealed and there is nothing in sight to betray the fraud.

In giving a séance with the wireless three persons—a man, a woman and a child—are placed in the sending room. In the séance room the utmost simplicity is observed. The usual ritual is employed to work the sitters up to high nervous tension and emotional exhaustion. Suddenly out of the void comes the muffled eerie poignance of a violin.

"The spirits!" announces the medium in a stage whisper.

Spirit Voices by Wireless

The séance has begun. The dullest imagination will perceive the effect of voices coming from nowhere, calling in sepulchral tones for one sitter after another, naming his name, revealing his intimate thoughts, recalling his family secrets to him, answering his questions, commanding him with threats, uttering oracles. Nothing added to spiritist technic in many years has created such a sensation.

The ghostly, unearthly effect is got by sending the sound swimming about the room. This is done by rapidly switching the connection from the receiver in one wall to the opposite side—to the left, to the right and back again. In a darkened room the effect is that of an invisible spirit floating about near the ceiling and talking, singing, shouting, whispering, commanding as it sways in the air.

But the final blow is left to the medium. She shortly announces that the spirit is about to speak through her—through her body without employing her vocal organs. To make the demonstration effective the medium is securely gagged. She then seats herself, closes her eyes, goes through the usual rigmarole of establishing a communication and waits. Suddenly a voice—male, female or childish—emanates from her body, hurling startling answers, dire prophecies and violent threats at the baffled subjects. The medium moves to another part of the room, but the voices of the spirits follow her. She walks about, standing now here, now there; still the ghostly voices continue. It is beyond explanation.

Yes, it is—until you know that the medium has a receiver concealed in her bosom and has been moving about, stepping on the concealed floor plugs with her special electrified shoe.

One of my spirit-land informants has already invented an improvement on this straight-out wireless séance. He proceeds by passing a number of pads on which each sitter is to write one or several questions. The sitter then tears from the pad his sheet of queries, just as we used to do it in the days of Anna Eva Fay and the traveling mind-reading show. The sheet is folded and put into the sitter's pocket or carefully held in his hand. This being done, the pads are gathered up and unostentatiously removed from the room. Outside they are at once developed and the questions, registered on the pads by any one of the old invisible carbon systems, become legible. The sheets are now hurried out to the wireless sending room either by means of a chute or by a messenger who slips out the back way. In a few minutes the voices of the shades, floating about the séance room, begin calling out the names of the questioners, repeating their queries and answering them. Wonder—all is wonder!

No doubt we may look for many other adaptations of the wireless game by spirit land's crooks.

I have said that many of the mediumistic fakers are criminals. In the ordinary acceptance of values it may be wrong to deceive and delude; it may be contrasocial to spread ignorant superstition, but it is not criminal. Nevertheless I repeat the assertion. The fact is that many most flagrant and most brutal crimes have been due to these evil spiritists.

To begin at the small end, the spirit oftenest evoked from sleep by fake mediums seems to be Asmodeus, the demon of marital unrest and infelicity. The homes broken up, the families disrupted by spiritism are countless. Usually the thing comes about when a husband remonstrates with his wife for her mediumistic faith, or vice versa. The convert naturally reports to the medium the opposition of the spouse. Since the fake spiritist is always playing for money, no one need question the result. At the next sitting the spirit is made to advise the convert to be rid of his or her spouse. The first rule of this faith is "Obey the spirit!" Divorce follows like the quod erat demonstrandum.

This is, however, only the gentlest type of crime committed. To go into the larger phase, spiritism as practiced by the crooks of ghostland is a glorified con game. It has the technic and the ultimate purpose of the bunko play. The motive behind the spirit-land crook is not to unsettle sanity or to make converts or to get five or fifty dollars for a mediumistic demonstration. The great purpose is always to strip the sucker; to get him to invest his money—and lose it.

There appears little doubt that this trick was originally taught the faith faker—old and new—by the con man and other swindlers of his type. In a long experience with the confidence brotherhood I have never known a member of the crew who did not at one time or another employ the spiritists. Illicit brokers have been in cahoots with the mediumistic crooks for half a century. Every good crook among the psychic fakers has his connections in the Street or some other exchange.

Oil Stocks for Spiritists

Formerly the spirit crooks always operated by sending their dupes to Wall Street to invest their money in certain stocks which the summoned spirit was familiar with and recommended. The broker who handled one end of the deal naturally took half, and the rest went to the spirit rascal. All, or nearly all, the old traveling shows whose forte was mind reading and spirit work used to send their dupes to certain appointed brokers, where their money was taken—once and forever. Even the most simple sense must have raised the question which a farmer in my home town once asked a celebrated mind reader:

"If you know all this stuff, why ain't you down there in Noo Yawk makin' Morgan an' them fellers look foolish? What you doin' bushwhackin' round the country?"

But by the time a dupe of the spiritist fakers is ready to be guided to the slaughter he retains no such control on his deductive faculties. He can no longer think or evaluate. He falls and gets his coup de grâce.

To-day all the first-line spirit-shop fellows no longer use Wall Street and the exchanges except in an emergency. They have their own companies organized—their dumping ground, to quote their own rogues' lexicon. A few years ago they had to support assorted companies—gold mines, land schemes, copper and silver claims. To-day only oil concerns are used.

"Everything's oil now," a noted medium told me. "That's what they're falling for. You have to slip 'em the oil."

So the central group, those who operate with the list, maintain several fake companies having worthless claims in Texas and California oil fields. Into these the money of the sucker is dumped. This plan has the virtue of keeping all the profit in the hands of the spirit-land crooks.

How large are the annual takings of these criminals I do not know, and I have found no one willing to make even a guess. They must, however, be considerable. One man who supplied some of the information for this article told me of a recent bell ringing in a Middle Western city. Ringing the bell, as I have already explained, is the term for victimizing every member of a spirit circle.

In this case there were fourteen persons in the group. The wireless séance was used

(Concluded on Page 77)

Bathe in Clean Running Water

IT'S the only sanitary way to bathe. Fresh, clean running water, any temperature desired, through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth, gives you Shower, Shampoo, Massage and Rub-Down—ALL IN ONE.

KNICKERBOCKER

SHOWER BATH-BRUSH

Fits Any Faucet. Stimulates circulation. Cleanses the pores. Fortifies against colds, disease and contagion. Makes you feel good all over. It's quick—no waiting for tub to fill. It's clean—no bathing in dirty tub-water. No cleaning of the tub afterwards. Does Not Splash.

Unequalled for Shampooing

The flexible rubber "fingers" of the Knickerbocker penetrate the heaviest hair, massage the scalp, and clean, running water washes away all dirt, dandruff and soap.

Six Sizes: $2.50, $3.50, $4.50, $5, $6
De Luxe Set, $7

Syphon Shower-Bath Outfit for homes without running water, $5

The Knickerbocker is sold by all good Drug, Hardware and Department Stores, or order direct. Wear fully guaranteed.

Send for FREE Booklet

Interesting booklet free on request. It tells how and when to bathe. Send for it

Knickerbocker Mfg. Co.
2443 Sheffield Ave., Chicago

Sheldon Axle

FOR MOTOR TRUCKS

Built on the Locomotive Axle Principle

Engineers place the pressure of skidding strain at five times that of load strain.

Imagine, then, the strain and shock on the axle of a heavily loaded truck when skidding and striking the curb.

Sheldon Worm Gear Axles stand side-strains and other punishment because they are built on the *principle that is used in locomotive and freight car axles, which carry the Freight Tonnage of the World.*

It is a principle that successfully meets the side-strain of curb blows, crowned roads, skids, ruts, and sharp turns.

The "live," load-carrying Sheldon Worm Gear Axle and the Wheels revolve together, as one unit, the same as locomotive axles. Bearings at hub and differential give the widest possible leverage and greatest strength.

The life of the truck depends largely upon the performance of the axle. Therefore make certain that your truck has the strongest axle construction.

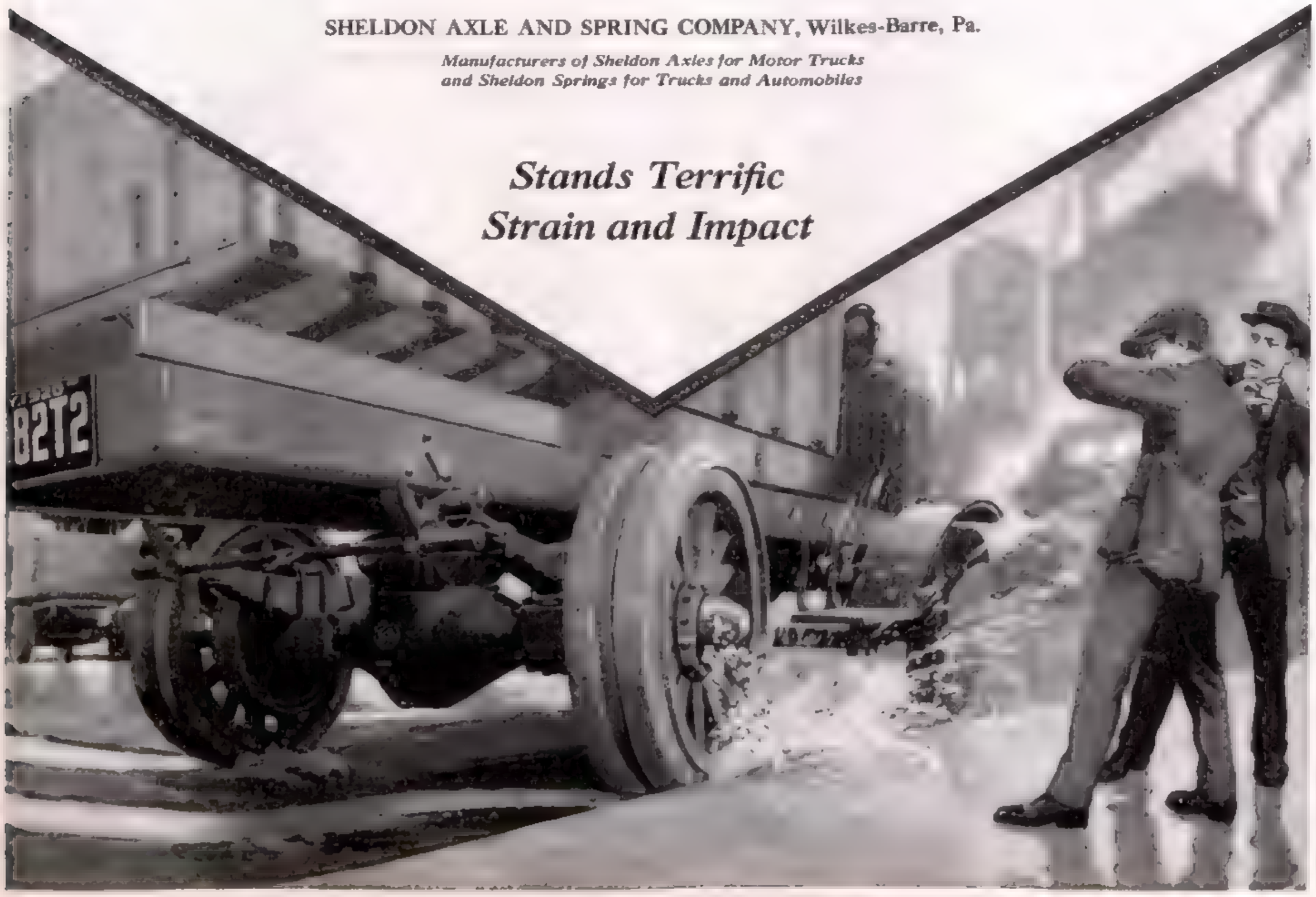
Get all the facts about Sheldon Worm Gear Axles. There is a Sheldon-equipped truck of every size from ½-ton to 5-ton capacity, and for every purpose. Our booklet sent you free upon request.

Look for this Sheldon trade-mark cast on the housing at the rear end of the worm gear. It identifies a Sheldon Axle and is your assurance of strength, long life, safety and economy of upkeep.

SHELDON AXLE AND SPRING COMPANY, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Manufacturers of Sheldon Axles for Motor Trucks and Sheldon Springs for Trucks and Automobiles

Stands Terrific Strain and Impact



(Concluded from Page 75)

on them in conjunction with mind reading and other feats of a very clever medium, formerly a first-class clairvoyant. Every one of the fourteen men and women was completely taken in, led to invest money in the fake oil companies and neatly trimmed. About sixty thousand dollars was got in this single coup.

Spirit fakers always set their goal at a bell ringing. It is the star to which the fakers' wagon is hitched. For when the bell is rung every worker who had anything to do with the set-up gets a substantial bonus, and there is revelry in ghostland.

But spirit faking leads to even worse crimes than fraud and robbery. One of the problems with which every medium has to deal comes up through the countless wives who come for advice and help in the matter of getting rid of unloved husbands. Here, to be sure, is a survival of the primitive magic, which is, as I have already said, the basis of spiritism. This same amiable desire to be off with the old spouse by witchcraft or magic—usually taking the form of some deadly philter—led to the savage treatment of witches in the Middle Ages and after; to the institution of suttee in India, and to many other barbarous methods of suppression. But women will hate their husbands and try to murder them by metaphysical means. Two examples, one based on the old, one on the new spiritism.

In Westchester County, New York, a few years ago a Sicilian woman with an elderly husband fell in love with a handsome young villain from her own clime. The spouse stood in the way. In this emergency she had recourse to a sorcerer in Jersey City, a descendant of the old miracle men who practiced their primitive magic at Nemi's sacred grove when Rome was yet a place of darkness. The sorcerer filled a hog liver with hundreds of pins and needles, chanting orisons, repeating incantations, uttering spells as he pierced and repierced the innocent organ. Finally the liver was delivered to the wife with instructions to bury it under the path where her husband must walk over it. Death would ensue at once—fee, ten dollars.

But the husband did not die, and the wife cut the knot of Gordium by employing a couple of gangsters who strangled and beat him to death. For this crime five or six persons went to prison for life.

Brahms' Spirit at the Piano

The parallel case came to light in the West recently. A handsome but ignorant woman was in love with another man and wanted her husband removed. She went to a spiritist faker, who saw fit to drag out her case and extract all possible money from her. At each new séance the spirit promised to act against the husband. But as no fatality followed the woman grew impatient, placed her own interpretation on the words of the medium and proceeded to feed her husband powdered glass. A physician to whom the suffering husband went discovered what was wrong and the woman was arrested and examined. She asserted that the spirit had moved her, and was very properly committed to a public sanitarium. Nothing could be proved against the medium.

In another case in the Middle West a broker was robbed of eighty-eight thousand dollars by a mediumistic clique. Crazed by his losses, he attempted to kill his wife and children while they slept. He succeeded in badly wounding two of his children, when his wife woke and managed to disarm him. He was treated for a long time in private sanitariums and finally committed to the public insane asylum incurably mad. His family was left in destitution.

Several years back a professor of music in a Western college suffered the death of a beloved one and was by that blow drawn into spiritism. The crooks soon heard of him and easily got him to their sittings. In order to render their work more effective these plotters decided to work on this man a game based on his two passions—music and spiritism. Accordingly the stage was set for him.

The crucial séance was given in two large connecting rooms with a wide door between. The professor and several shillabers were seated about a round table in one room. In the other was a grand piano at which was seated a highly accomplished young woman pianist who was said to possess occult powers. Her claim was that the spirits of great dead musicians appeared to her and guided her playing—a claim often enough made by a long succession of spiritistic Trilbys.

The queen of this establishment busied herself about the two rooms and then took her position beside the professor, where neither could see the musician in the next room. The professor was then to write the names of piano selections he desired to hear. The musical medium agreed to find out what his wishes were through the spirits and to play the selections, guided by the hands of the dead maestro, whoever he might be.

In preparation for this séance the musical professor was thoroughly looked up and it was found that he was a Brahms enthusiast. It was now comparatively simple to have the talented woman pianist memorize a great body of the Brahms piano music. A little clever deduction guided her in selecting the pieces likely to be called for. She reasoned shrewdly enough that a musical professor in testing out an occult claim would call for the unusual and obscure compositions of his favorite master. These she studied thoroughly and memorized, in addition to much of the better known Brahms music and her already large repertoire of other pieces.

The memorized selections were now written on a slip and numbered, the queen and the mediumistic pianist each committing the list and corresponding numbers to memory. A code was next arranged by which the queen signaled to the pianist the number of the professor's selection. A complicated but inobvious set of mirrors which looked like part of the decorations of the rooms was used for this purpose. The queen's hand placed to the hair meant Number One. Placing her finger to her mouth indicated Number Two, and so on through the list.

The End of the Tragedy

As explained, the queen sat beside the professor in the séance and asked him to write out on a tablet the musical pieces he wished played. Naturally the queen saw what he wrote. He folded the written slip and held it firmly in his hand, being asked to concentrate his mind on the name and personality of the composer and the name of the musical composition. Very little mediumistic hocus-pocus was used—just enough to stir the emotions and cause a bit of goose flesh.

The professor strained and concentrated, trying to summon the spirit of the old lion of Hamburg. Suddenly the pianist in the adjoining room began to play. The selection was correct, the playing excellent. Still the musician was not convinced. He began, as expected, to call for obscure, early, little-known Brahms compositions. They were played correctly and as demanded. He began to ask for the most involved of the philosophic composer's music. It was promptly forthcoming.

Stricken with awe and reverence, the professor went down on his knees and wept. He was thoroughly convinced that the great Olympian had been summoned from his quiet Austrian grave lot to a sordid side street to convince an obscure pedagogue of the truth of psychism.

A musician may wonder how a professor of music was so lightly deceived. Did the girl at the piano play in the manner of the Brahms of twenty, the youth full of fire and flame, or the Brahms of fifty, with his weak climaxes and watery technic? Was it the composer of the Scherzo in E Flat Minor or the absolute musician of the Schicksalslied that guided the hands of the pianist? At least one may care to speculate.

The professor did not. It was a simple matter to pluck him of about forty-two thousand dollars by convincing him that the spirits of departed relatives were being summoned and advising him as to his investments. When he found himself ruined he woke to the fraud and drew back. He began to besiege the mediums with pleadings and threats. They laughed at him. Late one night he appeared at the mediumistic parlors wild and violent.

"I am ruined," he said doggedly. "If I can't get back enough to save my honor I must kill myself."

He explained that the spirits had extracted from him money that was not his.

"You won't kill yourself, I guess," said the spiritist queen, showing him back into the night. "You fellows like yourselves too well for that."

Two days later the deluded music master threw himself into the river and was swept down into the land of the silent ghosts.

Why Not Have Your Heating Plant Complete?

All the bother and annoyance connected with a cold house in the morning are removed if your heating plant is equipped with the "Little Draft-Man" furnace regulator.

If you are installing a new heating plant, no matter what the type, see that this dependable, low-priced mechanical device is made a part of it. You will have no trouble finding

The Little Draft-Man Furnace Regulator

as most prominent heating plant manufacturers endorse and furnish it as part of their equipment. The difference in cost is only $15 east of the Rocky Mountains. With the "Little Draft-Man" on the job it becomes unnecessary to go near the heating plant except to give it more fuel. You don't have to get up in the cold to open the damper. Set the regulator at night and get up in a warm house. To start or check the flow of heat during the day, you simply turn the regulator handle.

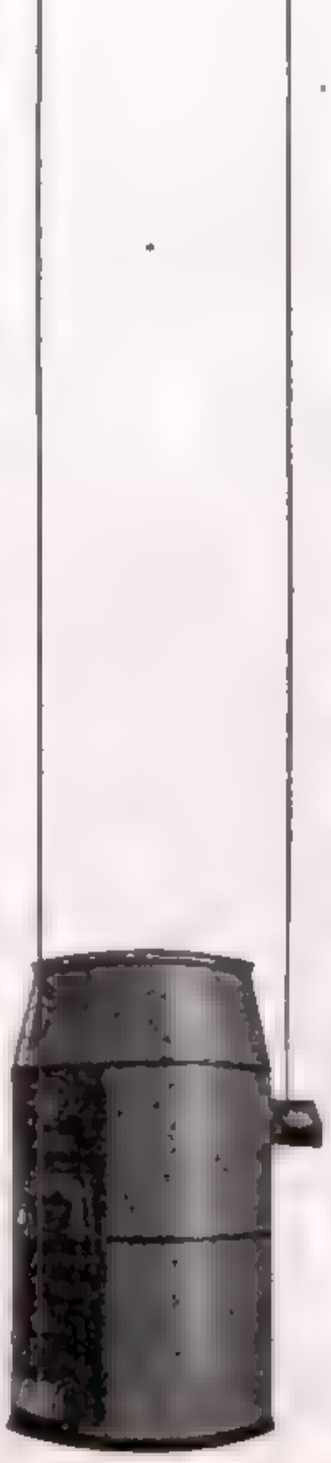
TO HEATING EQUIPMENT DEALERS

The public is being educated to appreciate complete home heating comfort. Be prepared to meet the demand. The following list of furnace manufacturers will supply the "Little Draft-Man" regulator with their furnaces:

Abram Cox Stove Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
Boynton Furnace Co., New York.
Cameron Stove Co., Richmond, Va.
Campbell Heating Co., Des Moines, Iowa.
Cribben & Sexton Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hero Furnace Co., Chicago, Ill.
Homer Furnace Co., Coldwater, Mich.
Hood Furnace & Supply Co., Corning, N. Y.
International Heater Co., Utica, N. Y.
Kelsey Heater Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Mahoning Foundry Co., Youngstown, Ohio.
Modern Way Furnace Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Moore Brothers Company, Joliet, Ill.
Quakertown Stove Works, Quakertown, Pa.
S. B. Sexton Stove Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Sill Stove Works, Rochester, N. Y.
Summit Foundry Co., Geneva, N. Y.
Summit Stove Works, Morrison, Ill.
The Art Stove Co., Detroit, Mich.
The Barber Mfg. Co., Ashtabula, Ohio.
The B. C. Bibb Stove Co., Baltimore, Md.
The McClary Mfg. Co., London, Canada.
The Peninsular Stove Co., Chicago, Ill.
United States Radiator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.
Utica Heater Co., Utica, N. Y.
Wm. H. Page Boiler Co., New York City, N. Y.

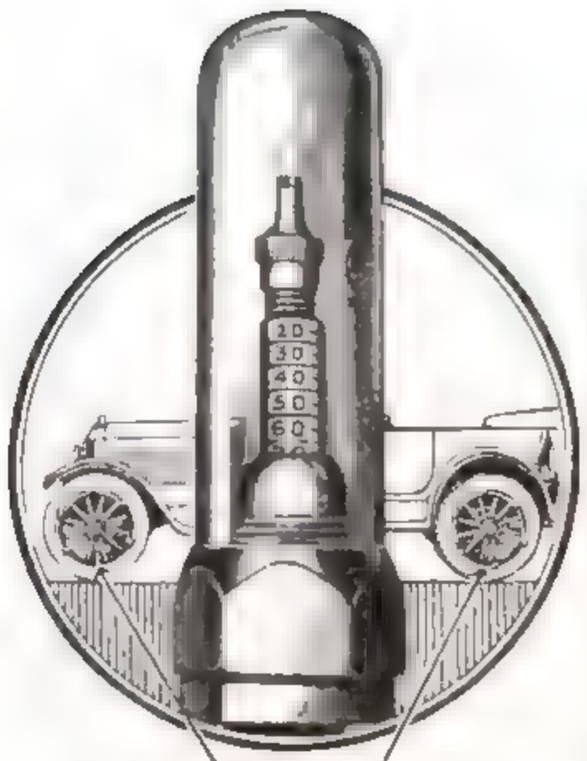
Write for our interesting folder, showing you how the "Little Draft-Man" can be attached to your present heating equipment.

If your furnace dealer does not carry the "Little Draft-Man," write us and we will send you one post paid on receipt of price.



Sahlin Manufacturing Co.

21 Ottawa Ave., N. W.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN
Canadian Distributors, McClary's, London, Ont.



Wipes Out Guess Work

Adds ⅓ to Tire Life

You can't tell by guessing if your tires are properly inflated. It is too much trouble to daily "take the pressure" of each tire on your car with a tire gauge.

The result is a considerable loss of mileage from your tires due to under-inflation. Tire adjusters agree that tires *always* properly inflated will give ⅓ more mileage.

TIROMETER

The Tirometer is simply a valve stem and tire gauge in one—enclosed in a transparent cap. It makes the taking of the tire pressure as easy a matter as reading the speedometer.

A Tirometer is easily and quickly fitted to the inner tube, and as easily changed to the new tube when the old one wears out.

Is a thousand and more additional miles per tire on several tires worth $1.75 to you?

While thoroughly tested, the Tirometer is new on the market. Many automobile dealers have already stocked it, but if your dealer does not have the Tirometer, we will gladly fill your order from the factory.

Price,—in United States, $1.75 each, or set of five for $8.00. Specify wood or wire wheels.

Tirometer Valve Corporation of America
Charleston, W. Va.

DIMI AND THE DOUBLE LIFE

(Continued from Page 19)

"Where were you all afternoon? I phoned your office like mad."

"I was—out."

"Oh! Well, listen! You know I gave a luncheon for Mary to-day. And Buck Connor dropped in for Madge, and when he heard it was Mary's last day he said we ought to have a party for her. He was awfully sweet. He spent thousands of dollars phoning all round and he's arranged a dance—at the club. Why, Dimi—what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"But Dimi—you look positively ghastly!"

"Jelly beans! Where's Mary?"

"Gone to get her evening clothes. Buck drove her over—she's bringing a suitcase back. Dimi, you're sure you're not ill?"

"No! I tell you ——"

"Oh, well, don't bite! I was going to say the reason I tried so hard to get you was that Mary insisted she had some sort of date with you. We all told her you wouldn't mind, but she had to speak to you. When we couldn't get you I persuaded her it was all right. I hope you're not going to have a bilious spell. Perhaps you'd better not go to the dance. Buck could take Mary over."

"Hah!"

It was a perfect example of the laugh sardonic.

"In fact," continued Van, "he did offer to."

"Damn his hide!" muttered Dimi between his teeth.

"What?"

"I said, dancing aside, I expect to have a great time. I'm going up to have a look at my togs."

He was decidedly out of sorts. But it was while he was tying his tie later that the real injustice of the thing made a successful captive of his goat. Buck Connor and his double-D dance! The more he thought of it the madder he got. He had a good mind just not to go to the darn thing at all, only then Buck would certainly

Van poked her head in the door.

"Nearly ready?"

"I am. But what's the matter with you?"

"Oh, we're not going! Barry doesn't care for dances."

Dimi sat down hard. The proverbial camel had not even a straw on him. The way that guy Barry got away with manslaughter! He didn't care for dances! Well, he, Dimi, hated the darn things, but he had to go. Where did this guy Barry get off anyway, always getting his own way? By George, Van was right! The more you gave in the more you got it in the neck. It didn't pay to be a gentleman. You got left. Be a hard-boiled egg. That was the dope. Cave-man stuff. Van had said it and he had sniffed, but here he saw it under his very eyes.

By Julius, he was going to change! He was going to be a roughneck. "Make them respect you," Van had said. And wasn't she right? If they had had any respect for him, would they have pulled this stunt to-night? By Waldemar, Van was right! "Treat 'em rough," she had said. "Give 'em a thrill!" Gosh! He stopped suddenly. How did you treat 'em rough? And howinell did you give 'em a thrill?

And his sense of humor having suddenly come to life, he stopped being mad long enough to laugh at a picture of himself treating Mary rough. But, on the other hand, if she deserved it? If she danced all the dances with Buck Connor, for instance? By Ignatz, he could have it in him to treat her rough! You bet! It gave him quite a thrill to think about it.

That thrill startled him. Yes, there was something in what Van had said! But where to start? How to go about it? He felt a curious subterranean excitement. What would Barry do, for instance, under these very circumstances? What did Barry usually do? Why, he did what he wanted to do and he didn't do what he didn't want ——

Well, he, Dimi, wanted to go to Heathstone Inn and did not want to go to the club.

Having at this moment completed his dressing and being Dimi he meekly switched off his light and went out docilely to take Mary to the dance. And the sight of her in a maple-mousse-and-whipped-cream sort of an evening dress that did not make even the most transparent attempt at covering her arms and shoulders and ankles and things reduced him to the most abject doormatronage. When he helped Mary Barrow into his very presentable little roadster there wasn't anybody in Locust Hills who felt less like a cave man than Dimi Brown, unless it was poor Eli Bates, who had St. Vitus' dance and rheumatism. He was just a battlefield for conflicting impulses.

Just before he started off, however, Mary laid a hand on his arm. His inner apparatus turned a complete somersault.

"I'm sorry things turned out this way, Dimi. I'd rather they hadn't arranged this dance."

"Oh, Mary!"

"Honestly! I'd rather be going to Heathstone—with you."

Bang!

An X-ray movie camera turned on Dimi at that moment would have recorded a bloody melodrama entitled The Downfall of Dimi or The Birth of a Cave Man or something like that. On his face, however, nothing showed beyond a slight pallor and a scarcely perceptible tightening of the lips.

After a while Mary asked: "How far is the club, anyway?"

"From where?"

"From here."

"Oh, about twenty-five miles."

"Twenty-five miles! I had no idea it was so far from the house!"

"It isn't. It's right round the corner from the house."

"Oh, I see!" she rejoined, though she didn't. Then: "Don't you think we'd better be turning back?"

"No. Why?"

"To get to the dance."

"We're not going to the dance."

"Not going to the dance? Where are we going?"

"To Heathstone."

The plunge was taken. The die was cast. The Rubicon was crossed, and all the rest of it.

"But, Dimi ——" He did not answer. "You're only fooling, of course?"

Still no answer.

"Dimi, please turn back now. We'll be late for the dance."

"We're not going to the dance."

It was not hard after you got started. There was a certain momentum that carried you along. It was like rolling downhill. You gave yourself the first push and some accommodating natural force took care of the rest.

"Dimi, I don't quite understand. But it doesn't seem either funny or—or nice to play jokes on people who are trying ——"

"It's not a joke. Did you or did you not promise to go to Heathstone with me to-night?"

"I did—of course—but they ——"

"They have nothing to do with it. They didn't consult me about their old dance. I didn't promise to go to it. I don't dance and they know it."

"But, Dimi, that's outrageous! Those people were kind enough ——"

"Kind nothing! It's a pleasure for them to dance, isn't it? Well, I'm not interfering with their pleasure. And I don't recognize their right to interfere with mine."

"Why, that's the most preposterous thing I ever heard! I'm surprised at you, Dimi. Even if you don't want to go you might consider my preferences."

"I am. You said yourself you'd rather go to Heathstone."

"Well, I've changed my mind."

"Oh, what a pity!"

"Dimi Brown, you turn right round and take me back!"

"Don't you think," remarked Dimi conversationally, "that Dmitri suits me better than Dimi? It's more masterful. I think I'd rather have you call me Dmitri."

"I'll call you nothing at all. I won't even speak to you again as long as I live."

Dimi's very presentable roadster could hit seventy-five without help from the police, though not always without interference.

"Dimi, stop it. Don't go so fast, Dimi!"

He did not slow down much.

"When I'm—mad," he shouted, "always run—over sixty. Makes me mad—you won't speak ——"

His foot went down once more.

"Dimi!" shrieked Mary. "Stop it!"

"Going—speak—me?"

"Y-yes!" she screamed, clinging to her seat.

The amateur troglodyte lifted his foot and the roadster eased down to twenty-five.

"Don't you like to go fast?" inquired Dimi, turning to her pleasantly.

"No! I'm so —— It musses up my hair," she finished coldly.

"When we get out at Heathstone you can fix it."

"I'm not going to get out at Heathstone."

"Oh, yes you are!" replied Dimi confidently.

And she knew that she was. And he knew that she knew it. And oh, it was wonderful—wonderful! At last he knew something first-hand; something authoritative about the long-hidden mystery of thrills. In fact, he could at that moment have written a monograph upon the subject.

It was fully twenty-four hours after Mary's departure for the Middle West that Dimi began to waken to the fact that the world was just about the same place externally it had always been. Incredibly enough, there was the same work to be done, the same number and kind of meals to be eaten, the same amount of sleep to be slept—if one could, of course. It was terribly disconcerting; like stepping off the tail of a comet right into your own back yard. And the worst of it was you couldn't even kick about the dizziness of the drop or the general flatness of the scenery, because trips on comets' tails are not apt to be regarded seriously except by the taker. Actually Dimi found himself constrained to go on acting as if nothing had happened when everything in the world was so entirely changed!

It was probably a little later that the realization came that nothing was changed. He had spent two afternoons and seven evenings with a very charming girl, to put it in the meaningless jargon of the world. On the last night he had run off with her more or less against her will, and at the threat of carrying her in he had made her yield to his will and dine with him at Heathstone Inn. And at the moment of said yielding there had crept into her eyes a look! Because of that look, melting and burning into his answering look the entire evening, he had had the temerity to drive home with one hand, an accomplishment which heretofore had been to him more of a parlor trick than a useful habit. And in the quietest street of Locust Hills something had happened to the engine which necessitated his stopping, which necessitated her looking up at him with that look still in her eyes, which necessitated his—but only once. The engine then behaving properly, he had driven her home to face the excitement roused by their mysterious disappearance.

Viewed from the point of view of the world it was nothing. Engines stalled in quiet streets the world over. And people, unless they happened to be married to each other, took advantage of the fact and probably thought no more about it. It did not constitute any kind of an engagement. He might not even ever see her again.

Ye gods!

He would go out to Kansas City, if need be, to see her. Yes, and get engaged to her, too, darn his fool hide for not having thought of it at the time! He'd pack up and go right away if he hadn't promised Steinberger to see that campaign through. He wouldn't be able to get away much before summer, but he could certainly go West during his vacation. Darn it all, August was a long way off! Lots of things could happen in four months. There were probably Buck Connors out in Kansas City too.

Ye gods!

The upshot of it was that he decided to write her a letter and the upshot of that was that he did write her sixty or seventy. And the upshot of it all was that he finally sent her a letter lacking only "Friend Mary" to make it a perfect example of his idea of no kind of a letter at all. And Mary in answering it took her tone from his. So though they corresponded with regularity and precision, it was as though there had been no night of nights at Heathstone or any look in her eyes or any engine stalled in the quietest street.

It was during the fourth week of this Dear-Mary-Dear-Dimi correspondence that Van remarked one night: "It's not awfully

(Continued on Page 81)

To get the most from any service is to use it when and where needed—to do otherwise is waste, of opportunity or energy

"REMINDO"
the Electric Voice That Whispers

"Turn off the Cellar Light"

HERE'S a tiny little buzzer that doesn't let one forget to turn off the light in some out-of-the-way place like cellar, store room, or attic—just a gentle but insistent reminder of current being wasted. As long as the light burns, the Remindo buzzes. When you turn the switch, out goes the light and the buzz ceases.

This memory jogger and money saver may be had at any G-E electrical dealer's shop. It comes in a neat blue and orange picture package that stands for everything reliable in electric devices. And while your dealer shows you how the Remindo works, he can suggest a dozen other electric conveniences that mean greater comfort and better use of current in the home; perhaps a Thrucord Switch that allows you to turn off the percolator without pulling the plug; or a Twin Outlet Plug that enables you to connect two appliances at the same socket; or the All-Nite-Lite for your hallway.

The blue and orange picture package distinguishes G-E products prominently displayed by electrical dealers. Over 3000 G-E wiring devices cover all wiring requirements.

•An interesting booklet on electric wiring and wiring conveniences, written in terms you can understand, may be had free by addressing *Section 677, General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

61 95

G-E electric conveniences

Sold and installed by electrical contractor–dealers

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

GLOBE CORDS
GUARANTEED 8000 MILES
FABRIC TIRES 6000 MILES

GLOBE

Globe Tires in Cord or Fabric make the ideal combination

Standard Globe Cords are sold and recommended by Authorized Dealers. Ask them about Standardized Mileage for cars.

IT takes longer and costs more to build tires—fabric or cord—the Globe way than the ordinary way. The extra time and care give extraordinary results in added mileage.

Globes cost about 10% more to make than ordinary tires. They give you about 50% more miles.

To responsible dealers only: If Globe Tires are not represented in your city or town, write us promptly for our exclusive proposition.

GLOBE RUBBER TIRE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Executive Offices: 1851–53 Broadway, New York. *Factories:* Trenton, N. J.

NEW YORK BRANCH
1851 Broadway

BROOKLYN BRANCH
1130 Bedford Avenue

CHICAGO BRANCH
2029 S. Michigan Ave

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH
804 North Broad Street

BOSTON BRANCH
679 Beacon Street

(Continued from Page 78)

easy for you to change your habits, is it, Dimi?"

"M-m-m," grunted Dimi, who was reading and smoking a pipe.

"We've been pretty comfortable here, haven't we?"

"Uh-huh."

"You've always been awfully good to me, Dimi."

"See here, Van"—he put down his book and looked over at her—"are you trying to tell me something or keep it from me? Because whichever you're trying you're doing the other."

"Barry wants to get married," announced Van.

Dimi controlled his face.

"I'm glad to hear," he camouflaged flippantly, "that he means right by our Nell."

"He wants to get married," continued Van, "very soon."

"How soon?" asked Dimi.

"Next month. He expects to be transferred to a shore post at San Pedro and he wants to take me with him."

Dimi went to his room early. He felt very low. Van would be gone across the continent in a month and he would be left alone. For the first time in his life he became acquainted with envy. He simply could not refrain from thinking enviously of Barry, who took from life what he wished, when and how he wished. And little by little there crept into his thinking a wish that he could be as Barry was in order to do as Barry did. And, as so often happens, the wish was sire to the resolve. By midnight it amounted to that—a resolve to do what Barry had done, even as Barry had done it. Of course he did not approve unreservedly of all of Barry's methods. Proposing marriage by telegram, for instance, was a bit crude. But the general lines he had followed had been sound. When the affair had reached a climax in his own mind he had put it to the test, getting an answer one way or the other. This sort of uncertainty was unendurable.

The more he thought of it the more unendurable it seemed. He loved Mary. Either she loved him or she didn't. If she did he ought to know about it. And if she didn't—well, as he was saying, if she did he ought to know about it. He would write a letter at once—that very night.

He did. At four in the morning he was still writing it—and then at seven, when he got up, he destroyed it. It was with the clearer vision of early morning that his thoughts turned again to Barry—Barry who had staked his all on a telegram instead of a stupid letter that would not be written; that would take a week to answer and could then be answered evasively. He, too, would send a telegram—immediate, decisive, masterful.

At seven-thirty he heard the bathroom door close behind Van. He had not found the composition of a telegram any descendant of the original sinecure. Stealthily he crept into Van's room and with guilty fingers rummaged in her jewel case. He knew she kept that telegram there.

At nine o'clock he visited the jeweler's. There were rings it fairly hurt him not to choose for Mary. One in particular—a square emerald—her birth stone. But Barry had sent a diamond solitaire. And Barry had become his Bible, his Baedeker and his daily manual.

So a solitaire it was which went to Mary, nicely timed to arrive the same morning as a telegram worded—it must be admitted—on the prayerful assumption that Van and Barry had never taken Mary into the inmost chambers of their confidence. For word for word it resembled a certain other telegram, even to the final exhortation to "Wire yes."

And Mary wired.

After the success of this coup, such was his superstitious faith in the technic of his guiding spirit that Dimi would take no smallest step without asking himself: "What, under the circumstances, would Barry do?" Barry's dope had opened for him the very gates of paradise. And who was he to juggle with the keys? He actually stole Barry's letters and modeled his own upon them. I do not condone this. I merely relate it.

His romantic tendencies he held firmly in leash. That is, he kept them where they would do the least harm. He could not stifle them entirely. For instance, the To Mary sequence of sonnets which later appeared in a weekly, signed D. Brown, could not possibly carry any disillusionment to Mary. And soon D. Brown became a safety valve for all the superfluous sentiment of Dimi.

Barry wrote suddenly that owing to a change of plans at Washington his transfer would not take place for another month. Finally he wrote: "We will positively be married some time in August."

D. Brown was indignant.

"The beggar does not even consult her about it. He's positively Oriental."

But Dimi would brook no criticism of his idol.

"What do you know about women? What did you ever do except lie down on doorsteps and get yourself walked on?"

Dimi's vacation was fixed for the first of August and forthwith he sent Mary a letter.

"We will positively be married some time in August."

That night D. Brown, outraged, wrote If, the poem which, set by Stephens, was said to be the most tenderly appealing love song of the year.

D. Brown did his best by Dimi. Every time Dimi wrote one of his dearmaryish letters D. Brown gave vent to a poem, and the dearmaryer the letters the more ardent the poems. In one month he finished twenty.

When Mary wrote "Oh, Dimi, you're such a real man—so genuine—and red-blooded! There's nothing mawkish or sentimental about you," D. Brown had a fit and wrote three poems in one day.

When she wrote "I heard the great Xman to-day conduct a special summer concert for the Red Cross, but I suppose you are more interested in the Giants-White Sox squabble," Dimi, who had spent money for standing room once to hear the great Xman and was in the habit of giving away his pass for the Giants, only smiled. But D. Brown in righteous wrath wrote his check for his next year's subscription to the New Symphony, which he had been considering forgoing.

And when in another letter Mary said: "I saw a splendid exhibit of batiks today, but you probably think they're something to eat, so I won't bore you. Who do you think will win the big fight?" Dimi replied that he thought the champion would. D. Brown spent the whole day Sunday messing over a batik, which Van later made into a smock. He worked hard to expiate the crimes of Dimi. He even tried to win him over.

"She won't think any less of you because you're not a boob. You're acting like an ass. Try her out."

So Dimi wrote casually in his next letter: "Don't you wish sometimes I were different—not such a lowbrow—more sentimental—more imaginative?"

And Mary answered: "No, I do not. If you were one whit different from what you are now I'd love you just that much less. Besides, I adore lowbrows—and sentimental, imaginative men make me feverish."

"You see?" gloated Dimi.

And D. Brown had to use up his energies in chasing up a publisher who would consider including a small volume of delicate love lyrics in his fall catalogue—lyrics which were appearing in certain high-grade publications. But not content with this sort of atonement, D. Brown continued his efforts toward conversion.

"You're deceiving the girl you love," he pointed out, attacking Dimi in his weak spot. "She has a right to know the kind of man she is marrying."

"Of course I'll tell her—later—when she's more used to me and it won't be such a shock."

"Fraud! It will be more of a shock. And, besides, you have no right to marry her under false pretenses."

Dimi was hit.

"Don't you think," he wrote to Mary, "I ought to try to learn about some of the things that interest you—poetry—art—music? Won't it bore you to have to sit opposite a man all your life who can talk nothing but advertising? If you'll just encourage me a little, Mary, I'll go ahead and tackle it. I could really do a lot in the next few weeks."

"Don't you dare," replied Mary. "I hate men who have a smattering of art and music. And if you knew how I loathe men who spout poetry! I like men that talk about advertising, plain Dimi Browns—like you are now."

What could Dimi do? And, besides, it made him feel so happy!

They had a double wedding in August. Van and Barry spent their honeymoon in the little stucco house in Locust Hills. The future might hold few enough of stucco houses for them. Dimi took Mary to a little two-by-four island owned by his friend Chandler, who offered them the use of his bungalow and servants while he was in Canada.

What a place it was for a honeymoon! And what a honeymoon for the place! Perfect—cloudless—ideal—until on the morning of the eighth day D. Brown appeared and looked Dimi sternly in the eye and Dimi knew that he was cornered.

"I'll have to tell her," he sighed. "It's a lie I'm living, and no good can come of building a house on lies. Mary loves me, God bless her, and I love her, and this foolish little farce isn't worthy of our love."

He found her on the porch.

"Watcha reading, Mrs. Brown?"

"Oh, nothing much, Mr. Brown," she replied, attempting to hide the magazine beneath her smock.

"'American Lyric,'" he read, taking it from her.

She reached for it with quite unnecessary ardor. He held it away from her.

"'To Mary,'" he read "'by D. Brown.' Who's he?"

"I don't know," she answered. She seemed strangely excited.

"Maybe," suggested Dimi ungrammatically, "it's me."

Mary laughed a trifle artificially.

"Do you think you're the only D. Brown in the world? And even if you were I'd never accuse you of writing that."

"Why, is it rotten?"

"I should say not! It's the most beautiful ——" She checked herself suddenly and laughed with elaborate carelessness. "Some woman wrote it, I'm certain."

"Mary, what would you say if I told you I wrote it?"

"You!" How she laughed!

"Yes—me. Suppose I told you I'd been leading a double life ——"

"I'd leave you."

"Joking aside, Mary, suppose there were two me's."

"Well, if there are, you see that I don't catch the other Brown hanging round. I won't have strange men spoiling my honeymoon."

"But, Mary, you might like the other Brown—better than me."

"I hate him!" she cried in sudden inexplicable wrath. "I tell you, I hate him!" Then collecting herself with an effort: "Come on," she called, "let's go for a swim."

That night Dimi confronted D. Brown miserably.

"You heard what she said, didn't you?"

"Bah! Talk! Women say a lot of things. Take her in your arms—masterfully—and tell her the truth. Tell her you did it for love. She'll only adore you the more for it. Women are that way."

It sounded reasonable. Dimi went downstairs and took his wife in his arms. He was so nervous he was even a little rough. She relaxed happily in his arms and twined her own about his neck.

"Oh, Dimi," she murmured chokily, "you're so wonderful! Promise me, dear, you won't ever let anything come between us—promise!"

"I promise," he answered weakly, dizzily. And D. Brown, hopeless, disappeared round a corner.

"This," said Mary the next day, "is my diary," and showed him a little violet-leather-covered book, her face as sweetly pink as the cluster of pink clover she wore in her blouse. "I never thought I'd show it to a living soul. But somehow I wanted you to see it. It's so wonderful not to have any secrets from you. In case there is the tiniest nook in me where you are not at home, I want you to have the right to explore."

Lord love her! Her diary! Moses receiving the tablets on the Mount did not honor them with a deeper thrill of loving veneration than Dimi this mark of love and confidence from the most wonderful girl in the world. This more than mark of love—this key which would give him the opportunity to unlock his own heart and let her read the stupid secret he had locked there.

"'He is my ideal,'" he read, "'in every way. Oh, I'm the luckiest girl in the world! He's absolutely perfect. Sometimes I'm afraid it's too good to be true and that some day he'll develop some unknown, unforeseen trait that will spoil everything.'" In pencil she had scrawled underneath: "As if you could, darlingest. You who are as clear as crystal throughout."

CROMPTON
All-Weather
CORDUROY

Resists Water

Trousers made of this material are always strong and durable—soft and comfortable.

CROMPTON "*All-weather*" CORDUROY will not stiffen, shrink or lose its color even if you get it wet.

Send for free test sample of this new kind of Corduroy. Sprinkle it and watch the water roll off just like quicksilver.

CROMPTON
All-Weather
CORDUROY

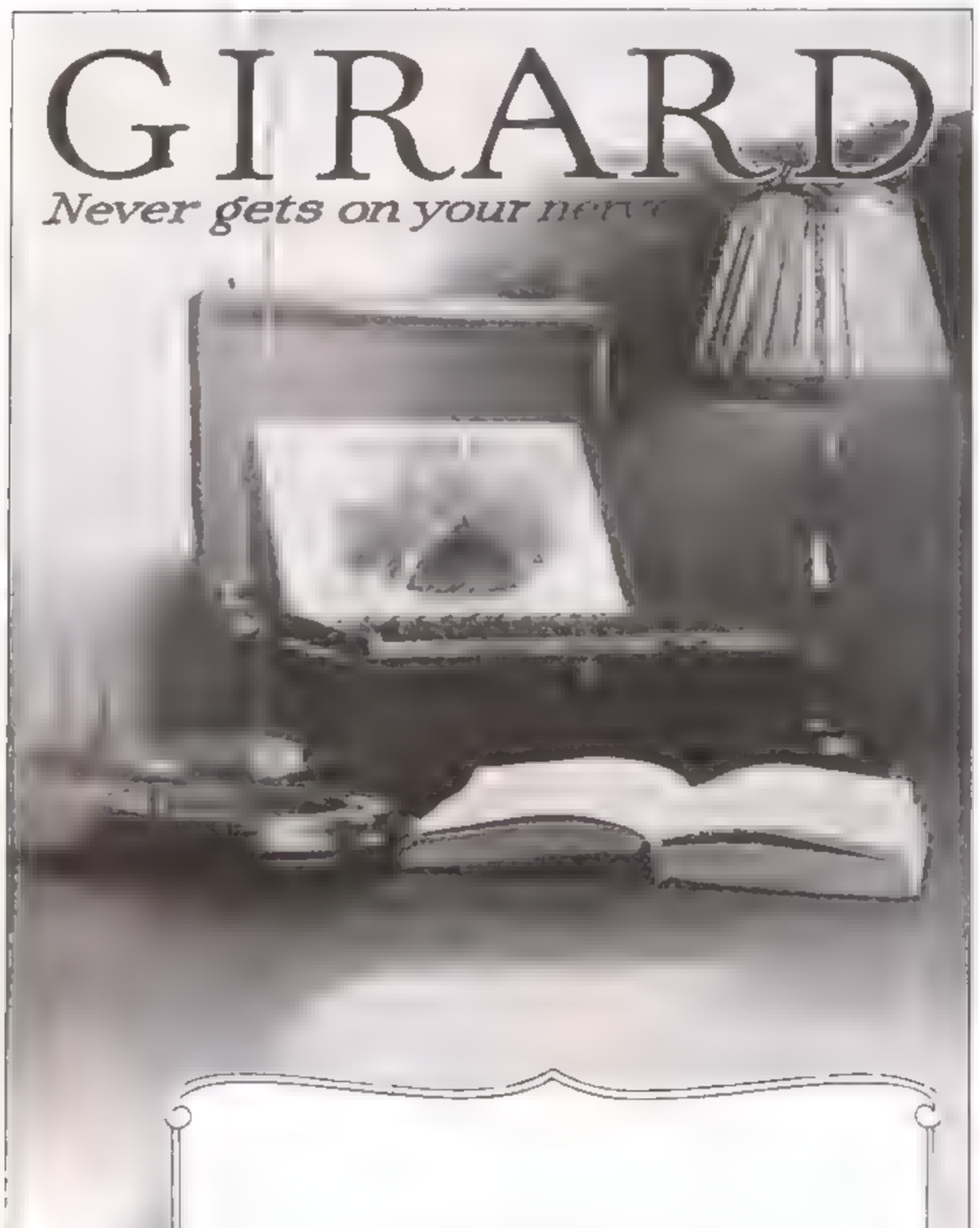
Look for this trade-mark in the next pair of trousers you buy. Sold by all leading Retail Stores

CROMPTON-RICHMOND CO. Inc.
35 East 31st Street New York

OLDEST MANUFACTURERS OF CORDUROYS IN THE U. S. A.

GIRARD

Never gets on your nerves



WATCH your guest's face as you offer him a Girard.

You see a smile of pleased appreciation.

No matter how expensive his tastes nor what his customary smoke may be, he knows and values the Girard.

His cigar sense recognizes a thoroughly satisfying smoke. His common sense approves the mellow mildness which brings pleasure without regret.

With its smooth and uniform smoking quality down to the last fragrant puff, its true tropic flavor which only native-grown Havana leaf can give, the Girard never fails to create that atmosphere of convivial good fellowship in which men freely and happily expand.

Sold by progressive dealers everywhere.

Antonio Roig & Langsdorf
Philadelphia
Established 49 years

Dimi shuddered.

"That is the wonderful part of it all," appeared in another place. "I seem to have known him before—all my life in fact. I feel as if everything he did or would do were part of a beautiful book I had read somewhere long ago. And if it were not so—if there were to be a false note anywhere the whole thing would come crashing down."

And again: "That is so precious to me—to be able to anticipate his thoughts—to expect the glow before it comes into his eyes—to read his inmost heart—to know there are no corners where I may not peer—no doors behind which I may not explore."

He definitely and decisively broke with D. Brown.

Then one afternoon they walked out over the rocks and in a little strip of sandy beach they settled themselves to watch the sea. Dimi with a stick he had picked up was drawing aimless crosses in the damp sand. Mary, one arm thrown up over her head, her pink linen dress disarranged at the throat, fell asleep.

How beautiful she was, with the dark shadow of her impossible lashes on her soft tanned cheek. His stick began to form the aimless lines into lashes and about them a face—Mary's face. He did not need to look at her. He knew every line and curve of her face—her neck—her shoulders. The sand was not a flexible enough medium for her face. He patted it out and began to draw in her figure instead—her figure as she had stood that morning brushing the living mass of her lovely dark hair, the loose folds of her gown sweeping from her upraised arms.

Suddenly her voice sounded in his ear and the blood congealed along his spine and the stick clung stubbornly to his paralyzed fingers.

"Why, Dimi, what are you doing? Why, Dimi, aren't you clever! Dear, that's wonderful! I never knew you could draw." And then suddenly: "Why didn't you ever tell me?"

He swallowed once, twice, and then the whole miserable story rushed out, the dry-throated words tumbling over one another's heels in their eagerness at last to be uttered.

"Mary, I've lied to you. I've lived a lie ever since—ever since the night I took you to Heathstone. I'm not masterful. I'm not dominant. I just pretended to be, because I thought it was the only way to win you. And oh, I had to have you! There never was any other girl in the world for me! I meant to let you know—always—but always the fear of losing you kept me mute. I'm not masterful. I'd make the most beautiful doormat in the world if you'd only walk on me. I'm all the things you hate. I was fed on grand opera before I could hold a knife and fork. I draw. I used to make sketches for Van's customers. I even write poetry. I have a book of love lyrics that are going to be brought out in the fall. I'm D. Brown of the American Lyric. I tried to tell you the other day that I was leading a double life, but you said you hated the other Brown. I don't want to live if you hate me, but I'm glad it's out. I couldn't have gone on pretending much longer."

For what seemed an interminable length of time he sat there afraid to break the frozen silence for fear that what would follow might be even worse. Then she moved and he braced himself. But instead of speaking she dropped the little purple book into his lap.

"There," she said in a strange voice, getting to her feet.

"Mary ——" he began, his eyes full of misery.

"Read it," she said, "please."

His eyes followed her to the bungalow, but she did not turn again. He opened at the last written page and read:

"I wonder if it can be possible. It seems like a nightmare—horribly clear and yet so impossible! To-day—suddenly—it came to me that I have—and always will have—thoughts—emotions—feelings that I may never share with him. I was reading a poem called To Mary and I had the most uncanny feeling that the unknown writer was calling me—and that against my will I was answering him. I felt as though some part of me were somnambulating—answering the call of a known but unknown voice—following the beck of an unseen hand—and the rest of me watching was helpless to hold it back. I was frightened—sick.

"And the worst of it is, I may not tell Dimi. He could never understand. And if he did it would make him miserable. I gave him some flippant answers. I lied even and said it must be a woman who had written it—but I know better. At the time I felt oppressed. And since then it has been making me miserable. Oh, I love him! I do! I do! Every bit of me. I will tear out this other side of me if it can cast even the shadow of a shadow across our love. He is perfect. To feel the touch of his fingers is worth all the poems—all the emotions—all the aspirations in the world. I love him. And he is my man. And I will not even dream of shadows. And yet ——"

He found her in the room. He simply held out his arms and she flew into them and drew a long shuddering sigh against his shoulder. The miracle was so great they dared not lessen it by speech. But that night they stepped out somewhat from the unearthly glamour of the dream.

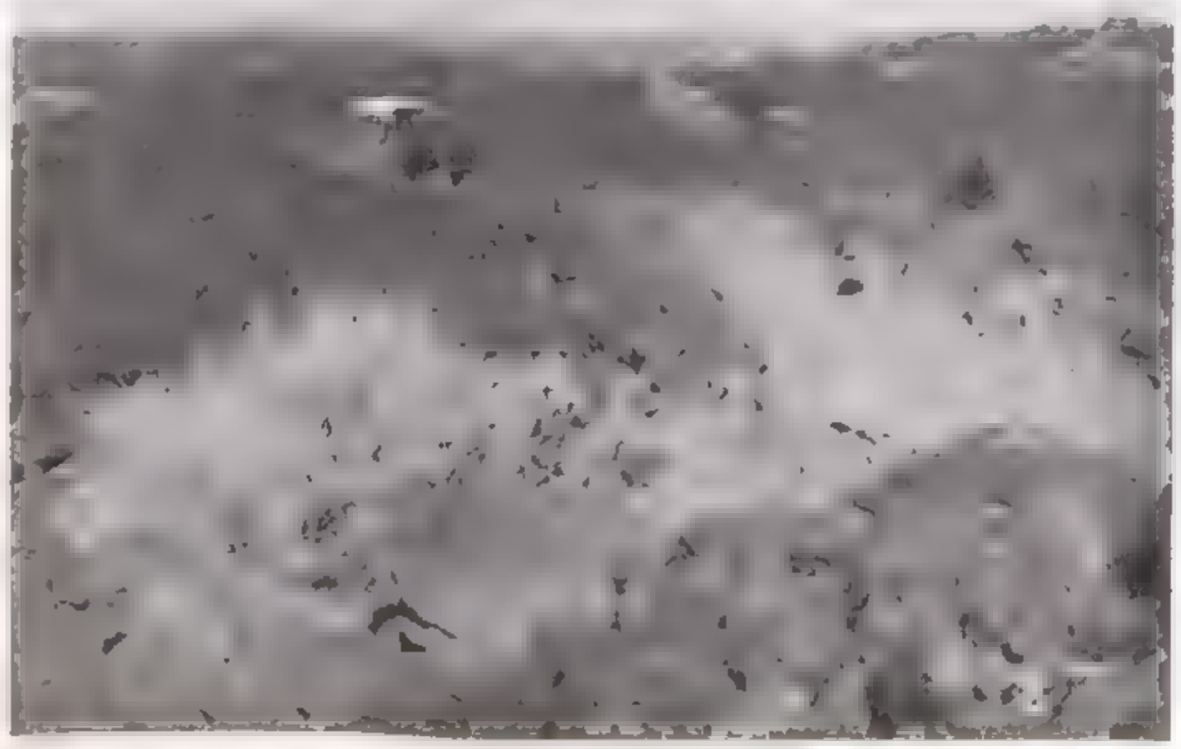
"I hope, Mr. Brown," said Mary, "it's a lesson to you never to keep anything from your wife."

"It is that, Mrs. Brown. It's a lesson not to keep anything from your wife any longer than you can get away with it. If I hadn't deceived you a little in the beginning I wouldn't have had any wife to keep things away from."

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded Mary, lapsing into what was to her a shocking idiom. "I made up my mind to marry you the first time I saw you. Since I am I and since you are you, nothing on earth could have kept us apart. Don't you see that?"

"I see," said Dimi.

But it was the cowardly subterfuge of the man who is too happy for argument and not the sincere admission of the man who is honestly convinced.



NEW PRICES FOR Weed and Rid-O-Skid TIRE CHAINS

MR. MOTORIST, we are pleased to give you the benefit of the decreased cost of producing our Tire Chains in the enormous and ever increasing quantities necessary to take care of their universal use.

The ever increasing and enormous demand for our Tire Chains naturally means decreased cost of manufacture, and it will always be our policy to pass the saving on to you, Mr. Motorist, to our mutual benefit—the lower the price, the greater the market.

Below are listed a few sizes in general use with their new prices

WEED TIRE CHAINS

Patented Aug. 23, 1904

Size	Price Per Pair	Size	Price Per Pair
30x3½"	$5.00	32x4½"	$7.00
32x3½"	5.50	34x4½"	7.50
32x4"	6.00	35x5"	9.00
33x4"	6.50	37x5"	9.75
34x4"	7.00		

RID-O-SKID TIRE CHAINS

Patented Aug. 23, 1904

Size	Price Per Pair	Size	Price Per Pair
30x3½"	$2.65	32x4½"	$3.25
32x3½"	2.80	34x4½"	3.40
32x4"	3.00		
33x4"	3.10		
34x4"	3.20		

WEED CROSS CHAINS

3½" . . 8c each | 4" . . 9c each | 4½" . . 10c each | 5" . . 12c each

WEED TIRE CHAINS are made of super-quality material, giving greatest possible mileage. Every cross chain specially processed to diamond hardness, yet is not brittle; and the side chains of high tensile strength are heavily galvanized against rust.

RID-O-SKID TIRE CHAINS—We first offered these chains to the Trade on May 1, 1911. They appeal to those whose chief consideration is the least initial outlay. They are not made of super-quality long-wearing material as Weed Tire Chains; their cross chains are not specially processed for extreme hardness, nor are they plated and galvanized against rust.

Price Lists covering all sizes of our Tire Chains furnished by your dealer or our nearest Sales Office.

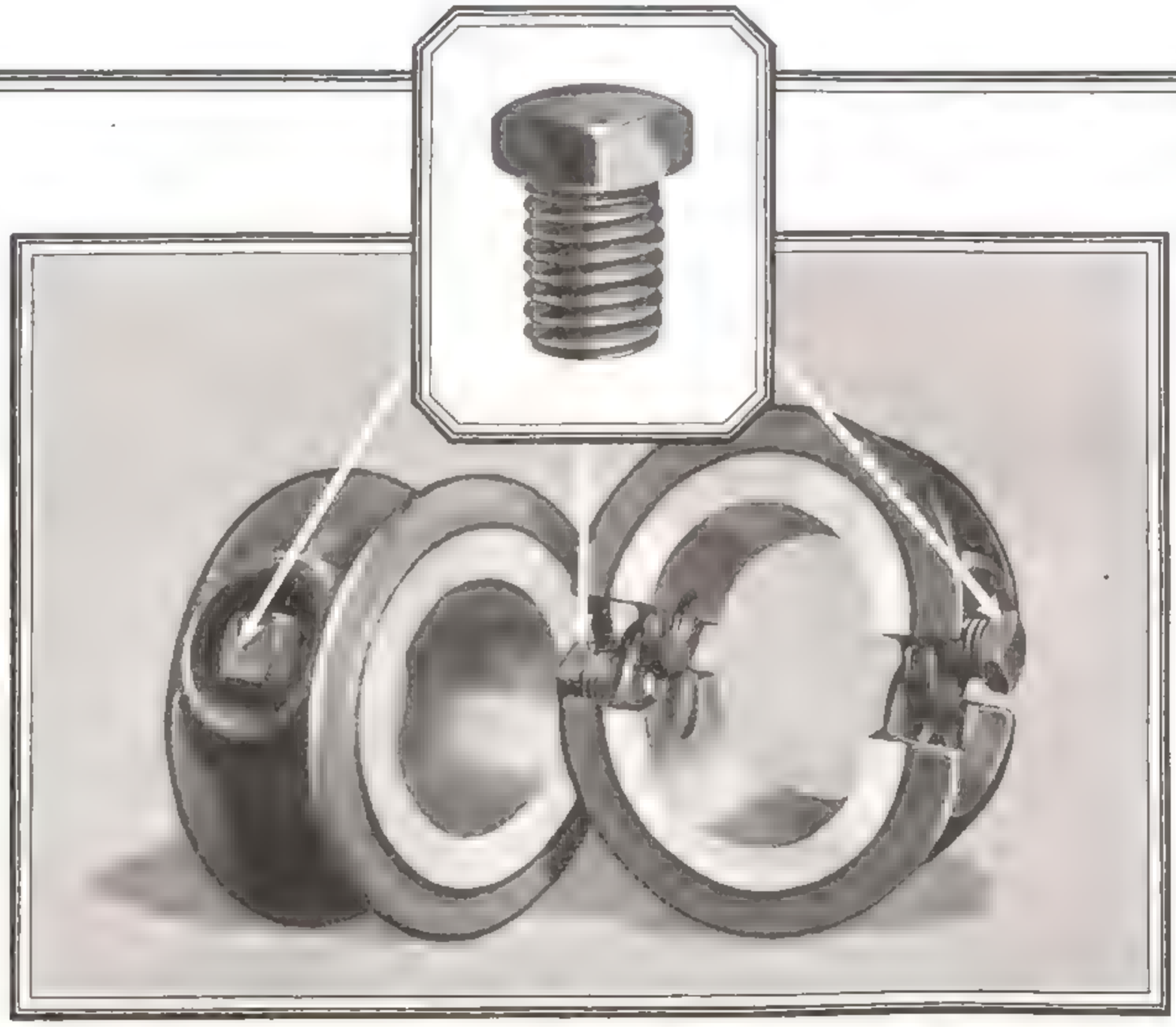
AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario

LARGEST CHAIN MANUFACTURERS IN THE WORLD

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

District Sales Offices: Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Ore., San Francisco



Quality of Ferry Process Screws is "uniformly high," says the Chain Belt Company

HOW Ferry Process Screws are used by one of the leading manufacturers of industrial equipment—the Chain Belt Company, makers of the well-known Rex line of chains, set collars, concrete mixers, sprockets, elevators and conveyors—is shown in the above illustration.

Ferry Process Screws are here shown as used in Rex Safety Collars, employed on line shafting in factories to hold sprocket wheels and other shaft equipment in place. Their function is an important one, as the shaft collars are subjected to constant vibration and the set screws must hold them rigidly in place. Writing of their satisfaction with Ferry Process Screws, the Chain Belt Company says:

"Ferry Cap and Set Screws have been used by us almost exclusively during the past eight or nine years, our contracts usually having been renewed immediately upon expiration. The material which you have furnished us has been of uniformly high quality: and the relations with your company pleasant as well as profitable."

Endorsements like this are not lightly given. They are convincing proof of the superiority of Ferry Process Screws.

Since 1907, when Thomas Ferry came forth with a wholly new principle in screw-making, Ferry Process Screws have won an enviable reputation in the manufacturing world. Many other leading manufacturers besides Chain Belt have put the stamp of their approval upon Ferry methods and Ferry products.

What is this new principle in screw-making? The diagram at the bottom of the page gives graphic answer to this question.

Under the old method, a bar of steel the size and shape of the head, not of the shank, is used—and then the shank is formed by milling away the steel until the right size is obtained. This comparatively slow and tedious method represents a considerable waste in raw material.

The Ferry Process completely reverses the old method. Here a bar of steel is used—its size *not* that of the head—*but of the shank*. The waste of raw material is inconsequential.

The matrix-compression principle

But the real problem was to form the head. To batter on a shapeless knob, and then to cut this knob to size and shape, would disturb the molecular structure of the steel. Thomas Ferry solved this problem—by inventing an ingenious matrix, or die, in which the head is formed by powerful compression.

Following this, the heads are accurately finished, the ends pointed, the shanks threaded to micrometer accuracy, with Pratt & Whitney gauges as the standard. The Ferry heat-treatment insures uniformity in strength. All of these steps are performed by high-speed automatic machines, with special tools and equipment, developed by Thomas Ferry and fully covered by patents.

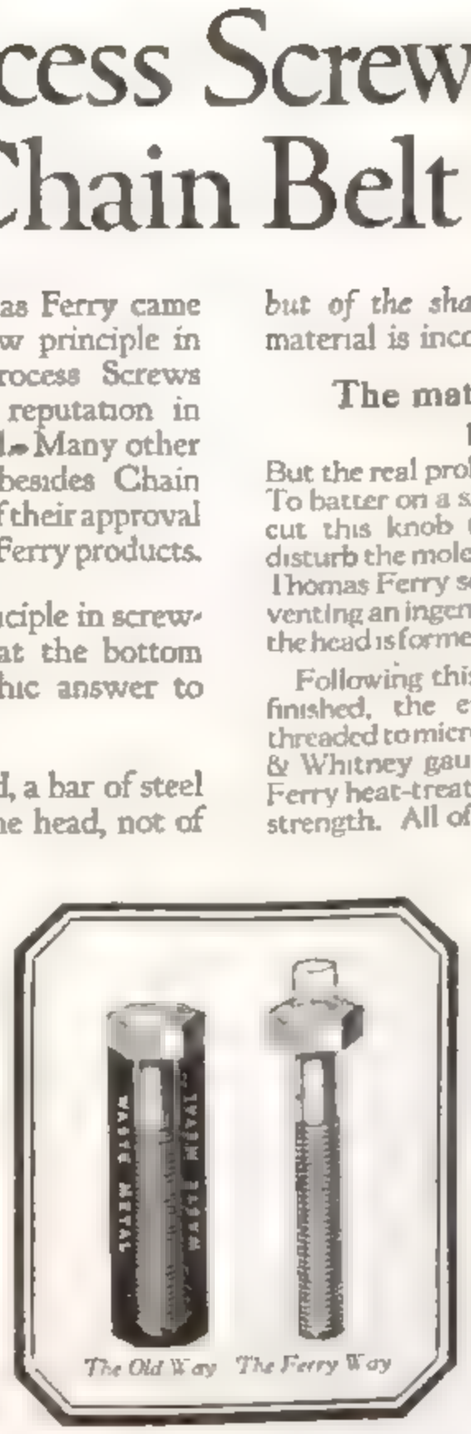
The result is a screw—the Ferry Process Screw—as perfect as modern science can make it—

Perfect from the standpoint of economical manufacture, of precision accuracy, of engineering design, of practical metallurgy.

Ferry Process Screws are used in vast quantities, and for varying purposes, by many of the largest manufacturers in American industry. In many cases, their use was specified only after the most thorough and exhaustive tests and comparisons. Among these important users, besides Chain Belt, may be listed the following well-known concerns:

American Seeding Machine Co
Buffalo Forge Company
Chandler Motor Car Company
Dodge Steel Pulley Corporation
Eberhard Mfg. Co.
Federal Motor Truck Co.
Gendron Wheel Co.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co
Hinkley Motors Corporation
Holt Manufacturing Company
Hudson Motor Car Co
A. Y. McDonald Mfg. Co.
Maxwell Motors Co
Oakland Motor Car Co
Oliver Chilled Plow Works
Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
Studebaker Corp.
Timken-Detroit Axle Co.
The White Co.

Ferry Process Screws will meet your requirements just as they are meeting the requirements of these prominent manufacturing firms. Whatever your needs, standard or special—in cap screws, set screws, milled studs, connecting rod bolts, spring bolts, tie rod bolts and screw machine products—an opportunity to consider your specifications will be appreciated.



THE FERRY CAP AND SET SCREW COMPANY, 2151 Scranton Road, Cleveland, Ohio

FERRY PROCESS SCREWS

THE CONQUEROR OF TO-MORROW

(Continued from Page 32)

"You'll—er—find—that is ——"

The officer glanced at the title page and dipped into the middle.

"Don't look like flying to me," he said slowly. "Looks like a love story."

"Yes," said Ingo. "The love interest, of course ——"

"Oh, well," said the captain, "I haven't got time to read it now. I'll take your word for it. How much?"

There was a tiny smile on his face as he waited for his change. As the flying officer left the shop with the book under his arm Ingo felt his legs giving under him. Would he be found out? Would that husky officer come back and beat him up? He was so unstrung that when three ladies entered the store he tried to hide behind his skyscraper until they had passed it. But one of them stopped, fascinated.

"What's this?" she asked in rather quick, insolent tones.

"I—I don't know, madam," stammered Ingo. "It's—er—the latest novel."

"Who is Dyson Tyler? The name is somewhat familiar."

"It's—a—a new author, madam, I ——"

"H'm! Might be interesting. Charge a copy to my account and have it sent. Mrs. William Seymour." She went on into the store and with a shaking hand Ingo wrote down her name.

Word had gone round the store. The other clerks edged up to listen to his line of talk and were amazed at Nuts and his fluency. They commented to each other and the story spread back—magnified—to the cashier's desk and filtered through many channels into the manager's room. Ingo McNutts had achieved personality.

When the lunch hour came he was so exhausted that he forgot to keep his appointment with the barber. He crept into a corner of the dressing room as though afraid that some of his purchasers might have found out that the book was not at all what he had told them. They would demand their money back and he would be fired. Physically and mentally he felt the strain, but as he cowered in the corner eating a lunch out of a piece of old newspaper he thought of the wonderful story he would have to tell Lucy that night. He pictured her face as she listened and heard her laugh of approval and felt her hand warm upon his arm. Renewed courage began to creep into him and after a while when the lunch had warmed his empty stomach he began to smile himself and presently was shrieking with laughter, all alone in the dressing room, almost hysterical at the thing that he had done.

Ingo McNutts had passed another milestone on the road of life and in so doing had entered a new plane of existence. Hitherto his own insignificance had rendered him timid and his timidity had clogged his footsteps. The transition was marked by a day of alternating exaltation and panic, which left him limp and exhausted. The new era found him as scared of his success as he had been scared of his failure. It seemed to him that every copy he sold was a possible boomerang which might at any moment return through the revolving door and hit him.

Lucy laughed his fears aside and spurred him to sustain the effort, but back of it all was a growing obsession that The Conqueror of To-Morrow was his certain doom. He was like a man who, having swallowed a narcotic, performs prodigies of effort, knowing all the time that at a given moment the inevitable reaction will set in.

Meanwhile the narcotic was working, and with a sense almost of despair he yielded to its effects.

From nine till five-thirty he stood his ground at the drafty end of the counter, swinging alternately from the heights to the depths as he applied the elementary psychology at his command to the varied types of men and women who surged into the store. To young girls he painted a glowing picture of the impassioned love story to be read in The Conqueror of To-Morrow; to donnish-looking men he expounded a Wellsian thesis of a new philosophy; to the stalwart lads he made it out the inspiriting fight for the ultimate success, riches, love and fame. He quoted arguments from Wells, from Shaw, from Galsworthy, uttering a synthetic literary hotchpotch of an unoriginal mind. The book itself he dared not read. It was easier to build pictures from an imaginative title than from a possibly drab reality. But the flame of conviction was in his eyes as he talked. He was concentrated, keyed up, and his earnestness told.

Daily the edifice on the counter was unbuilt book by book as customer after customer went away with one. Daily it was rebuilt from the apparently undiminishing pile in the receiving room. Every night Ingo left the store as in a trance and made his way to the corner where Lucy met him, gradually becoming regenerated on the way home by her vitality, humor and inspiration. She was the end for which he worked. She colored all his imaginings, obliterating all self within him. To her he gave the entire credit, though she was responsible only for the original idea of smartness and individual push. He did not tell himself that she had laid upon him the agony of soul through which he labored to obtain results. All that was his own fault for being the kind of man he was. His generosity to her was all unconsciously Christlike.

Conviction breeds conviction. Out of that store went men and women whose attention had been caught for a moment by an earnest little man with horn spectacles. They read the book, and if they did not find in it the wonders that the little man had pointed out they submitted their judgment to his. Was not literature his job? Had he not told them what Kipling had said about it, and Wells and Winston Churchill and Robert Chambers? Who were they against such famous men?

The stone of conviction hurled into the pond of everyday monotony by this odd little man made a splash. Gradually the ripples spread, by word of mouth, by letter, into the suburbs. Ingo's manager sent out repeat orders. The city's reviewers began to hear that it was being talked about. They took it down from their shelves where it had lain neglected and vivisected it with facile pen. The publisher, cogitating the trickle of orders and repeat orders, gave it a tentative feature advertisement, suffering sleepless nights from the questionable wisdom of such expenditure.

The month slipped off the calendar like a dream—which developed sometimes into a nightmare. Ingo, resembling another kind of Jekyll and Hyde, succeeded daily in subordinating his real self to that unreal boosting self which had descended upon him like the Biblical tongues of fire. Every night when the divine afflatus had left him he crept down, unseen by the other clerks, to the receiving room, where he took a look at the pile of Conquerors. It certainly had diminished considerably in bulk, but the sight of the heap still left made him think every time that he was trying to empty the ocean with a tin dipper; and every night his anxiety increased. The task was impossible. Eight hours a day was not enough to enable him to win out. He began to regret that the store closed at five-thirty. On the night of the twelfth, after thirty days of crowded emotional experience, he surveyed the remains of the skyscraper of books which he had rebuilt every morning for a month.

"Holy cats!" he said. "To-morrow's the thirteenth! Well, I suppose if he doesn't send for me till noon I've got three hours more to get rid of that lot. Gee! I can't ever make it!"

One by one he counted the copies. Each one was like a nail in his coffin. There were thirty left. He had just missed it by one copy a day! With a noise that might have been a groan, a sob or an oath, he shook his fist at them.

"Darn you!" he said. "Darn you!"

It seemed to Lucy when she saw him coming that his shoulders sagged. The utter dejection of him almost frightened her. She hurried to meet him and put a strong arm through his.

"Ingo, Ingo!" she said. "For heaven's sake, what's happened?"

Ingo shook his head.

"I haven't made it, and to-morrow's the thirteenth."

"How many have you got left?"

"Thirty."

"Gee!"

To Every Woman Who Will Ask

12 Dishes FREE

This is an offer to send you 12 delicious breakfasts—the quickest hot breakfasts that you ever served.

There will be six of Two-Minute Oats and six of Two-Minute Wheat. They will open the way to new-day breakfasts which your folks will revel in.

* * * *

The Quaker Oats Company have found the way to serve hot cereals ready-cooked.

To serve them hot and fresh and flavory—cooked better than you cook them. And before you can boil an egg.

Both Super-Cooked

One is Oats—the food of foods. And one is Whole Wheat granulated.

Both are cooked three hours by live steam under pressure, at higher than boiling heat. You can't cook cereals like this in a home. Every granule is fitted to digest.

* * * *

We keep them fresh and flavory by evaporation. The cooked granules are condensed.

You stir them in boiling water. Almost at once the cereals resume their soft and flavory form. They seem to be fresh from the cooker.

Never was Oats or Wheat so delicious, for this high-heat cooking gives a new, exquisite flavor.

New-Day Cereals

Now hot Oats with new delights is ever at your call. No hurried breakfast need omit it. This is the vim-food, the food for growth, which everybody needs.

Granulated Whole Wheat, made uniquely enticing, can be served steaming hot in two minutes.

Both are better-cooked, both better-flavored, than they ever were before.

Every housewife wants them. So to let you know them quickly we send twelve breakfasts free.

* * * *

Two Minute Cereals are entirely new both in form and flavor. The products are controlled by patent exclusively by the Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.

Two-Minute Oats
Two-Minute Wheat
Instant Hot Dishes Already 3-Hour Cooked

One Tablespoonful

makes a liberal dish, for the granules are condensed. Thus you will find these new foods economical.

Stir in Hot Water

—in boiling water—and in two minutes they are ready.

The Quaker Oats Company

Send it Now

Try both these new foods at our cost. See what hot delicious breakfasts they place ever at your call. Learn what countless hours they'll save you. Cut out coupon now.

12 Breakfasts Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1750 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.

Mail me a 6-Dish Package of each Two-Minute Oats and Two-Minute Wheat.

——————

——————

CALORIC WARMTH natural as sunshine!

Heating homes in the same way that the sun heats the earth—by natural circulation of air.

This is the outstanding achievement of modern heating science—made practical for every home by the patented *CaloriC Pipeless Furnace.*

The CaloriC circulates pure, clean, healthful heat in every room. Saves ⅓ to ½ your fuel. Lightens housework—keeps rooms clean. Guaranteed to heat your home to 70° in coldest weather.

Over 76,000 satisfied users in every state in the Union, in Alaska and Canada, will approve your judgment in getting a CaloriC.

PIPELESS CALORIC FURNACE

GET YOUR CALORIC NOW

The CaloriC is an investment that pays dividends in comfort and convenience—that pays its own cost in fuel saving.

Cuts building costs in new homes—because it requires but one chimney. The greatest modern comfort for old homes. Heats one, two and three story buildings, of 18 rooms or less, through *one register.* Costs less than stoves necessary to heat the same space. Installed without plumbing or alterations, usually in a day. Burns any fuel. The quick, convenient heat for any weather.

House cleaning days are here. Get your CaloriC now, and then—no more muss or bother. See nearest CaloriC dealer, or write today for dealer's name and CaloriC book.

The Monitor Stove Company
(The Monitor Family
101 Years in Business CINCINNATI, O.

CALORIC

THE ORIGINAL PIPELESS FURNACE TRIPLE-CASING PATENT

© 1920 by The M. S. Co

For some time they walked along in silence. Lucy was making the pace. She kept a firm pressure on his arm. Presently Ingo felt a squeeze.

"Say," cried Lucy—her voice was all excited and eager—"when's pay day? We'll buy those last copies. Count my fifteen onto your week's money. Fifteen and twenty-five's forty—can you beat it? We're a five-spot short. But couldn't you sell five dollars' worth before the manager taps you on the shoulder?"

"You bet I can!" said Ingo. "Say, Lucy, you got a bean like a tack! Let's come on in here and eat. We shall get thin all right next week."

"Thin!" scoffed Lucy. "Not when you've got your hundred per cent raise!"

Ingo screwed up his face, his courage falling back to zero.

"It'll take all the nerve I've got before I dare put that up to him. He just looks at you and you feel you'd like to die."

Lucy laughed.

"Listen, honey!" she said. "You don't know yourself. You've got the courage of a prize fighter behind that homely old face. When you stand in front of that guy tomorrow all you got to do is to remember what you've done—cinched every other salesman in the store—and if that isn't enough, think of your little Lucy waiting to say 'I will.'"

Three blocks away a man carrying a suitcase entered the Blackstone Hotel. He crossed to the desk and registered.

"Single room and bath, please," he said.

The clerk read the name and looked up.

"Author of The Conqueror of To-Morrow?" His tone was as near to reverence as a hotel clerk could get. Dyson Tyler nodded.

"May I have the pleasure of shaking you by the hand? Believe me, there is not a man, woman or child who has not felt the message of your book."

Tyler shook.

"I'm very glad," he said.

"You'll find that there won't be a single vacant seat at your course of lectures. We could have sold every ticket twice over. Boy, show this gentleman to two-one-six. If it isn't entirely to your liking, Mr. Tyler, call down and I'll change you over."

The fatal thirteenth dawned cold and gray, with an icy wind that nipped one's ears off. The traffic policemen wore protectors. In the store Ingo was so cold that he kept knocking down the last pile as fast as he built it up. Was it the cold entirely? There was a sick pounding inside his ribs such as a boxer knows while waiting for the gong. It was only ten minutes past nine when the manager's secretary came up and repeated her words of the previous month.

"The manager wishes to see you, Mr. McNutts."

And for the life of him Ingo couldn't help repeating "Holy cats!" He looked at the thirty copies. With Lucy holding his arm it had seemed so easy to buy them himself, even if they would both go hungry till the next pay day. But now with those words ringing in his ears, "The manager wishes to see you," he felt like a small boy caught playing hooky. If he bought them it would be discovered and he would be fired for a cheat. Better stand up to him without a lie on his conscience.

"Come!" said the manager in answer to his knock.

"Remember Lucy!" murmured Ingo to himself, and went in.

The manager looked up.

"Well, Mr. McNutts, to-day's the thirteenth. How about it?"

Ingo's reply was worth a Croix de Guerre.

"There are thirty copies still unsold."

"Thirty, eh?" The voice was hard. "Well?"

Ingo saw a ray of hope and jumped for it.

"I could probably sell them by to-night, sir," he said.

The manager rubbed his chin.

"Have you read the book?"

"No, sir, but I've sold them all except thirty."

Crash came the manager's fist on the table.

"McNutts, you're a fool! Do you know how many copies you've sold?"

Ingo trembled. Had he miscounted the remainder? What mistake could he possibly have made? He shook his head.

"You've sold six hundred and twenty copies," said the manager. "I put in two repeat orders when I saw what you were doing with it."

Ingo gasped. The room swam before his eyes. He gripped the desk and pulled himself together. As he did so rage filled his soul and with it came the courage to speak up.

"So you put one over on me, did you? Do you realize what I've been through this last month? Do you know the hell of suspense that we ——" He stopped, choked and walked away to the window.

The manager raised his eyebrows. Then he opened a drawer and pulled out a cigar.

"Say, light that," he said. "By the way, there's a letter for you here." He held them both out.

Without a word Ingo came back from the window and took them. He looked at the cigar.

"Am I to light this—here?"

"I said so."

The letter slipped from Ingo's fingers.

"Holy cats!" he said.

In picking up the letter he dropped the cigar in his agitation. The manager laughed and held out a match. Ingo lit up gingerly.

"May I read this?" he asked.

"Sure, go ahead."

It was not a very long letter, but there might have been a bomb in it from the way it shook in his hands. Finally he laid it in front of the manager.

"Do you want me to read it?"

"Please," said Ingo.

"*Dear Mr. McNutts:* You may not remember a flying officer to whom you sold a copy of The Conqueror of To-Morrow about three weeks ago. I am that officer. I am also partner in the publishing house that produced the book. If you'd like to come to us we'd like to have you at fifty dollars a week as head salesman."

"Oh," said the manager, "so that's their game is it? Well, which would you rather do—stay here at fifty, or go there?"

Ingo's cigar was out. Lucy was right. There was the hundred per cent raise, and he hadn't had to ask for it.

"I'll stay here at fifty," he said, "if you'll take back the man you fired a month ago."

"Take him back? Why?"

"Because I want him back," said Ingo. "I don't know who he is, but if it hadn't been for him I shouldn't be standing here right now talking to you like this, and I shouldn't have had that offer from the publishers. It seems to me that it was a pretty lucky mistake for you too."

The manager considered for a moment.

"All right, Mr. McNutts," he said. "I'll send for him to-day. Your increased salary will begin on Saturday." He pushed a button for his stenographer.

"Thank you," said Ingo.

He picked up his letter and went out. Absentmindedly he put the cigar in his mouth and walked downstairs, his brain a chaos of emotion.

"Say, Nuts, for heaven's sake put that cigar out or you'll get fired!"

Ingo came to with a start. He snatched the cigar from his mouth and put it in his pocket. Then he remembered and gave a laugh. Why, they wouldn't fire him if he did a cakewalk down the length of the store. When he reached his end of the counter he found the next clerk busily wrapping up two copies of the Conqueror. From sheer force of habit Ingo began rebuilding the pile, still in dreamland. It was ten o'clock and all the world was changed. At lunch time he was going to dash out and tell Lucy.

"Are you Mr. McNutts?" A young man came up.

Ingo nodded. The young man smiled.

"I've brought you a copy of The Conqueror of To-Morrow," he said. "You might like to read it."

"You've brought me a copy of that book! Say, I've sold six hundred and twenty copies in the last thirty days! It's the greatest book in the world. It's got one man back his job; got another man his manhood and a wife and ——"

"And now I'd like to have you read it—as a favor."

The young man held it out open. Ingo peered at the flyleaf. There was something written there. With a mystified blink he took the book and read:

"To Mr. McNutts, the man who made The Conqueror of To-Morrow. With the author's compliments and thanks.

"DYSON TYLER."

"Won't you shake hands on it?" said Tyler.

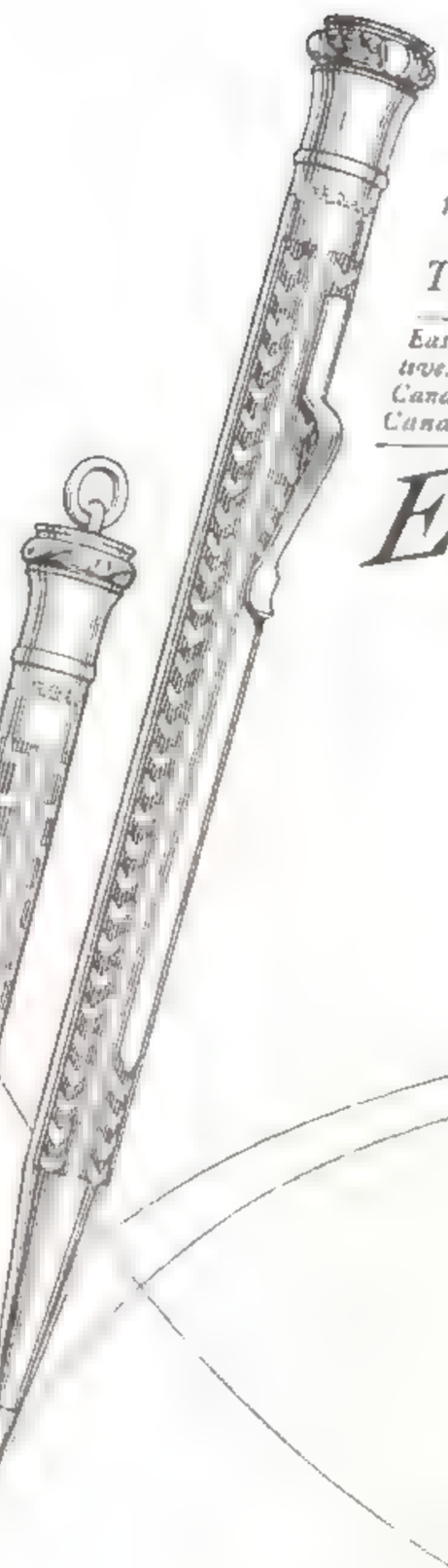
"Holy cats!" whispered Ingo.

FOR every hand that writes Eversharp is the pencil that saves effort and time. Eversharp helps at every stroke—inscribes every word neatly—keeps its point sharp from the beginning to the end of the writing—is never sharpened.

Being most efficient, it is most economical, writing 10,000 words per penny. And being both most efficient and most economical, it also is most attractive; a fine example of the jeweler's art. Styles for pocket chain, purse or hand bag. Prices $1.00 upward. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

Eastern Offices 165 Broadway, New York City. Western Representatives: Bert M. Morris Company, 444 Market Street, San Francisco. Canadian Representatives: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada; Consolidated Optical Company, Toronto, Canada



EVERSHARP

Companion of the Tempoint Pen

OUT-OF-DOORS

The American Eagle

IN OUR zeal to be all things to all men, even though that leave America an abomination of desolation, we Americans have undertaken to exterminate the American eagle, for that it has proved itself displeasing to certain of our citizens in a limited portion of the republic.

This continent is the habitat of the American eagle. We found him here when we came, and avid of liberty and freedom as we then were, so much did the wild, free and bold life of this creature appeal to us that we chose him as our emblem. We have put the eagle on our coinage; called the eagle our Bird of Freedom; made name and phrase alike known wherever this republic is known. There is not a citizen in this republic who does not know that the eagle is our home bird. We ought to hold him sacred, and not only to defend his name but to protect his fleshly form in every honorable way. We have him not only upon our coats of arms and our coinage, but have put him in our literature. One of the strongest lines of American poetry in describing this bird says of him, "He grasps the crag with hooked hands." To-day we undertake the extermination of the eagle.

Along the Alaska coast eagles always have abounded, living on fish and game, such small animals as they could find—as they always have done, from time immemorial. Within the last double decade a few men have undertaken fox farming on some of the Alaska islands, a region very limited in extent. These farmers usually have raised the species known as the blue fox, though we take it that the industry has never attained any very great proportions. It being the instinct of the eagle to live on its own wild meat, eagles have carried off an occasional young fox, as they have an occasional young lamb, an occasional grouse, many rabbits and the like. A fox is the last thing any creature will eat. So sagacious a creature as the fox always has been able to get along with eagles ever since eagles and foxes began. But that does not serve the wise men of this day.

The fox farmers of Alaska having made due wail about their enterprises a member of Congress was found willing to relieve their distress, and the eagle was removed from the lists of protected goods. As a result Alaska put a bounty of fifty cents a head on the American eagle. At this writing some six thousand have been killed. It hardly need be said that the whole species will be wiped out if possible.

We have not observed any vast reduction in the price of blue-fox fur attendant on this destruction of the eagles. We do not in any way feel sure that the killing of six thousand eagles has saved six hundred foxes, or six score or six dozen. The industrial proposition directly involved never was a large one, but the principle indirectly involved is a large one. This is true, quite aside from the fact that the taxpayers of an entire country are asked to pay bounties for a limited industry in a limited country. And the destruction of the eagles does not cover the country of that industry alone—it applies to the whole species, wherever found, over thousands of miles of country where there are no fox farms and never can be. It sets Aleuts and Indians and others killing eagles, who otherwise might be at work at something useful.

There are many large things to occupy the minds of most of us in these times, but this is something which sticks in our mind. Too often some specific situation asks for some general remedy—a thing illogical of itself.

We do not recall one successful or desirable attempt on the part of man—even that manner of superman who goes to Congress—to run the affairs of Nature better than for quite some time has been done by Almighty God. We cannot imagine a more ghastly attempt at that sort of thing than this bounty on the American eagle, which seems to us the absolute limit of this manner of hysteria. It is not only a wrong thing and an indefensible thing, but a foolish thing.

After it became lawful to kill eagles Alaska put on the bounty of fifty cents a head. The bounty on eagles should be repealed at once. It should, by United States statute, be made an offense to kill an American eagle. If this republic is to die with a dollar in its hand let us at least see that the dollar itself be not made a mockery.

Poisoning the Song Birds

THE question of wholesale poisoning of song birds in the interests of sport or industry is something which deserves more than a passing notice, especially in connection with the results of the erstwhile encouragement by the state of Pennsylvania of a wholesale campaign, now as we believe discontinued and discountenanced. Let us see how it worked out in the state of Pennsylvania, where the more-game propaganda took this form of activity.

The poison was put out mostly in meat and suet. Any man knows that birds, especially in the winter time, will peck at bits of suet—it is the food usually hung up round bird houses by those interested in these wild friends. Poisoned suet intended for crows and foxes no doubt has killed thousands of absolutely innocent birds in that state.

A gentleman who has been familiar with these matters states that the small game, both birds and small fur-bearing animals, may be said almost to have disappeared over wide regions, though foxes and crows still seem to abound. Many valuable dogs have been poisoned incidentally. Two years ago this observer found large numbers of dead blue jays, flickers, doves, woodpeckers, chickadees, snowbirds, vesper sparrows and other species. He got all the specimens he desired for mounting without any trouble of killing them. In eighteen months three hundred and twenty-seven persons bought poison in one county. Farmers and others then began to find that the poison campaign had worked out precisely in the way they did not wish—it seemed to be the evil fortune of the campaign to kill the innocent species, while the bolder and wiser marauders escaped. In short, the Pennsylvania campaign failed. Instead of bringing back the game, it resulted in nothing of the sort, but did result in a vast destruction of innocent and useful creatures. This is of a piece with the nation-wide propaganda now put out in the name of sport urging the killing of hawks and crows. At first guess this seems desirable. In actual practice it has never proved desirable, but wholly reprehensible, and it is a thing which ought to be stopped at once, or America will be as lifeless as Italy.

Sir Edward Grey, later Viscount Grey of Fallodon, in the preface to his book, Fly Fishing, happens to say something on this very head which is worth pondering here.

"Much indignation has been aroused of late years by the destruction of wild creatures often wrongly classed as vermin by game preservers and keepers, and I take the opportunity of saying a few words about it. The wisdom and humanity of preserving English wild birds are becoming very generally admitted, and I am glad to think that from time to time steps have been and are being taken to educate people on this question. The public are, I believe, beginning at last to really understand and appreciate the usefulness and the beauty of the birds, resident and migratory, which delight us by their songs and plumage. Many landowners now issue strict orders to their keepers and woodmen to prevent the nests of wild birds being despoiled, and forbid the ruthless destruction of the birds themselves.

"Of course I am bound to admit that the overabundance of any grain or fruit devouring species is certainly not a good thing; but I trust that the farmers and rural population generally will see that, as a matter of fact, nearly all our smaller wild birds deserve protection by reason of the vast numbers of insects and grubs upon which they feed, thereby helping largely to preserve grain crops, fruit and vegetables.

"This also applies to some of those species of birds which keepers have hitherto regarded as harmful to game by destroying eggs or young. Owls were commonly singled out for slaughter. Now, an owl may occasionally seize a young pheasant or partridge; but whether it be the white or the brown owl its usual food consists principally of rats, mice, moles, with beetles and other insects. In fact the value of the owl cannot be better stated than in the words of Mr. Morris—'He who destroys an owl is an encourager of vermin.' Hawks have suffered severely at the hands of both sportsmen and keepers. 'Shoot it; it's a hawk!' is a shout often heard during a day's shooting. Now if the hawk happens to be a kestrel it is almost a crime to kill it; for the kestrel is a vermin-destroying bird and but rarely attacks game. It lives on mice and insects, such as beetles and caterpillars, and consequently its life should be spared.

"Those beautiful birds, jays and magpies, do undoubtedly poach a little; yet surely their total extermination would be a grievous error on our part. On none of the winged inhabitants of this country is more marked and brilliantly coloured plumage to be seen than on the jay and magpie, whilst the quaint flight and notes of these birds add much to the interest and variety of our woodland scenes."

It is not understood that the English gamekeepers have ever undertaken the wholesale use of poison in their attempts to kill off the enemies of game. On the contrary, there is one great and convincing English example, that of the oldest corporation in the world, which entirely discountenances the use of poison. The Hudson's Bay Company for two centuries has ruled over a country which is an actual wilderness. It has taught the natives to trap; it serves them with rifles and ammunition, traps and knives and axes. But the man who poisons fur in the north country is abolished as a dangerous creature. When I was on the lower Mackenzie River a rumor came out that too much white-fox fur was coming out of the Anderson River country, far over to the east. It was suspected that men in there were poisoning foxes. They cannot long have continued in that work and have got out their fur. The great fur company always has worked with Nature, and has believed in using the dividends of Nature and not the capital. How long would our well-meaning American friends of the more-game movement have remained in business in that upper icy wilderness? The answer is easy and the lesson is obvious.

Our hurrying country seems suffering with hysteria. Nothing is good enough, nothing is right, everything must be changed. Yet there is no magic possible by which we can have our cake and eat it. Some of the attempts to perform that impossible act in regard to our wild life have been political, some have been personally selfish and some have been due simply to the scientific enthusiasm of the reckless experimenter. None of them has succeeded, and none of them ever will, because they all are founded on bad logic.

One permanent principle of logic is that you cannot arrive at any general conclusion from specific premises. Because my dog bites you it does not follow that all dogs bite all men. Because one eagle kills my chickens is no reason that all eagles in the world ought to be killed. My wife may have brown hair, but that does not make it necessary for all the wives in the world to have brown hair. Your cow may have twin calves, but it does not follow that all the cows in the world are going to have twins all the time. Because crows can sometimes be poisoned, it by no means follows that poison should be put out generally where crows may find it. The folly of all this sort of thing always is in the attempt to prove some sweeping assertion from some detached and special premise. These gentlemen who have no better logic, and who go out in their hurried attempts to change the world, ought either to pause or to be obliged to pause.

Not long ago amiable persons of New Jersey tried to remove protection from the robin because it ate cherries. Not long ago a wild wail was raised for the destruction of all the wild ducks in the world because they were eating rice in Arkansas and Texas. Two years ago citizens in Arizona uttered much outcry because the mourning dove was eating all the alfalfa. Two years ago the California Legislature tried to remove protection from the meadow lark because some man insisted that meadow larks were eating grapes. Two years ago certain men in Florida protested that a million pelicans were destroying almost a million dollars' worth of fish each day, and hence all ought to be killed. The United States Food Administration sent a commission to investigate, and it reported that there were only about sixty-five thousand pelicans between Mexico and Key West, and that the fish they ate were mostly menhaden—hardly one trout, mackerel or pompano was discovered in a pelican pouch. A like attempt was made at the extermination of the pelicans of Lake Yellowstone on the ground that they carried a parasite which hurt the trout, and hence they ought all to be killed. No man not in the state which is ready to jump at conclusions can believe that if all those pelicans were killed the trout would be appreciably improved or increased.

We ought to modify our own destructiveness, not increase it. We ought to let Nature go on with her own great wild pictures as she has arranged them for us. We ought to feel that life is as sacred to each species as it is to our own. We ought humbly to feel that our own punishment is eventually sure when we undertake to end any plan developed in the slow and infinite wisdom of the ages. It is the best of sportsmanship to think over these things carefully, and not to jump at conclusions. The man who goes into business on hope alone, or on dissatisfaction alone, usually fails in business. Forethought and common sense also ought to be called in as guides.

These are dangerous times for American field sports. Let us all use forethought and common sense, and not try any sweeping remedies on the basis of a mere hope that we have found some royal road to plenty which asks no self-denial and no personal loss or deprivation on our own part. When we strike out in the dark so often we hit a friend. When we fool ourselves we are guilty of the worst of all deceptions. A great part of our American game protection has been like cheating at solitaire. No one has lost but ourselves, and we have not won.

Big Bags of Big Game

PROBABLY every man interested in big-game hunting has at one time of his life pored over the books of the first African hunters, such as Speke, Grant, Baker and so on. What tales they used to tell about their work with the old black-powder elephant guns with their enormous round bullets and terrific powder charges! Surely, for one I can remember many a boyish thrill these old-time stories gave me. And as time has passed, what new sensations have we not felt, all of us, in the stories of African exploration brought down to date! At one time almost none of us could ever hope to see Africa, but to-day it is the singular truth that African adventure stories have become so common that they are almost a drug on the market. Even the moving-picture men have shown us Africa.

One by one the great hunters of the world have come and gone—men who in many cases ought only to have been called great game butchers, since many of them shot for the market only and knew neither sportsmanship nor moderation. We can forgive some of the early African hunters only on the basis that they were working in a world new and seemingly exhaustless. The old stories, while that world still was new and unknown, before Africa was a usual thing to do, for some reason always thrill more than the modern tales.

Of course we have African hunting books which go back more than half a century, and the end of these African historians is not yet. The most recent of these books is the life of Frederick Courteney Selous, done by his friend J. G. Millais, himself hunter and artist as well as warm admirer. As a piece of biography this is a notable book. It shows us the Africa of to-day, as well as the Africa of a generation ago, for Selous, who was killed in German East Africa two years ago while fighting at the head of his command in the British Army, went to South Africa while he was yet a young man. The book tells the story of his life in loving and vivid fashion.

(Continued on Page 91

VALSPAR
is *the* waterproof varnish.

It never turns white.

That's why it's used on most of the speed boats the world over.

Here the test is extremely severe, due to the wracking stress of high speed plus water and sun, heat and cold—and the hard knocks of the racing season.

Your floors, furniture, linoleum and woodwork, indoors or out, don't streak through the water at a mile a minute—though if they were Valsparred they could without harm to the finish.

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Anything that is worth varnishing
is worth Valsparring.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
456 Fourth Ave. New York

Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c in stamps we will send you a 25c sample can of Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon.

Dealer's Name _____

Your Name _____

Your Address _____

S. E. P. 4-24-20

Paste on Rosenfeld, N. Y.

***Miss Detroit II* and *Miss Minneapolis*, both Valsparred, dashing over the course at Minneapolis**

Sister Says It's Best for Fudge

FOR home-made candies, as for cooking and drinking, Carnation Milk is unsurpassed. It is pure cows' milk evaporated to the consistency of cream, then sterilized; therefore it is absolutely pure. The number of homes wherein it is the only milk used increases every day, for it satisfies every milk purpose most conveniently and most economically. Buy it at your grocer's. A booklet containing 100 economical, tested recipes, among these a special fudge recipe, sent on request.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY, 432 CONSUMERS BUILDING, CHICAGO

Carnation Milk

"From Contented Cows"

Sold by Grocers Everywhere
Carnation Milk Products Company
Seattle Chicago Aylmer, Ontario

(Continued from Page 88)

Selous was a curious character regarding whom American opinion has differed very much. He was a great friend of Theodore Roosevelt, and the book prints much correspondence which passed between the two. As a naturalist Selous had considerable rank, and as a hunter his record is undeniable, but his entire life was a succession of killings of creatures of all kinds. He was an example of the old-time English school which glorified the big bag of game. Not only did Selous shoot for money, but he complained that he could not kill more than he did, so that he could have made more money than he did. He seems never to have been very widely taken up in America, either as a writer or a lecturer. We have been somewhat fed up in this country with Englishmen who come over here to retail themselves in one form or another. Abroad Selous had a certain vogue as a lecturer, and his books went fairly well.

He was a very widely traveled man, his hunting including South Africa as well as British East Africa. He hunted in Norway, in Sardinia, in Iceland, in Asia Minor, in Newfoundland, in Wyoming, in the Yukon Territory and in many other widely separated regions.

When not killing game he spent his time in collecting birds' eggs. Taking to English sport with the shotgun late in life, his biography tells of one day in which the party killed a thousand rabbits; of another in which they killed a thousand or so of pheasants. The whole book, while not devoted so much to game records as one or more of Selous' own volumes, is simply a story of killing and more killing. Love of adventure prompted it no doubt originally. Such geographical and exploration advantages as his country ever got out of his life might be called merely incidental to the main purpose of Selous, which seems to have been to kill something. I have not his entire record before me, but obviously the man must have piled up many thousands of tons of great game.

When Selous first went to South Africa, round 1871, his hunting equipment was not very good. He seems never to have become one of the great rifle shots of the world, but he had great patience and perseverance, and a sort of boyish lovableness and buoyancy of spirit. He did not do well in his hunting at first, getting only forty-two elephants in four months. His companion, George Wood, killed fifty in the same time, and they killed a great many rhinos and buffalo as well. In the seasons of 1872–1874 Selous killed seventy-eight elephants. I do not know his entire bag of elephants, nor do I care to know it, but it is large enough.

This hunter came a little late in the game, and does not rank with the top liners in ivory hunting. One of the greatest English ivory killers was William Finaughtey, who was alive as late as 1914, but who seems to have passed out of notice since then. In 1868 Finaughtey killed ninety-five elephants, netting him five thousand pounds of ivory, in what he calls "the two finest months of my life."

In one day he killed six bulls, and in five months of 1869 he killed fifty-three elephants, netting three thousand pounds of ivory. In one day that year he killed five bulls and five cows.

Arthur Neumann hunting in the Zambesi country in 1877 got forty thousand pounds of ivory. As late as 1905, when his country was worked out, as the phrase went, he sold out his take in London for forty-five hundred dollars. Selous apparently did not rank with these other men as practical market hunters.

Nevertheless, working day after day and living on the product of his rifle, any African hunter was obliged to kill vast quantities of game. In four months Selous once killed forty-five buffaloes, and how many he killed in his life I do not know. As to the African antelope, the rhinos, hartebeest, wildebeest and all other species of African great game, his record if put even in cold figures would not be a happy thing to ponder to-day.

Selous was not one of the greatest lion killers, and modestly claimed only thirty-one lions to his own rifle. William Judd, of British East Africa, has killed forty-eight lions and been in forty-three other lion killings. Colonel Curtis in one season in Somaliland killed twenty-seven lions, and Captain Mellis twenty-one in one season. The Hill brothers, Harold and Clifford, who worked for Sir Alfred Pease, were perhaps the greatest lion killers known. Between 1906 and 1915 Harold D. Hill killed a hundred and thirty-six lions; Clifford Hill no doubt as many, not counting partnership.

Clifford Hill said he had seen one hundred and sixty lions shot. Sir Alfred Pease claims very few lions to his own gun, but was so good a sport as to help others get them, and says that one day a party killed fourteen lions on his place along the Athi River.

Petrus Jacobs, an old Boer, long was called the king of the lion hunters, for in his life he killed "well over one hundred lions." A lion nearly killed him when he was seventy-three years old—old enough to have known better. A. B. Percival, game warden in British East Africa, killed some fifty lions during his stay in office.

Millais says that Paul Rainey, the American hunter, claims to have killed over two hundred lions with his dogs. A friend of his says that it was just like rabbit hunting and about as dangerous. Everyone knows that hunting with a big pack of dogs is not as dangerous as hunting on foot, alone—though few of the British lion hunters did that, and largely worked on horseback. The main sport in the use of dogs is in the chase and not in the kill, as anyone who has shot bear in the Mississippi canebrakes knows very well. Millais says nothing of the feats of C. J. Jones in roping African big game, and as that seems not to be done by English sportsmen I presume we may consider it entirely irregular.

Colonel Roosevelt once told me after his return from Africa that Cunningham, the professional hunter of Nairobi, British East Africa—himself a very fine man and a good hunter—had said to him that Stewart Edward White was the best rifle shot and big game hunter that ever came to British East Africa. I have not Mr. White's record at hand, but seem to remember that in one day he or he and his party killed nine lions. None of these American sportsmen hunted for money. I believe that earlier mention has been made of the fact that Ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan killed several lions in Africa with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. I believe that this also is not done largely by English hunters.

Selous made a number of trips in North America. He did not have much luck with our elk and grizzly, as he came here long after the days of American slaughter of which such Englishmen as Baillie Grohman and other early English hunters wrote so alluringly. He made two trips to the Macmillan River in Yukon Territory with some success. On one day he could have killed many caribou, but he says, "I thought six were enough." In Norway, he says, "We took thirteen stags, some good heads among them." He got good caribou heads in Newfoundland. His main scenes of activity lay in Africa, where he must have killed many thousand head of big game. The old African king, Lobengula, once said to him, "It is you who have finished the king's game." Unquestionably it was Selous and other Englishmen, hunting largely for the market, who did finish the king's game.

Selous reached South Africa in 1871. Before him had been other hunters—Gordon-Cumming, W. C. Oswald, C. J. Anderson—the latter as early as 1856. There also was William Clarke Baldwin, who hunted in South Africa between 1852 and 1860. But even Baldwin says that in North Zululand in his days elephants were on the wane. On the whole we cannot blame them for waning. The waning seems to have been good.

Accidents in the Field

ONCE out in the Rocky Mountains many years ago word came to our camp that a man had been accidentally killed on the river above us. He was stooping over and cleaning some trout when his six-shooter fell out of his holster, struck a rock and exploded a cartridge. He was not an old-timer with a gun or he would have carried the hammer on an empty. This was something we always did in the old times.

Last winter in Florida two men were out in a canoe, a loaded shotgun lying between them. In some way—it is always "in some way"—the gun was discharged, nearly tearing off a knee of the foremost man. The canoe sank. They got ashore eighteen miles from the nearest doctor and it was twenty-four hours before medical aid was found.

In Illinois a few years ago a prominent lawyer was out duck hunting with a friend in a boat. The friend on the rear seat had a loaded gun. The man in the fore part of the boat stood up suddenly—just in time to have his head blown off. Another case of carrying a loaded gun in a boat. No man ever ought to allow a gun back of him in a boat, a car or a wagon. In no case ought a gun ever to be allowed loaded in such conveyances; nor ought it to be carried horseback in its scabbard while loaded.

A six-shooter accident killed a young man in a western city a month or so ago. He was shoveling snow, and stooped over. The revolver fell out of his pocket. Each cylinder was loaded, and the young man was killed.

Game News

THE Migratory Wild Fowl Law is making good. Reports from South Dakota say that shooting has been as good as it was thirty-five years ago, local lakes being literally packed with ducks and the cornfield shooting being extraordinarily good. On the other hand the prairie chicken seems to be practically becoming extinct in that country, and the old-time sportsman who comments on these facts says that after the opening day it will be hard to bag a half dozen birds with the best of dogs. He thinks there ought to be a perpetual closed season, leaving this bird as a reminder of days that are gone.

Comment has been made about the doe-bird, or Eskimo curlew, now classed with extinct species of game birds. Do you care to know what made this species extinct? An old-time sportsman of Nebraska, who first saw the doe-birds in the seventies, can tell about that. He says the birds were locally known as prairie pigeons. A party came in from Kansas and put up a freezing plant and bought the doe-birds at one dollar a dozen. The price went up and many young fellows put in all their time hunting. Hundreds of dozens of birds were shipped to New York, where they sometimes sold for one dollar each. In a few years the birds were gone. This was spring shooting. The cold-storage people said that the birds on the northbound flight would light only once before reaching the neighborhood of Edgar, Nebraska. This place was in Texas, but the birds there were not fat enough to shoot. Round Edgar they got fat. There was no other stopping place south of the Canadian border. Not a single doe-bird has been seen round Edgar, Nebraska, for many years. After the doe-birds were gone these game shippers moved into northwest Nebraska in the sandhill country and commenced killing and shipping grouse. Some of the hunters from Edgar went up there, and one of them says that grouse were brought into the plant in wagonloads with high sideboards and six horses to pull them. He said that sometimes a wagonload would be spoiled and have to be thrown away. They soon finished out the grouse also. Have you recently tried to buy a prairie chicken in a café?

The Art Enduring

NOT a mere manual of rules or a mere collection of opinions is the book called Fly Fishing by Sir Edward Grey, now Viscount Grey of Fallodon, sometime Foreign Secretary of the British Empire and recently British Ambassador to this country. This book has the imperishable charm of the open and it shows a distinguished public man in another phase of life. Viscount Grey always has been an ardent angler and he has taken time to write down many of his experiences.

English fly fishing, especially on the chalk streams of southern England—such rivers as the Itchen, the Dove and so on—is something quite different from the average American fishing, even with the dry fly. The author tells us all about seeing his trout—and they run two and three pounds quite regularly, so an angler may expect a daily basket of ten, fifteen or even twenty pounds—beginning to rise at the floating fly before the angler would undertake to cast for them. Then comes the effort to place the delicate floating fly so that it will come down directly over the rising fish. The water must be rather tranquil, for continually the writer speaks of seeing the fish distinctly, even when not rising. We cannot often do that in the American angling. We fish all the time, not waiting for the rise to begin.

The author of this book fishes wet fly also in the north of England and Scotland, and has killed his salmon, though nothing over twenty-nine and a half pounds. The average of the English trout is much heavier than that of our American fish, though sea trout in Quebec will average three or four times heavier than the sea trout of England and the salmon go as high as forty-six pounds.

We have here the usual discussion of the right rod and line. Of course the gut point is as fine drawn as possible, and the fly is very small. This particular author is not a believer in a multiplicity of flies—for dry fly he uses two or three sizes of red quill, olive quill and iron dun, sometimes with an orange-and-black hackle tied to float. In salmon flies he uses different sizes of four patterns. Jock Scott he calls the best blend of color ever devised for a salmon fly. He uses also the Wilkinson, Torrish and Black Doctor. As this particular angler seems to be partial to the black hackle, perhaps we might remember that for a try in our American dry-fly fishing, as well as the woodcock-and-yellow, which also we see in the colored plates.

Confessing himself unable to describe pleasure, the distinguished author of this book admits his admiration for the simplicity and purity of style which have left Izaak Walton's Complete Angler one of the immortal works of all the ages. It is something very strange and sweet, this perennial charm of angling for even the great minds of the world. What volumes have come and gone, while still we retain Walton's Complete Angler! Our author here harks back to it, and what we are to remember is that Walton fished the Itchen and the Dove between 1593 and 1683, and wrote of it all understandingly and usefully and lovingly. How many men have fished these waters of the chalk valleys since then, and what have they not yielded up, these clear little rivers of old England, in charm enduring through the ages of the world!

Surely we may call angling the art enduring. This straightforward and philosophical volume of one of the large modern figures in public life not only attests this truth but adds to it. The American angler who wants to learn something about dry-fly fishing, with possible profit to his own skill in this country, might very well follow the English statesman over the centuries-old fishing grounds of English anglers. It is a book which wipes out walls and leaves you out-of-doors.

Record Brown Bear

THE biggest Alaskan brown bear of which I have any knowledge was killed in the spring of 1919 on Hinchinbrook Island by Dr. W. H. Chase, of Cordova, Alaska. This skin, not stretched, was more than thirteen feet; the face measured twenty-six inches from ears to tip of nose, and eighteen inches between the ears. The skin weighed one hundred and fifty pounds green, and the carcass had to be cut up with an ax before the skinning could be finished, as it wedged between trees when it fell. This bear was shot once through the lungs and knocked down, but it rose and charged, and was shot through the head at close range. The approach was made within sixty feet, when four of the bears—they had been trailing a band of seven—were standing in heavy brush, certainly a risky place to attempt a shot. Joe Ibach, a hunter, was the companion of Doctor Chase.

Though I have heard of a skin stretched fourteen feet square for marketing purposes, I doubt if that was as large a hide as the Chase bear, which is reported out as the largest specimen of the Alaska brown grizzly ever killed. The lucky and plucky hunter deserves congratulation.

Early Rifles

FROM members of the family I learn that the famous old-time rifle maker of St. Louis, Samuel Hawken, was born at Hagerstown, Maryland, October 26, 1792. He was a soldier in the War of 1812 and moved to St. Louis in 1822, when there were very few houses there indeed. He used to make rifles for all the early fur traders, among these Gen. William Ashley, who once killed a buffalo with a Hawken rifle at a distance of three hundred yards. He made several rifles for Kit Carson, one of which Kit gave to the historical society at Santa Fé—undoubtedly the rifle which I saw there but which I think did not have Hawken's name on it.

(Concluded on Page 93)

LION HATS

The Right Hat for Real Men

YOU are in a Lion store. You have just selected a Lion Hat. You are about to try it on . . . . . Stop a minute, and consider what you expect of that hat. ¶ You want style, and fineness. More than this, you want *individuality*—that hat must look stylish and fine *on you*. ¶ Now put it on. You can see what we mean when we say a Lion Hat favors its *wearer* as well as its *maker*. ¶ If that Lion store isn't as near as you would like it, let us know your dealer's name. We'll do the rest.

LANGENBERG HAT CO., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, U. S. A.

Established 1860 Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves (22A)

(Concluded from Page 91)

Hawken had one price for his rifles—twenty-five dollars, no more, no less. As his output was limited, he could have had twice or three times this price just as well, but that was his price and he thought it brought him trade. He made every rifle by hand, welding the barrels out of strips of iron which he got from an iron furnace on the Meramec River in Missouri. These strips were hammered into five-inch lengths and welded round a steel mandrel, thus making the tube which was bored out with the rifling tool afterward—curious records of an honest and thoroughgoing day in tradesmanship. Would that we had more such men to-day!

Jointing Tent Poles

A FRIEND out West says he joints the ridgepole of his wall tent by using two bolts with wing nuts. The bolts pass through the tent pole and through two plates of steel, one on each side of the pole. It makes a stiff joint. Removing one bolt leaves the other as a hinge on which to swing back the plates, which can be bolted to one length of the pole through another hole.

Yet another man joints his ridgepole with a common hinge. I should think he would need an upright pole to support this after it got worn a little bit.

Newton and Jasper

DID you ever perchance, while looking over maps, discover that the names Jasper and Newton are nearly always closely associated? I happened to be interested in this fact, because I chance to have been born in a town called Newton in a county called Jasper. Once I saw these same two names on a map of quite a different state, and began to investigate. I discovered that in Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri and Indiana, wherever there is a Newton County there is a Jasper County right at its side. There is a Newton, Jasper County, Iowa; and a Newton, Jasper County, Illinois. There is a Jasper in Newton County, Arkansas. There is a Jasper in Jasper County, Texas, and a Newton in Newton County, Texas.

This is not mere coincidence, but the names were given by governmental direction in early days. There is a curious story, which remains very vague in my mind and which I wish might be cleared up by someone else, which explains the joint use of these two names. It was told me once long ago, but the facts have passed out of my mind. It runs something like this: In the Revolutionary War there were two private soldiers, one named Newton and the other named Jasper, simple heroes of the faithful sort who were the original buddies and bunkies of the United States Army. I think they were from some Southern state. Nothing ever could separate them. They always went together everywhere. I do not know their rank, but so pronounced was their friendship and loyalty to one another, as well as to the flag, that the Congress of the United States resolved that their names should not be separated even after death. I cannot trace back the exact form of this governmental action, but this is a rough outline of it. You yourself may perhaps know other uses of the two names in common in the geography of the United States.

Curious Bird

YEARS ago in western Nebraska there sometimes was seen a bird about the shape of a bobwhite, with solid brown plumage, about half as large as a bobwhite, with short tail feathers and short bill. The plumage was a little whiter in color than the bobwhite quail and they were feeding with upland plover. I can't place these birds on this description—can anyone else? Only one or two appearances of these birds are mentioned.

Philanabus Jiggers

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

I HEARD a loud voice in the street;
I noted the wild-waving hair;
I listened a while, then went on with a smile,
For he was a Knight of Hot Air.

I did not get all that he said;
Perhaps I have too small a brain;
I gathered, however, this orator clever
Was under a terrible strain;
Creation it gave him a pain;
In fact it near drove him insane;
Like a clay figure nude that is faulty and crude
And has stood overnight in the rain;
But he was inspired; and all he desired
Was a chance to demolish
Creation and polish
The wreckage and build it all over again.
A small boon to ask!
Such a trivial task!
But this was the chief thing that caused him to fret—
When they plotted Creation, he wasn't born yet!
Well,
well,
well!
And wasn't that hell?
They ruined the job—for he wasn't born yet!

Which reminds me a lot of the talk
That Philanabus Jiggers made glisten
Ever hear of the figures Philanabus Jiggers
Could plaster Creation with? Listen:

Philanabus Jiggers was poor;
No servants to come at his call;
No rich autocrat, apoplectic and fat,
Ever trod through Philanabus Hall.

The rain would pour in at his roof
And about him the arrogant weed
And the brier and thistle would insolent bristle,
But he was too busy to heed.

The patches were thick on his knees;
A beggar would eye him askance;
His life was a mess, through his lack of success,
And the bosom was out of his pants.

There wasn't a thing he could do
To earn a mere trifle of pelf;
But at marshaling figures Philanabus Jiggers
Was surely a host in himself.

He could start with one lonesome old hen
And figure with rapturous glee,
Till those progeny chickens were thick as the dickens
And he was as rich as John D.

He could tell all the rest of the world
The very best place to head in,
Convincingly stated and all illustrated—
To follow his plan was to win.

Oh, he was a wonder, indeed—
A regular figurin' fool;
But at rustling the grub he was surely a dub,
And he froze when the weather got cool.

And after Philanabus died
The neighbors took up a collection
And planted him deep; but there wasn't a sheep;
And they wrote—at the parson's direction:

EPITAPH

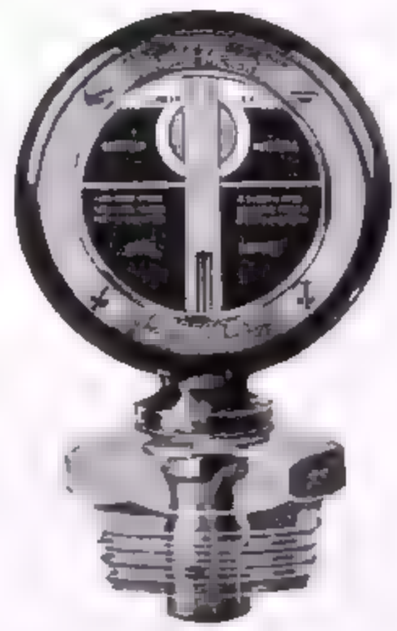
"His mission on earth was to fill
The world with a terrible racket;
His voice was a wonder—the rumble of thunder—
But he had nothing solid to back it."

L'ENVOI

For it isn't the wild-waving hair
Betokens the presence of Truth;
Nor the eloquent tongue, nor the bellowing lung,
Nor the clashing of tooth upon tooth.

Then, son, you beware of the man
With the bellowing bug in his knob;
He's a whale with his breath, but he'd starve plumb to death
If he had to depend on a job.

BOYCE MOTOMETER



Used by millions of motorists. Endorsed as a necessity by all automotive engineers. Standard equipment on 150 makes of cars.

In the face of such evidence can you afford to drive without one?

Boyce Moto-Meter keeps you constantly posted as to the thermal conditions of your motor. Its ever-visible red ribbon of fluid indicates plainly whether your engine is running too hot, too cool, or at its most efficient temperature. Unfailingly indicates motor trouble 15 to 20 minutes before you can detect it. Eliminates premature wear, burned bearings, scored cylinders, and other motor ills and expenses.

Your dealer carries Boyce Moto-Meter or can get one for you. Installed in 10 minutes. Choice of six models for your car's radiator cap—$2.50 to $15—(in Canada $3.75 to $22.50). Dashboard type—$18 to $50—(in Canada $27 to $75).

Special booklets on Boyce Moto-Meter for passenger cars, trucks, stationary gas engines, tractors or motorboats are yours for the asking.

THE MOTO-METER CO., Inc.
LONG ISLAND CITY NEW YORK

"HONOR AMONG THIEVES"

(Continued from Page 21)

sarcasm, "I'm not week-endin' over there for my health exactly. I got run in, that's all. Rotten trick your cops played on me too. I was stopping at an uptown hotel and paid my bill with a check a friend of mine gave me who turned out to have no funds in the bank."

The district attorney glanced sharply across the table at him.

"How big was the check?"

"Three thousand."

"Oh, Frank, how could you?"

The prisoner shrugged his shoulders and commenced to roll a cigarette, the handcuff jingling against his knee.

"I didn't! How did I know the check was no good?"

"What did this obliging friend give you the check for?" inquired Randolph.

"A gambling debt. May I trouble you for a match?"

He made a pathetic effort to be affable, nonchalant. The district attorney pushed a box containing matches toward his visitor.

"What have they indicted you for?" he demanded.

The older man shook his head in half-humorous protest.

"Forgery—it's an outrage."

Randolph sprang to his feet.

"This will kill father!" he cried passionately. "Do you realize that he's nearly seventy-eight years old? It's murder—not forgery! Couldn't you have spared us this? I knew you were pretty bad, but I didn't suppose you'd stain the family name."

"The family name's all right—so far," the other reassured him. "They've indicted me under the name I used on the check—Garrick Smythe. Nobody knows who I am—as yet."

Randolph lowered himself into his chair with a momentary sensation of relief.

"Thank heaven for that!" he sighed devoutly.

"And they needn't," continued his brother, lighting the cigarette, "if ——"

He paused and slowly shook the match until it was extinguished, gazing at Randolph with pursed lips meanwhile.

"If—what?" interrupted the district attorney.

"Why—if—I pull a square deal."

Randolph's brows drew together in a slow frown.

"I don't get you," he answered, puzzled. "Square deal from whom? Everybody gets a square deal in this office."

"From you."

They eyed each other in silence for several seconds—the handsome, successful younger brother and the derelict.

"You won't let me go to prison, will you, Dick?" whined the older man. "I haven't been much of a credit to you, I know, but I've never been in any trouble like this before and I swear I won't again. If you get me out of it I'll go away forever—to Australia or some place where you'll lose me forever. Nobody need know anything about it."

"What can I do?" asked Randolph suspiciously.

"Do?" returned the prisoner eagerly. "Anything you want! You're the whole thing, aren't you? All you have to do is to say the word and out I go—and nobody the wiser."

The district-attorney's face grew stern.

"Do you mean to propose that I should let you off without a trial?"

"Why not, Dick? I'm an innocent man! Honest I am! How did I know my friend didn't have enough money to meet his check? I'm entitled to the benefit of the doubt even in court—and I don't need even to go to court. Don't the Bible say it's your duty to forgive a brother even to seventy times seven? Our mother ——"

"Don't you dare mention the name of our mother!" cried Randolph harshly.

"Well, you're my own flesh and blood, ain't you? I'm your brother, ain't I? Not that I'm making any capital out of it—I'm merely asking you to have a heart, just as if I were a stranger. Even suppose I haven't been everything I ought to have been, what of it? Everybody's got his faults—all of us!" His voice sank to an artificial tremolo. "Don't you remember the old days when we were boys together down to Carversville and how I pulled you out of the swimmin' hole when you most drowned 'cause you couldn't swim? It's your turn now to try and pull me out of a hole, Dick."

The district attorney closed his eyes.

"Of course I remember, Frank," he replied brokenly.

"But you don't realize what you're asking me to do. I can't violate my oath of office. You haven't any right to put such a proposition up to me. It isn't playing the game."

"Playin' the game—hell!" answered the prisoner. "Be a human being, Dick. Why, anybody would do as much for his own brother! You don't know what I've been through—what I've suffered! Why, there's been months on end when I've not had three square meals a day! An' all that time I never came near you once. I'd made up my mind to run on my own. All I ask is the benefit of the doubt," he begged, gazing piteously at the district attorney. Randolph turned away his head.

"I can't do it, Frank!" he said. "I'd never have another night's sleep if I did! God knows, I'd do anything I could for you—but that!"

The face of the prisoner changed. Everything that was suggestive of gentility, decency or human kindliness vanished from it and instead there came the look of a cornered wolf.

"All right!" he muttered. "Just as you like! It's up to you! But I won't go to jail without a fight!"

"I don't expect you to," replied the district attorney sympathetically.

"I won't go down alone!"

Randolph looked sharply at him.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Exactly what I said. I won't go down without showing up my honorable family. Not much! To-night I'm Mr. Garrick Smythe, but if you drag me into court to-morrow I'll be Frank Randolph, of Carversville, brother to the district attorney of New York County!"

"What?" cried the younger Randolph with a start. "You don't intend—you wouldn't ——"

"No?" replied the other with a sneer. "Wouldn't I, though? And why not, my lad? Do you expect me to allow myself to be locked up in state's prison without a holler of any sort? Not much! Treat me square and I'll treat you square. Give me the benefit of the doubt and Mr. Garrick Smythe goes away—vanishes for good. But"—and he rose and thrust out a trembling jaw—"if you act like a brute and push me to it—send your own brother to jail—blood of your blood and flesh of your flesh—I'll drag you down sure as Samson dragged down the pillars of the temple—you and all the rest of our damned outfit! I'll let the world know what sort of a breed we are! Those fine sisters of ours whose skirts are too clean for me to touch, my psalm-singin' brothers who hand round the little silver plates on Sundays and that old father of mine who drove me away from home and to the devil—all of 'em! I've stood enough!"

His voice had become like the snarl of a beast.

Randolph's chin quivered. Involuntarily he pictured the result of a public declaration of his brother's identity upon his aged invalid father—upon his friends—upon the public. It would bring down the old man in sorrow to the grave and would doubtless as well seriously affect if not prevent his own renomination for his present office. After all, wasn't it simply human, as Frank said, to shield his family from disgrace? Would any man condemn him if he knew the reasons for finding some reason to nol-pros the case? He could easily do so without the slightest possibility of detection. It was not even necessary that he should adopt the means of turning out the defendant for lack of evidence. He had not investigated the facts. Should he do so he might well find that his brother had acquired the check honestly or quasi honestly—for a gambling debt, as he said, perhaps—and did not know that it was valueless when he presented it. It was no crime to sign a fictitious name if that was the name under which he was living. Why should he assume that his brother knew the check to be a forgery? Was he not, as the other argued, acting contrary to the principles of the very law he was sworn to administer? For a moment he weakened, but then in his veins he felt returning strength. He almost laughed at the idea that he, a Randolph, could even for a moment have considered such a course. He raised his head and looked the older man in the face.

"Well, what's the answer?" demanded the prisoner.

"You don't need to ask," replied Randolph shortly.

"Wait a moment!" begged his brother, changing his tone again. "Hear me out! Don't make any mistake—a mistake you'll regret all your life!"

"I shall make no mistake," replied Randolph grimly.

"Is that justice?" cried the prisoner. "Look at me—fifty-five years old, all alone in the world, cut off by my family, not a cent to my name, drifting round like a tramp without enough to eat even! And look at you—you get the college education my father wouldn't give me; you get my place at home; you get everything! Nothing's too good for you! You practice law and people stuff your pockets with money. You announce your candidacy for office and they elect you, while I'm starving in Buenos Aires or shivering in Winnipeg trying to keep body and soul together. All I ask is to be allowed to hide away in some forgotten corner of the world and you want to drag me to the bar of justice and send me away to prison. Do you call that justice, Dick?"

He covered his face with his hands and sobbed. Randolph was not unmoved. He waited until the other had regained his composure. Then he said gently: "You ask if it's just? I say yes. Our father tried to give you the best education he could. How did you repay him? Weren't the college authorities right in expelling you for cribbing at your examinations? Then father got you a position in business. Was it injustice that an honest man didn't want dishonest service? He might have sent you to jail for taking secret commissions. I'm sincerely sorry for you, but you have brought everything upon yourself.

(Concluded on Page 99)

"I'll Drag You Down Sure as Samson Dragged Down the Pillars of the Temple—You and All the Rest"

Balance this PLUMB hammer in your hand

Here's a hammer that means business. It can hit a wicked blow, grab a nail, with or without a head, yank it out; and behave as only a thoroughbred hammer can.

For this is a Plumb Hammer, the aristocrat of Hammerdom, made from special analysis steel, by formulæ developed through sixty years of progressive experiments and tests.

Plumb Hammers are forged at a scientifically determined degree of heat that is invariably uniform. No overheating, hence no chipped, cracked nor mushroomed faces.

The weight is in a chunk right back of the face, hence the power of the blow and its accuracy. The claws have an extra curve with a shorter split for greater leverage, their nipper-like edges grip and hold any sized nail, head or no head, each nail it grabs must come.

Handles are made from straight grained, weathered, specially selected West Virginia hickory, mahoganized and chemically treated to prevent them from becoming soiled or sticky. Shaped for Hand Comfort and solidly anchored in the eye so there are no flying heads.

Plumb Hammers are different from all others: they show that immediately when you grasp one, in their balance and striking power; they prove their superior worth in efficiency and wear. That's why carpenters and mechanics say of Plumb Hammers, "They're worth more."

FAYETTE R. PLUMB, Inc.
Philadelphia U. S. A. St. Louis

Plumb Hammers, Hatchets, Axes and Sledges are sold throughout the United States and Canada. Get them from your nearest dealer.

Prices:
Nail Hammer $2.00
Machinist's Ball Pein, $1.75
Automobilist's Ball Pein, $1.50

Mechanic's Perfected Plumb Ball Pein Hammers

The eye is placed off centre, weight balanced in the striking face, hence it naturally falls true. Cone-shaped pein spreads rivets, doesn't mash them. Added strength over eye prevents breakage. Weathered, specially selected hickory handles are anchored so heads will not come off. All suggestions from men who use these hammers.

Machinist's Ball Pein Hammer, $1.75
Automobilist's Ball Pein Hammer, 1.50

PLUMB
DOUBLE LIFE
Hammers Hatchets
Sledges and Axes

Bump-less Riding

JUST as the old-fashioned sedan chair, supported at each end, held the passenger free from the jar of road bumps, so the new *Triplex* Springs of the Overland 4 Sedan permit passengers to ride over the ruts, cobbles and bumps with smooth-road comfort.

These radical springs are attached diagonally at both ends of a 130-inch Springbase, giving Overland 4 the steadiness and road holding ability of large cars of long wheelbase. Yet it has the light weight, ease of control, and low fuel and tire expense of 100-inch wheelbase.

WILLYS-OVERL
Sedans, Coupés,
WILLYS OVERLAND
JOHN N. WILLYS EXP

New *Triplex* Springs

The Overland 4 Four-Door Sedan is a car of the highest character in every detail of its complete equipment, which includes Auto-Lite starting and lighting.

As men take pride in its sturdy performance, so women delight in its ease of control and its many niceties, such as dome light, silk curtains, adjustable sliding windows and velour upholstery.

Overland 4 Sedan is a car which combines to a remarkable degree refinement of style and gratifying economy of operation.

INC., *Toledo, Ohio*
rs and Roadsters
TORONTO, CANADA
ORATION, NEW YORK

PUMPS

TRIPLEX · CENTRIFUGAL · ROTARY · DEEP WELL · HAND

Gravity says "DOWN!" Pumps say "UP!"

WITHOUT pumps no subway would be safe, deep mines could not be worked, sky-scrapers would be useless, all industry would be checked.

There are Goulds Pumps hidden deep in the earth that "stand and wait"—emergency bulwarks between life and death for millions of people—*pumps that must not fail.*

There are other Goulds Pumps that work, work, work, day and night, almost without rest—the indispensable partners of modern industry.

In textile mills and milk bottling plants, in steel mills and explosives factories, in oil refineries, paper mills, chemical plants, waterworks—wherever man handles quantities of liquids or semi-liquids, whether they be shoe-blacking or paper-pulp, gasoline or bread dough, ice water or hot tar—there you will find Goulds Pumps.

Goulds Pumps have so many uses and applications that an engineering staff of hydraulic specialists is maintained to give advice to individuals and industrial organizations that have pumping problems. The services of these men are always available, whether the problem be an emergency matter or the working out of a great plan.

Fewer than half a hundred Goulds Pumps protected the 461,147,058 passengers who rode in the New York Subways in 1919. One of these pumps is shown here

THE GOULDS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

Boston · New York · Philadelphia · Chicago
Atlanta · Houston · Pittsburgh · Detroit

GOULDS

(Concluded from Page 94)

You have no one else in the world to blame. And you now ask me to violate my trust, to break my oath of office and to soil my honor for your sake, and threaten that if I do my duty you will disclose the dishonor of our family to the public. Well, go ahead if you choose. But I shall act in your case exactly as I would in that of any other accused person."

"Your cant makes me sick!" cried the prisoner furiously, getting to his feet. "You don't believe that I'll do as I say! But I will! I'll call the press boys to the bar and tell the whole city exactly who I am and how you all have treated me! You think you're pulling the Spartan-brother stuff and that folks will call you a moral hero! A lot they will! Instead they'll call you a cold-blooded brute. You'll get no credit for your self-sacrifice. They'll all think you didn't find it out in time to do anything. They'll think you were asleep—too busy playin' politics to be on your job. Can't you see the evening editions?

"'Prosecutor's Brother Pleads Guilty to Forgery!'

"'District Attorney's Brother Gets Ten Years in Sing Sing.'"

"Don't!" urged Randolph. "It doesn't do any good. Don't you see I haven't any choice? Don't you realize that if I did what you ask I should never have another happy moment?"

"I hope you'll be happy after you've done what you call your duty!" returned his brother. "For God's sake save me, Dick! Haven't you got any blood in your veins? Why, a savage would help out a member of his own family!"

"A savage would—yes," agreed Randolph bitterly, "but I can't. That's the difference. I can't chuck over everything I've been taught. Which do you think would hurt father most—knowing you were in prison or that I was false to my oath of office?"

"What a holy saint!" jeered the other. "I suppose that pretty young lady who came in here a while ago wouldn't mind having a brother-in-law in jail?"

"Hold your damned tongue!" warned the district attorney, his lips trembling with anger.

The other Randolph laughed scoffingly and reached unmoved for a fresh cigarette. Suddenly the district attorney crumpled in his chair.

"Oh, Frank," he groaned, "how can you? Why, it will spoil every chance I've got—kill our father! And yet if I do as you want I'll be worse than you."

"Thanks!" replied his brother. "I guess we aren't such a hell of a lot different! Nobody would ever know a thing about it. I'm only asking you to do the humane and decent thing—nothing crooked at all. Let one of your assistants look into the case and write an ironclad recommendation turnin' me loose for a failure of proof or a defect in the law—all he'll need is a tip from somebody else that that is what you want. And out I go! Wedding bells!"

A puzzled look came into Randolph's eyes.

"I don't understand it," he mused. "You always prided yourself on being a good sport. You were proud of your name. Even when you were acting your worst you protected that as best you could. Now you seem to have lost every spark of pride you ever had. What you are trying to do now is simply blackmail."

"You can call it what you please," answered his brother, a shade less vindictively. "I'm the drowning man catching at whatever he can. In my case it happens to be you. You're right in what you say, Dick. I always did pride myself on playing the game. But the game's over. Up to this I've played it like a gentleman. Now it's the devil take the hindermost. *Sauve qui peut!* Give yourself a chance—even if you won't give me one. Send for the papers. Suppose afterward you found there was a flaw in the law or a hole in the case—wouldn't you kick yourself?"

Randolph rose to his feet.

"No!" he answered firmly. "The case will take its regular course. When is it set for trial?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Very well; to-morrow you can make whatever public announcement you want."

The prisoner also rose, the handcuffs dangling at his wrist. They looked at one another mutely.

"And you call yourself a Randolph!" cried the district attorney, turning away in disgust.

"At the present moment, and until to-morrow morning at half past ten o'clock, I call myself Mr. Garrick Smythe," challenged his brother. "You can keep me so if you will! Take your choice!"

The voices of the two men had risen louder and louder and in the silence beat like the tattoo of a drum against the oaken panels of the door leading into the inner office, where sat Ruth Eustis tensely listening, and into the waiting room, where Roony stood with his ear glued to the jamb. One word from Randolph and Paddy would have strangled the prisoner or thrown him downstairs. The slightest hint and he would have set him loose. But he knew there would be nothing of the kind. He did not understand his master's code, but he had a very definite idea of what could be expected of those who held it. The shattering fact was that this crook, who had slipped him the cigar, was his idol's brother and was trying to blackmail him into doing something that either wisely or foolishly the district attorney would not stand for.

Under ordinary circumstances the item of the relationship would have instantly caused him to become a passionate partisan of the prisoner, for in Roony's world one stuck by one's blood, good or bad, right or wrong. But his loyalty to Randolph obliterated any questioning that would otherwise have risen in his mind as to the proper course for his hero to pursue. Obviously Mr. Garrick Smythe, though a brother, was an enemy. That settled his own attitude. Smythe was his enemy also. The bell buzzed beside him and he went in.

"Take this man back to the Tombs," ordered the district attorney with overelaborated indifference.

"All right, sir," briskly replied Roony, refastening the bracelet to his wrist. "Come along!"

Outside he paused. It was a momentous matter—one that required careful deliberation. Hadn't he better wait and speak to the D. A.—try to get an inkling of what the latter wanted him to do?

In the last five minutes he had conceived a violent hatred for Mr. Garrick Smythe. Never, he told himself with considerable if inaudible profanity, had he beheld a person who was patently so much of a reptile. It was incredible that he should be related by blood to anybody so fine as Mr. Randolph. Yet it must be so, for the latter had admitted it, and now if things were permitted to take their natural course the filthy swine would go up for ten years for forgery and the reputation of the district attorney's family would be dragged in the mire. Passing up the question of whether or not Randolph ought to connive at his brother's escape, it was plain that this dirty dog purposed to play him the meanest kind of a trick. He would do it too!

There was only one answer. He ought quietly to be put out of the way somehow. His occupancy of a cell in the Tombs, however, was unfortunately a guaranty of safety. Time was when he could have been given a crack on the skull with an iron bar, but now the days of beating up prisoners were over. Of course it might be managed on the theory that Smythe had attempted to escape, but—no, the rough stuff didn't go any longer, and anyhow he had never been in the strong-arm business. His wrath against the supposed Smythe grew. The election was going to be a close one anyway and any scandal would probably ruin Randolph's chances. Then there was the old man—the father—who had once given him an overcoat. Sure, as the D. A. had said, it would kill him!

It was absolutely clear that something had to be done. Randolph himself wasn't going to do a thing. Was it possible that he was secretly relying on him, Paddy, to do it for him? No, that wasn't the boss' way. And there was nothing anyhow that he could do without rousing suspicion that he had acted under orders. Hell, what a mess!

The door opened quickly behind them and the district attorney came forth, the girl clinging to his arm. The faces of both were pale and the girl looked straight in front of her with her chin in the air.

"Good night, Roony," said Randolph shortly, without looking at the keeper or his prisoner. As the two passed through the wicket Roony thought he heard a little sob.

"Have another cigar," murmured the man beside him.

Roony's blood boiled.

"You swine," he retorted ferociously. "I'll have none of your cigars!"

"Suit yourself," answered his prisoner calmly.

The shadows were falling in the corridors. The whole building was silent save for the dying echo of the D. A.'s departing footsteps. He was alone with Smythe. Tomorrow if he took him back to the Tombs the jig would be up. The skunk would do as he threatened. If he let him go and claimed that his prisoner had broken away from him, they would all call it bull. How could a prisoner who was shackled to his keeper get away? If he let him go he would simply have to let him go and take the consequences. Abetting in an escape was the same as acting as an accomplice after the fact—it was a felony and Judge Eustis would hand him the limit—not less than five years, sure! His legs trembled at the thought.

There had been a time when he faced that possibility almost with serenity every day. But now! Now he was on Easy Street, with a good salary, a pension to look forward to—a girl! If he did this thing for Randolph it was the end. Back into the abyss he would plunge and wallow there forever. There would be no chance of beating it. He could not run away—and anyhow that would be as bad as going to prison. Then there was Mary to consider. She had some rights. She had promised to marry him next Easter and they had picked out their flat already—steam heated, with a real bathroom. The darkness seemed to thicken about him. On the other hand there was the old gentleman and Miss Eustis and the man who had saved him, put him on his feet, made him what he was. He uttered an involuntary groan.

"Well?" remarked the prisoner flippantly beside him. "Of course I don't mind standin' here particularly, but it's gettin' a bit late and I haven't dressed for dinner yet."

"Come on then," muttered Roony in a muffled voice.

The thing was shaping itself by degrees in his mind. There was only one way to do it and it meant annihilation. Once he had let Smythe go there was no way to appeal for mercy, since to do so would involve disclosing the very fact he was seeking to conceal. He would have to give Smythe as much of a start as possible, surrender himself to the police and stand pat. Never thereafter could one word pass his lips as to his reasons for acting as he had done—in extenuation of his offense or for mitigation of his punishment. He would simply have to stand the gaff—mutely. But there was nothing else to do. It was Randolph or Roony, and though it was tough luck, it was sure, he told himself, up to Roony.

Heavily they clumped down the marble stairs. The elevator men had all gone. The superintendent was eating supper with his numerous family in his apartment on the second mezz. Roony could smell it—ham and cabbage. It was the psychological moment. They descended the last flight to the basement and approached the door leading into Franklin Street. It was dark there, for the light well did not go down below the main floor and only a single bulb burned feebly in front of the coroner's office. The place always resembled a sepulcher—to Roony now it was one.

A dozen steps from the exit he paused. A recess between the elevator shaft and a pillar offered a black shadow for deeds either good or evil.

"Aw, hell!" said Roony to himself. "You ain't got no choice!"

Stepping into the darkness he silently unlocked the handcuff upon his prisoner's wrist.

"Now beat it, you dog!" he snarled.

"Eh?" gasped Mr. Garrick Smythe suspiciously. "What's all this?"

"Beat it!" repeated Roony hoarsely. "Hurry up and make your getaway!"

"Hold on a minute!" returned the prisoner. "Are you proposing that I should try to escape?"

"Dat's the idea!" rasped Paddy. "Get busy now! I ain't goin' to hold the door open forever."

Mr. Garrick Smythe stroked his chin meditatively. With eyes becoming more accustomed to the dusk Paddy could see his prisoner's pale features register the surprise he doubtless felt. It was quite incredible that Dick could have put this keeper up to such a game and gone through all that hocus-pocus up in the office merely for a bluff. That wasn't Dick's way—the Randolph way. No, there was a mystery here of some sort. For a brief moment he entertained the thought of bolting through the door without more ado and trying to get aboard a steamer for Buenos Aires. Then a catch in the breath of the man standing beside him made him turn and peer through the darkness at him.

"I don't understand," he remarked unhurriedly. "What are you doing this for?"

"It's none of yer damn business," retorted Paddy. "It's enough for you, ain't it, dat I'm doin' it?"

"Sorry," replied the other, "but I'm damned if it is!"

"Ain't yer goin'?"

"How do I know this isn't a plant to get the evidence I want to try to run away—with a sheriff just round the corner to pull me in?"

Roony uttered an exclamation of disgusted protest.

"Ferget it!" he whispered. "This ain't no plant. It's on the level, see? I'm lettin' yer make a clean getaway for my own reasons. Can't ye beat it before they get wise acrost the way?"

"What are your reasons?" demanded Smythe.

"What difference does it make?"

"A lot."

"Will yer beat it if I tell yer?"

"Very likely."

Roony took a good grip on himself. Then thrusting his face toward the other's ear he growled harshly: "I heard what you told the chief up in the office. I'm on, see? Well, he wouldn't stand for a getaway—but I will."

"So I seem to observe," returned the prisoner. "But why?"

"'Cause this yere Mr. Randolph is a partic'lar friend of mine. He's white, see?—the whitest man I ever met. I ain't goin' to see him done dirt by nobody if there's any way I kin help it. I kin help it. Don't that satisfy you?"

"What did he ever do for you?" inquired the prisoner curiously.

"He kep' me out of jail!" answered Roony fiercely. The idiot was getting on his nerves with his eternal questions. "He guv me the only chance I ever had! An' I ain't goin' to see him and his goil and his old man disgraced—get me?"

"I get you," nodded Smythe. "But won't this business put you in bad with the authorities?"

"It'll send me up all right." The voice shook in the gloom.

The elder Randolph started. This was genuine. The man was going to sacrifice himself for that brother of his. There must be something rather decent about that same brother if a thug like this was willing to go to jail rather than have harm come to him.

"Who was that girl?"

"Dat's Judge Eustis' daughter. They're goin' ter git married."

"Judge Eustis? Is he the judge that's to try my case?"

"Dat's him."

There was utter stillness behind the pillar for nearly half a minute. In a far-distant corner of one of the upper stories a door banged, sending a shiver through the heavy atmosphere.

"I suppose you've thought this thing all out?"

"Sure! I can let you go and keep my mout' shut, can't I? Dat's all dere is to it! What yer holdin' on fer? This here is a fair chance. There ain't no comeback so far's you're concerned. I'm the only sucker in this game, so beat it!"

He was sick of this procrastinating fool. But he could not see the fool's face—or the tears in the fool's eyes. For the fool was thinking of the old home down in Carversville and that day so long, long ago when he had struggled in the water to save the life of the younger brother whom he had loved, even as this man loved him now. He would have given his life then for him—gladly—just as this man was ready to do. In the darkness his flabby cheeks burned.

"Look here, my friend," he said suddenly in a queer voice, "I was only bluffing upstairs. I didn't mean what I said."

"What d'yer say?" drawled Roony. Was the guy stringing him?

"You've got me all wrong," the other assured him. "You see, I'm not a Smythe—whatever that is. After all I'm a Randolph. Only no one but you is going to know it. I stay Garrick Smythe. Understand?"

"You mean yer ain't goin' to double cross him?" asked Roony, the truth slowly dawning upon him.

"You've got it!" assented his prisoner quietly. "Exactly that! Have a cigar?"

For a few moments there was no sound behind the pillar, while Roony sought to adjust himself to this new situation.

"T'anks," he replied finally. "You're all right! I don't care if I do."

In Court

on the Judge's bench, in the Jurors' box, or in any place where the mind is called upon to weigh facts carefully, you need clear vision, the essential to clear thinking.

Be Fair

to your eyes. *Have your eyes examined regularly* by a competent optical specialist. Correctly fitted

Shelltex **Shur-on** Spectacles

look as if made for you alone. Specify them.

Quality Beyond Question for More than Fifty Years

E. Kirstein Sons Co.

Est. 1864 Rochester, N. Y.

GIRLS DON'T GAMBLE ANY MORE

(Continued from Page 10)

Herbert something to think about, or "something to put their eyes out," in his own more classical phrase. But when he had tried to sound Madge on what she wanted she had promptly and resolutely applied her veto power.

"No, sir!" she had told him. "I want you to keep right on saving! If you stop for one thing you'll soon stop for another, and then we—and then you'll never get anywhere."

"Aw, just this once!" he had pleaded as a good knight should.

"No, please don't, Jimmy," she had said in a quieter voice. "Honestly, I know I wouldn't enjoy any present that made a gap in the bank book. Every time I thought about it I'd feel—oh, I don't know—mean."

This then was Jimmy's problem as he rolled up Amsterdam Avenue that afternoon:

"Did she really mean it? Or was she only fooling?"

It's a hard nut for any young teeth, and in trying to crack it James nearly ran into a truck that was stalled by the side of the curb. He came to a stop with a scant half inch to spare, and more to cover his own confusion than anything else he sternly called out: "Want any help?"

"Help? No!" growled the other driver. "It's power she wants, not help."

On the sidewalk stood the owner, who had evidently been called by telephone.

"If I can help you to the top of the hill," said Jimmy, getting out his towing chain, "I guess you'll be all right."

"Ye—eh, sure," said the driver, looking at Jimmy's load. "And if pigs could fly the same as boids I guess they wouldn't need hams."

That one being too hot to handle without gloves, Jimmy simply moved his Red Prince to the front and fastened the chain.

"Now give her all she's got back there," he called out, "and I'll help."

"What? With that load?"

"Sure!"

There was a short roar and a double cloud of exhaust; and though it might be said that they grunted slightly, the two trucks moved to the top of the hill, the owner keeping abreast on the sidewalk.

"That's some truck you've got there," he said as Jimmy unfastened his chain.

"Yes, sir. Full of pep."

"What make is it?"

"Red Prince."

"Who's the agent—do you know?"

Now even as astronomers gazing skyward sometimes see the planets in juxtaposition, so now Jimmy scanning the heavens of possibilities saw the star of Madge's present being lighted by an unexpected comet.

"I'll find out the agent's name and mail it to you if you like," he said.

"All right; do," said the owner, and handed out one of his cards.

When Jimmy reached the automobile section it didn't take him long to find the Red Prince's show room.

"If I put you next to a man and he bought a Red Prince," said Jimmy, "would I get a commission?"

The agent looked at him with eyes like gimlets.

"Depends on who it is," he cautiously replied. "Depends upon the story."

So Jimmy told the story, but kept the card turned upside down on the desk.

"Good work," said Gimlet Eyes, who now began boring holes in the card. "Turn her over. I think there ought to be something in it for you if we land him."

As luck would have it, they landed him, and Madge landed her birthday present the following Sunday evening, though Jimmy had to show her his bank book—which he had brought for the purpose—and do a lot of explaining before she would even consent to unclasp her hands from behind her back. She had a preliminary peep then, and gave a few of those muffled squeaks of pleasure which are music to the ear of every good young knight; but the formal opening took place a little later in the front room.

They were all there—Eunice, Ethel, Stanley and Herbert—while in the dining room sat Old Wib, who was reading the paper, and poor ma, who was feeling low that week because so many people were going to Atlantic City for Easter while she had to stay at home and slave because Old Wib had played such a dirty trick on the angel's nose. You will therefore see that when Madge shyly entered the front room with her parcel in her arms she had a full audience, but she wouldn't untie the string till Jimmy had seated himself on the little gilt chair at the end of the piano.

It was a leather hand bag in the softest of morocco, and to nearly everyone's surprise—considering who had given it—it was really a beauty, with its vanity case and pencil and memorandum book and its owner's name so proudly stamped in gold.

"M-m-m!" said Eunice in her superior manner. "I wouldn't mind having a bag like that myself."

Stanley's ears grew pink and looked slightly puffed at hearing this.

"What's this in it?" asked Ethel.

As a matter of fact, during the preliminary examination Jimmy had slipped his bank book in to see if it fitted, but in the excitement of the moment they had forgotten to take it out again.

"Oh, don't look at that!" cried Madge.

Of course they were all bound to see it then—Ethel, Eunice, Stanley and Herbert—a merry little party, bending their heads over to see what fool thing it was and making nice little exclamations of fashionable interest. But when that homely old bank book opened in Ethel's hands, showing a vigorously growing column of "10's," it might almost be said that merriment died on their hands and they didn't know what to do with the body.

"Did you notice what a lot of people went South this winter?" said Stanley, changing the conversation to higher realms. "You'd be surprised to know how many of our tenants simply closed their apartments and went."

"That's always been my secret dream," said Ethel, her eyes far away and utterly dismissing such trivial things as bank books and hand bags—"to go South every winter and come back when I pleased."

"My secret ambition," confessed Herbert, "is to have a valet, a secretary, a chauffeur and a butler; never to get up till half past ten—and a new suit of clothes every Monday."

"Good night! Good night!" thought Jimmy.

"Mine," said Stanley, "is either to find a hundred thousand dollars in a pocketbook or to get a job counting money for a blind millionaire."

They didn't expect Madge to chime in, but emboldened perhaps by her elegant bag, she said: "I've always wanted a nice apartment on Riverside Drive."

They laughed at that, so she wouldn't tell any more.

"What's yours?" asked Stanley, turning to Jimmy with a good-natured grin.

"Five thousand dollars in the bank and a business of my own," said Jimmy, frowning.

They laughed again then, probably thinking that the bank book had gone to his head.

"Is that all?" asked Stanley.

Jimmy didn't answer in words, but he looked at Madge with a glance that said: "Well, no, it isn't quite all."

There isn't a microphone known to science that could have detected this answer, but it sounded to Madge like a cornet, a trumpet and a trombone, assisted by the big bass drum.

VI

SPRING came soon with its magic and its message, but if you had been an invisible member of the Rathbone household I think you would have noticed that neither Eunice nor Ethel seemed to respond as they had always done in former years. Perhaps the message had become an old one to them; and perhaps they hadn't yet begun to take troubled peeps into the future, and so hadn't seen prophetic pictures of themselves looking like poor ma, but without any Old Wib in the vision bringing home his weekly wages and keeping the wolf from the dumb-waiter shaft.

Faint changes, too, were beginning to show in Stanley and Herbert. Herbert was still in the bank and Stanley behind the real-estate counter of the Grant & Robertson agency; but they were beginning to have at times a lean and hungry look such as you sometimes see in the children of a large family when guests are having first whack at the turkey. They were still well dressed and as priceless as ever in their conversation, but more and more often they

(Continued on Page 102)

Sunshine Biscuits

*Every*meal – *Every*day

Tak-hom-a Biscuit Layer Sandwich

Toast Tak-hom-a Biscuit. Spread with a thick layer of cream cheese. Cut a generous piece of currant jelly, placing it over the cream cheese. Put another Tak-hom-a Biscuit on top.

Serve
Tak-hom-a Biscuit as Sandwiches
"Splits-in-two"

"At last—the ideal sandwich biscuit." That is what you'll say when first you make a tempting sandwich from Tak-hom-a Biscuit.

Of course it is a joy to know there is one soda cracker—Tak-hom-a Biscuit—that breaks in two without scattering crumbs, making it ideal for sandwiches.

Whether for an impromptu menu or a specially planned occasion there are scores of delicious sandwiches to be made with Tak-hom-a Biscuit—hot or cold—as suits the fancy. That is a good reason for your wanting a generous supply all the time.

In red packages only.

Fairy Tale Pictures and Cunning Verses are packed in most Sunshine cartons.

Toasted Sardine Sandwich

Drain large sardines and dip in melted butter. Roll in a mixture of finely minced ham and grated Tak-hom-a Biscuit. Place on hot buttered Tak-hom-a Biscuit. Season with pepper and brown in the oven.

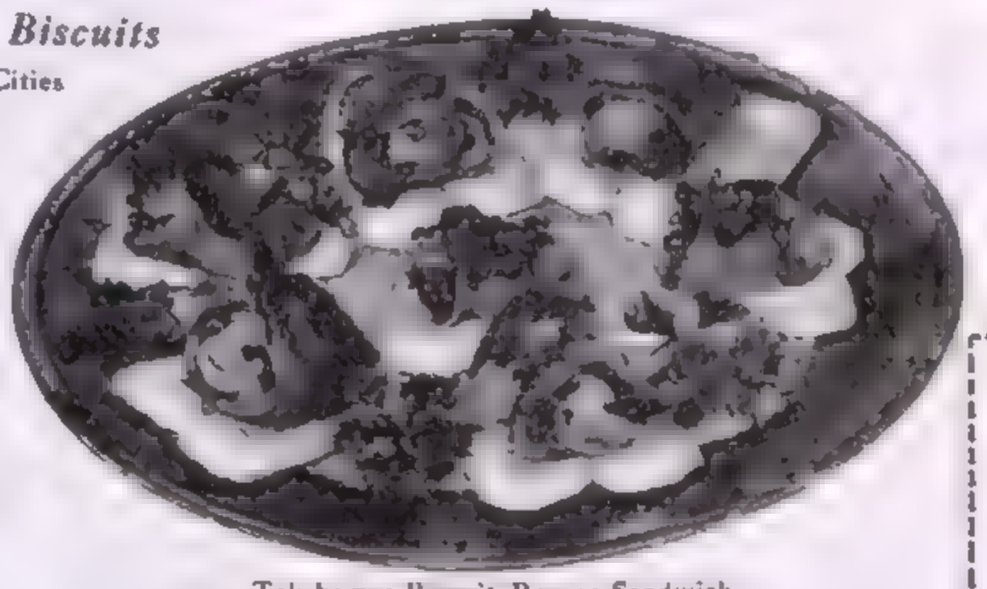
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company

Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits

Branches in over 100 Cities

We have prepared a Fairy Tale Book of Rhymes, handsomely illustrated. To partly cover cost of preparation and mailing, send 5c in coin (no stamps accepted) to this company, Dept B, 815 Commerce Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Look for the Sunshine Biscuit Display Rack—It is your guarantee of biscuit goodness.



Tak-hom-a Biscuit Roman Sandwich

Spread bacon slices with a mixture of chopped mango, chutney and capers. Put a large oyster on top, roll in and fasten with wooden toothpicks. Broil long enough to cook the bacon. Remove skewer. Place on toasted Tak-hom-a Biscuit. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and paprika.

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT COMPANY
Dept. B, 815 Commerce Building
Kansas City, Mo.

Please send me a copy of "Sunshine Hints for the Hostess," illustrating scores of delicious biscuit uses

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer _____

Grocer's Address _____

Get a Pelter for Spring!

—and you get a topcoat, rain-coat, motor-coat, sport-coat, golf-coat—all in one!

What's more, you get a *smarter* topcoat, a *better* rain-coat, a *warmer* motor-coat, a *more comfortable* sport-coat, a *nattier* golf-coat.

A Pelter is the ideal coat for Spring—you'll get more wear and longer wear out of it than any other coat you could buy.

Pelters are good for any season and for many seasons. "Gabardine and Leather—there's a side for every weather". The Gabardine is "*Cravenetted*" to make it 100% rain-proof.

Get a Pelter this Spring and you've got all the coats you'll need.

For men, women and children. Look for the name on every "Pelter."

Go pick out your model at the store that sells Pelters. If you don't know one in your locality, write us.

International Duplex Coat Co.

Pioneer Makers of Leather Coats

114–116 Fifth Avenue New York City

(Continued from Page 100)

had moments when their attention seemed to be elsewhere, as though their ears were straining for a call to the banquet and their minds were wondering whether there would be any of the stuffing and gravy left.

In fact if it hadn't been for Madge and Jimmy the signs and songs of spring might have counted for nothing in the Rathbone family that year, but as I think you will presently agree those two more than made up for the others.

One night when Jimmy called it only needed a glance for Madge to see that he was Sir James of the Plumed Crest again. As a matter of fact he had found his second piece of armor that day, and its possession had given him such a look of pride that it had nearly turned him pale.

"I've got a new job," he announced to Madge as soon as he saw her.

"What doing?"

"Demonstrator for the Red Prince Truck Company. It brings me in another ten a week. How's that?"

Madge's pride and pallor immediately became superior to his own.

"You'll be able to save twenty a week now," she whispered in tones that had a touch of awe in them.

"Maybe more," he nodded. "I've got a chance to make commissions, too, if I can swing any new business to the firm."

The hall was dim, their voices low, and Jimmy only needed a longer plume and you could have imagined him saying: "I've got a chance to win my golden spurs if I can only find a sword to smite the infidel!"

"Wait till I get my hat," said Madge.

They went out in the park, where leaves and buds were beginning to grow uneasy, and there Jimmy told her all about it.

"Latimer Brothers offered a prize to the driver who got the maximum efficiency out of his truck—and you know the way I've been studying 'em up. Well, anyhow, I won the prize and the Red Prince agent came round to get an affidavit. I'd seen that guy before—the time I bought your birthday present—and as soon as he saw it was me he said to the boss: 'I know this young live wire of yours, and I've got a good mind to steal him from you.'"

"How proud you must have felt!" breathed Madge.

"Sure! All swelled up like Astor's pup," he grinned. "Anyhow, I'm working for the Red Prince people now—thirty-five a week and commissions."

They trod the clouds together then—Madge and Jimmy—and made friends with the stars.

"Say, now, but ain't this one grand night?" said Jimmy at last. "Let's go a bus ride—shall we?"

Yes; that was certainly one grand night; the night of the day when they first began to see big money coming Jimmy's way; a night that will linger long in both their memories. But a procession of even grander nights was already moving forward.

There was the night of the day, for instance, when he made his first unaided sale of a Red Prince—a performance which he repeated again and again with increasing speed. There was the night of the day, too, when he had an offer to join the Vixen people—at fifty per and commissions—and turned it down because he knew that their old tug was a lemon. There was the night, too, of a sweltering, blistering Monday in the last week of June when the streets of New York were like cracks in Hades and more horses died in harness than in many a cavalry charge made famous by history.

Jimmy did a rather queer thing that day. While the rest of the Red Prince crew kept in the shade of the garage, he rode up and down the heavy-traffic avenues; and whenever he came to a horse in distress he made a note of the name and address on the truck. By half past five he had filled three pages of his notebook, and began to feel indeed that he was nearly ready to smite the infidel. It was six o'clock when he returned to the office, but Gimlet Eyes was still there, busy boring holes.

"Just the boy I want to see," he said. "How would you like to make some extra money to-night?"

"Suits me," said Jimmy.

"You know that truck we sold to the Consolidated Company last week? It's in trouble up near Greenwich. They just telephoned. I want you to run up there and see what the matter is. Those people are going to have a whole stable full of Red Princes before I'm through with them, and that's one reason why I want you to go up there and get them straightened out if you can."

Thinking the time propitious, Sir James now put in a thrust of his own.

"I wish you'd let me put in all my time selling trucks, beginning with to-morrow," he said.

"What's the idea?"

Jimmy showed him the last three pages of his notebook and explained how the names and addresses got there.

"Every single one of those firms ought to be a good prospect," he earnestly concluded, "but they ought to be tackled quick. That's the reason I want to jump right in, while the loss of their horses is fresh in their minds."

If you had been there you might have thought that Gimlet Eyes never meant to stop boring holes in the place where young Sir James would have worn his visor in a bygone day.

"You thought of this yourself?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Son, you're a live wire. I've always said so. The livest wire I've got. Hang it, they're the tricks I used to do myself when I was your age! Listen! The company's thinking of putting an agent up in the Bronx, and I'll tell you right now that if you only had money enough—and a little more experience—I'd recommend you for the job!"

"I've got nearly a thousand dollars saved," said Jimmy, swallowing hard. "How much money would I need?"

"Oh, you'd need at least ten thousand to handle it."

Whereupon Jimmy swallowed harder than before.

"Good night! Good night!" thought he. "You don't mind if I take a passenger—a friend of mine—up to Greenwich, do you?" he asked.

"Take anybody you like. It'll be company for you."

With a thoughtful look, Jimmy walked back to the garage and patted the radiator bonnet of his demonstration car. He was really patting it to find out how hot it was, but in the twilight he might very well have reminded you of Sir James of the Plumed Crest caressing his noble charger and whispering in its ear just before starting for the fray.

"Ten thousand dollars!" he muttered. "Ten—thousand—dollars!"

And frowning as he climbed into the driver's seat, he put to himself a very technical question.

"Now wouldn't that blow your fuses out?" asked he.

VII

JIMMY'S demonstration car had pneumatic tires, and its driver's seat was fitted with such comfortable cushions and commanded such a lordly outlook that many a medieval monarch would have been glad to own it for a perambulating throne. On his way uptown he stopped at Madge's and told her where he was going.

"I'm sorry it isn't a passenger car," he said, looking at her very intently indeed, "or I'd ask you to come with me. She's as steady as an old armchair, and you've no idea how cool it is—riding."

"I think I'd ride a donkey if it would only make me cool," said Madge; and suddenly laughing with excitement at the prospect of adventure she added, "Wait till I find a cap," and danced off to change her dress and shoes as well.

Fortunately neither Eunice nor Ethel was there to say "You—are—not—going!" And so ten minutes later when the Red Prince turned its head uptown Jimmy began to tell Madge about the sales which he expected to make during the next few weeks.

"I'm going to buy your ring out of those commissions," he told her—"a piece of ice that will put their eyes out."

Madge didn't say anything, but her glance was ever so far away, and away down deep in her womanly little breast a silent melody seemed to sing itself, keeping time with the beating of her heart.

"It's you who's entitled to those commissions anyhow," he continued "not me. I'd still be a dub driver for Latimer Brothers if it hadn't been for you."

As you may have noted, there were times when Sir James didn't say much, but when he swung the sledge he generally hit the anvil.

"I didn't know you could go so fast," said Madge as they hit Pelham Parkway.

"Sure!" said Jimmy proudly. "That's one of the big things about the Red Prince. When she's empty she can make thirty miles an hour. Some speed, eh?"

They looked at each other then, and had a slow long smile until an indignant limousine swore a hoarse note at them. By the time they reached Pelham it was dusk and a sunset had spread itself out in the west like the tail of a golden peacock.

"Like it?" asked Jimmy.

"Fine!" she breathed.

"You wait till we get a real car of our own," he proudly told her.

"I don't care," said Madge. "I'll bet I'll never forget this ride, no matter how many I have."

Which, as you are soon to see, might have been the gift of prophecy pure and simple.

It was nearly dark when they came to the stranded Red Prince near Greenwich, but it didn't take Jimmy long to find the trouble. A green driver had filled the radiator not wisely but too well, and the overflow had dripped into the carburetor. It was the work of only a few minutes to substitute gasoline for the offending water, and the green driver started again for New York a little riper for his day's experience.

"He's all right now," said Jimmy after following for a while. "What do you say if we turn down one of these roads that lead to the Sound and get good and cool?"

"I'd love it," said Madge, prouder than ever of her clever young knight.

They came to a park by the side of the water, and fortune favoring them the local band was giving its weekly concert. Music always affected Jimmy, especially full deep notes which set him yearning to do powerful things, and rising melodies that made him want to start in somewhere—anywhere—and set rivers on fire. But that night as the concert went on he became so preoccupied that Madge couldn't make him out.

"What's bothering you, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I was just wishing I had ten thousand dollars," he sighed in reply.

"Why?"

He told her then what Gimlet Eyes had said to him about the Bronx agency.

"Jimmy," she murmured at last.

"Yes, dear?"

"Jimmy, I don't want that ring—not yet a while, anyhow."

There was a quiver in her voice, though, that wasn't far from tears—an eloquent tremolo that seemed to have the effect of turning the young man by her side into a lion with a bristling mane.

"You bet you're going to have your ring!" said he.

"All right, Jimmy," she murmured. "Don't get mad."

"Mad at you?" he asked her. "Do you think I could?"

She answered him in the immemorial manner, and before they knew it the band had stopped and the musicians were putting their instruments away.

"I had no idea it was so late," said Jimmy, unconsciously still pursuing immemorial formulas. "Anyhow it's gone cooler, and that's something."

Indeed after the heat of the day a breeze had sprung up from the Sound that had a hint of downright chilliness in it and, dressed too lightly for such a change, Madge shivered a little as they started for New York.

"Cold?" asked Jimmy.

"No!" she scoffed, and immediately contradicted herself with a sneeze.

Jimmy pulled the Red Prince over to the side of the road, and taking the cushions from the seat he made a little cozy corner on the floor of the truck just behind the cab.

"Now you sit here," he said, "and lean in the corner, and try to go to sleep. I'll wake you up when we get to the city."

"I do feel sleepy," she confessed. "It's been so hot I've hardly slept at all lately."

Jimmy started on again, frowning at the lateness of the hour. The cool air swept by the side of the truck—the throbbing of the engine might have been a lullaby.

"All right?" he asked over his shoulder.

There was no answer, and peeping over the back of the seat he saw that Madge was curled up on the cushions fast asleep.

"Ten thousand dollars," he presently found himself thinking. "Well, if I'm a live wire—like he says I am—it seems to me I ought to find it somehow!"

VIII

IT WAS well past midnight when the Red Prince rolled over Harlem Bridge and swung down Madison Avenue to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. Madge was still asleep, and Jimmy didn't wake her.

(Concluded on Page 106)

Stutz and its world's records

Among American-made and European cars the name Stutz undoubtedly stands pre-eminent on the speedway.

Time after time it has broken world's records in a big field of competition.

World's records can't be bettered without perfect compression in the motor, and this means *leakless piston rings.*

This manufacturer wrote us:

"We have tried a number of different rings, but we are willing to settle down to a one-piece ring of the tried and proved type.

"We feel as though your ring has given us the best service we have been able to find in any ring so far."

THE manufacturer of Stutz cars uses American Hammered Piston Rings, as do the makers of thirty-five other nationally known passenger cars, trucks, tractors, and motors.

When these firms choose a piston ring for equipment, it is no chance or haphazard decision. It is the result of careful analysis.

No other piston ring on the market has the endorsement of such a list of motor manufacturers. It is mechanically and practically the best.

Our special process of hammering, with accurately adjusted hammering machines, insures permanent, equal pressure against the cylinder walls. One-piece, *leakless*, concentric.

AMERICAN HAMMERED PISTON RING CO.
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

This actual photograph, taken in one of the cure rooms of the Goodyear factories at Akron, shows a Goodyear Tire in process of construction

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

The Human Mainspring of Manufacturing Progress

EACH year, representatives of this Company visit the leading technical colleges of America, to recruit new energy and intelligence for this business.

Young men in such schools who have displayed unusual proficiency and application in their courses are offered at Goodyear the beginning of a career.

Through our own factory schools, also, continually flows an advancing stream of manhood, made ready for the larger things this business holds for its people.

In this way that invaluable union of experience and ardor, which is the human mainspring of manufacturing progress, constantly is renewed and refreshed.

The remarkably fine character of Goodyear Cord Tires is due in great part to the type of ambitious intelligence made available to them by this policy.

Every phase of their manufacture, from the growing of the raw materials to their final scrupulous inspection, repeatedly has known betterment from this source.

The results of this effort, as seen in Goodyear Cord performance, underlie the commanding position held by these tires in the regard of motorists everywhere.

Because Goodyear Tires and the sincere conservation service behind them afford unmatched satisfaction, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
Offices Throughout the World

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 102)

"Poor kid," he thought with another glance over the back of the seat. "It'll do her good."

At One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street he turned to the right and followed Harlem's Broadway until he reached his own familiar Amsterdam Avenue. There he turned south again and rode smoothly along the car rails mile after mile until the docks of the Hudson River began to loom ahead. By that time they weren't far from Washington Square and the house where Madge lived.

"I guess I'll stop along here and wake her up," thought Jimmy.

The block through which they were passing seemed to be particularly deserted, old warehouses alternating with modern lofts, and he brought the Red Prince to a stop.

"Better wake up, Madge," he said, leaning over and gently shaking her. "We're nearly home."

Womanlike, as soon as she was awake she began putting herself in order. Her hat required retouching—reshaping. Her hair needed attention.

"You'd better get up in the seat, hadn't you?" asked Jimmy.

"Wait till I'm fixed," she mumbled, her hatpins still in her mouth. "Drive on slowly if you like. I'll tell you when I'm ready."

He turned east, hardly moving, the Red Prince nearly coming to a stop now and then.

"I won't be long," she whispered, still hidden behind the seat.

Jimmy continued slowly to roll along, and finally came to a hesitating stop against the curb. In the shelter of a doorway then he saw two men who were closely watching him, and more to warn Madge than anything else he called out "Howdy!" and put his hand on the lever to start again. The two men, however, crossed the sidewalk to speak to him, and Jimmy noticed with rising interest that one of the men held his hands in his coat pocket and that both had the knack of walking without making a noise.

"Hold-up men, I guess," he thought, "looking for late commuters"; and voicing a prayer as much as a longing he added to himself: "Lord, I hope they don't see Madge!"

"Looking for somebody?" asked the taller of the two men.

"Yeh," said Jimmy carelessly, his hand still on the lever. "Looking for a man with ten thousand dollars."

"What you going to do when you find him?"

"Run him down and take it off him."

"On the level now—how did you come to stop here?"

"Wanted to see the number of the building."

"Number suits you all right?"

"Suits me if it suits you," said Jimmy, disengaging the clutch ready to start.

"Wait a minute now," said the tall one, his hands still ostentatiously held in his coat pockets. "You look like a good sport. How'd you like to make a nice big chunk of easy money between now and morning?"

"What doing?"

"We've got some goods in here that we want to move over to Long Island, see?"

Jimmy quickly glanced toward the building and saw a sign, "A. B. Cloudsley Silk Company," in old-fashioned gilt letters.

"We had our own truck coming," continued the other, "but it ought to have been here an hour ago—must have broke down somewhere—and these goods have got to be moved to-night, see?"

Jimmy wisely nodded.

"Crooks," he thought. "Loft thieves. And they've got me covered." A lump rose in his throat as he thought of the precious load he was carrying back of the seat. "They'd just as lief swipe the truck too," he told himself, "if they know how to run it. Good night! Good night!"

"On the level now, what do you say?" said the spokesman.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jimmy uneasily, uncertain whether to make a break for it or to play foxy until their backs were turned. "I don't care much about moving things at night. Too risky."

"You're taking no chances, see? The cop's friendly. He knows us."

"I'll have to make a break for it," Jimmy was thinking. "If I play foxy and pretend to give in one of them might jump in the truck right off to help load it, and then where would I be?" Aloud he said: "Yes, that's all right. Maybe the cop knows you, but he doesn't know me."

And boldly throwing in the starting lever, the Red Prince started with a bounce.

"If they jump for the cab," he thought, "I'll kick 'em in the face"; and limbered his feet ready, more than half expecting a sudden spring.

Just at that moment, however, the attention of the two men on the sidewalk was attracted by another truck coming from the direction of the river.

"Here comes Gus now," Jimmy heard one of the men saying, and slipping into high gear he made the Red Prince fairly gallop over the paving blocks. A few seconds later he turned the corner on two wheels and didn't stop until he had reached the friendly lights of an all-night drug store.

"Who were they?" whispered Madge, getting to her feet at last, her eyes like capital O's.

"A couple of crooks trying to get away with a load of silk."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

Pride and expectation were in every breath she drew, and even as in the golden days Sir Alpheus charged the dragon for beauty's smiles, so now Sir James of the Plumed Crest began to go into action, if only because he couldn't disappoint Lady Madge.

"First I'll phone the police department," he said. "You'd better come in with me."

A clerk served Madge with a soda while Jimmy shut himself in the telephone booth. She couldn't hear what he said, but she could watch him through the glass door, and the more she thought of the dreams and the fullness which he had brought into her life, the brighter she glowed with pride of this young man whose whole future, some deep instinct might have warned her, now lay in her own small hands, to make or to mar as she willed.

"Hello!" Jimmy was saying over the telephone. "Police Headquarters? There's a bunch of crooks cleaning out a silk warehouse on West Eighteenth Street—A. B. Cloudsley Silk Company—between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues. You'll have to get there quick or they'll beat you to it. I say you'll have to get there quick. That's what I said. Good-by!"

He frowned as he hung up the receiver, afraid that help would come too late.

Wellington probably frowned that way when he tried to get in touch with Blücher.

And Custer probably didn't smile much to speak of that time at Haystack Butte.

IX

"WHERE are you going now?" Madge breathlessly asked as soon as they reached the sidewalk.

"Going to take you home."

"And then come back?"

"Sure!"

But she wouldn't have that for a moment.

"No, sir! I'm going to stay right with you. How do you suppose I'd feel, safe at home, and thinking all the time that you were in danger?"

"Danger?" he scoffed. "Where does the danger come in?"

"All right," she countered; "if there isn't any danger there's no need for me to go home. Another ten minutes won't make any difference."

They climbed aboard the Red Prince, and after circling the block Jimmy headed back for Eighteenth Street.

"I don't want to get too close," he said, "but I'd like to see the fun when the cops come."

"So would I!" nodded Madge, unconsciously bouncing up and down in her seat. "I never felt so excited in my life!"

An Elevated train went thundering up Ninth Avenue, and under cover of the noise Jimmy drove the Red Prince nearly to the corner of Eighteenth Street, where a new loft building was in course of construction. There he drew into the shadow of the scaffolding and shut off his engine.

"They won't be long now," he said, and both of them strained their eyes and ears.

The seconds seemed to tick away into minutes, but still no sound or sight of approaching officers rewarded them.

"I wonder where they are?" whispered Madge in growing indignation. "Those thieves will get away if somebody doesn't hurry up!"

Jimmy jumped down, and going to the corner he put his head round a pile of timbers and looked cautiously down the street.

"They're working like mad to get the truck loaded," he reported, returning to Madge. "They'll be gone in another minute," he frowned, "and then won't I look like a fool!"

"If there was only some way of blocking the street," whispered Madge, unconsciously bouncing up and down again, "so they couldn't get away till somebody comes!"

Inspiration was born of her words and sent a thrill through Jimmy that reached from his head to his feet.

"I know how I could stop 'em!" he exclaimed. "Run into 'em and knock a wheel off!"

"And get hurt ourselves?"

"Certainly not! I'd leave you at the corner here, and just before the trucks reefed into each other I'd jump."

He hopped off to the corner again, and a moment later was excitedly beckoning Madge to come and look.

"See?" he whispered. "They're getting ready! Now you stay here and watch!"

Before she could stop him he had run to his truck, and a proud roar answered his pull on the crank. He jumped into the cab then like a knight of old springing into the saddle, and grandly turned the corner.

"I guess I'm going to get banged up some myself," Jimmy grimly thought, "but the Cloudsley Company ought to pay for that. Besides, if I can save them a big loss ——"

Sudden elation seized him. He threw her in on high, opened the throttle wide, and the Red Prince seemed to leap. A shout rose from the other truck, which was just starting, but Jimmy's only answer was a blast of his horn and a deceptive lurch to the right.

"I'll catch 'em at an angle," he thought, crouching low. "Now, one—two—three!" At the "three" he swung to the left, snapped off his ignition and jumped. Almost simultaneously there was a crash that sounded like a metal chimney falling on a match-box factory, and Sir James of the Plumed Crest, picking himself off the paving blocks, marveled at the perfection of his work. He didn't have much time for marveling though. Two of the men in the other truck had also jumped, and they weren't far from Jimmy when they found their feet.

"There he is!" gasped one, though that isn't all he said.

Sir James snatched up a broken stake and swung it as though it were a battle ax.

"Crack!" said the wood when it met with the bone. "Will you please lie down there and be still?"

Warned by the sound, Jimmy turned to see another dark figure rushing toward him, one hand advanced. Again the stake swung, and this time caught the other across his extended wrist. There was a metallic tinkle as the crook's hardware fell on the stones, and the next moment he and Jimmy were clinched.

In the distance Jimmy thought he heard the sound of an approaching car, but the matter in hand soon engrossed his attention to the exclusion of all else.

From the corner of his eye he caught sight of another figure deploying near.

"That's right," he told himself with a sinking heart, "there was three of 'em. He's looking for the gun."

Meanwhile Madge, watching from the corner, was nearly beside herself with excitement. Far up the avenue she saw the twin lights of an approaching patrol wagon.

"They'll be too late!" she thought, and her mind flew back to the first movie that she had ever seen with Jimmy—where the terrified heroine had stood on one side while her sweetheart battled for life.

"Seems to me she might have picked up a rock or something and helped him," Jimmy had dryly remarked.

Looking quickly round, her eyes fell upon a pile of bricks which had been left there by the builders. She snatched one up and flew to the scene of the fray. Jimmy was still struggling in the grip of the wrestler, and the third man, having found the gun, was watching his chance to use it. He was taking aim when Madge's brick caught him just above the ear, and as he fell all the fireworks in the world suddenly seemed to go off just back of Jimmy's neck.

"Good night! Good night!" was his last tottering thought—and a deep peace fell upon him.

X

TUESDAY was visiting day at St. Barnabas Hospital, and if you had been in A Top, Private Ward, Room D, at half past two that afternoon you might have been pardoned for thinking that a public reception was going on.

Madge was there—you have probably already guessed that—and Gimlet Eyes was there, boring holes wherever he looked; and a handsome old gentleman with a gray Vandyke was there; and as the pièce de résistance of course, Sir James of the Plumed Crest was most unmistakably there, propped up in bed and looking sheepish whenever he thought they were regarding him as a hero.

The handsome old gentleman was Mr. Cloudsley, and he had just finished telling them how much money Sir James had saved his firm.

"With silk at sixteen dollars a pound," he had concluded, "it soon runs into money. If they had come back for the other load which they had ready—why, fifty thousand dollars wouldn't have covered the loss!"

"Well, they didn't get it anyhow," grinned Jimmy, "so it's all right."

"Yes, my boy, thanks to you and this brave girl, it is all right. Though how I can ever repay you I'm sure I don't know."

Gimlet Eyes, who had been rubbing his chin, bored a few very fancy holes at that, and laid his hand on Mr. Cloudsley's arm.

"I'd like to speak to you a minute," he said, and led him toward the window.

At this Jimmy sighed with relief. He had so many things that he wanted to say to Madge, but somehow he discovered that when he looked deep into her eyes he was able to explain himself a great deal better than by the use of nouns, verbs and similar handicaps to expression. Now and then, just for the looks of the thing, they exchanged a few words. "Pop well?" and "Uh-huh!" and "My, your hand is warm!" But they always seemed glad to get back to their eloquent silences.

How long they chatted thus neither of them could have told you. But it must have been ten minutes before Gimlet Eyes brought Mr. Cloudsley back to the cot.

"I've just been telling Mr. Cloudsley about the chance you have got for starting a Red Prince agency up in the Bronx," said Gimlet Eyes.

"And the sooner you get better, my boy, the sooner you are going to start it!" said Mr. Cloudsley.

Yes, if you had been in A Top, Private Ward, Room D of St. Barnabas Hospital then, you would have sworn that it was a public reception, so much handshaking was suddenly set in motion. At the height of the ceremony a nurse dropped in to see what the row was about, and Jimmy's eyes were on her like a flash.

"Say, nurse!" he called.

The young lady had only recently been capped, and so approached the bed with becoming dignity.

"Yes?" she said.

"How long did the doctor say it would be, this morning, before I'd be out again?"

"I believe that he mentioned next Monday."

"That's what I thought. All right then, Mr. Cloudsley, I'll be ready to start on Tuesday."

"That is, if you're out on Monday," smiled Mr. Cloudsley.

"Oh, I'll be out!" Jimmy earnestly assured him.

Gimlet Eyes again spoke confidentially to Mr. Cloudsley.

"I know that boy," he whispered. "Old Barnabas himself couldn't keep him here after Monday."

■■

A FEW months later Eunice, Ethel, Stanley and Herbert were sitting in the Rathbone front room one Sunday evening, while ma and Old Wib were in the dining room. They were all rather quiet, especially the four in the front room. That afternoon they had been up to see Madge's apartment overlooking the Hudson, and Jimmy had brought them back in his car, but couldn't stop.

"I declare, I don't understand it yet," said poor ma.

"Don't understand what?" asked Old Wib, who was strutting round the room as proud as a turkey tom with two tassels.

"About Madge. I don't understand how she happened to do so well."

"Ignorance, I should say—pure ignorance."

"Ignorance?" demanded ma. "What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean that probably no one ever told her that when it comes to choosing a husband girls don't gamble any more. I mean that probably no one ever told her that modern girls should wait for a dead sure thing."

Your Million Dollar Word

There's one word in the English language that has cost men millions and millions of dollars.

You've paid your share—I've paid mine. No one has escaped. And the totals grow every day.

The peculiar part of the whole thing is that this word can make money for you if rightly applied just as easily as it costs money if used in the wrong way.

But most people use it at the wrong time in the *wrong* way. That's why it's so costly.

It isn't a long word—in fact, it's a short one, only has two letters.

The word is—"*IF*."

"*If* I had done this"—"*If* I had taken advantage of that." Every day you hear it used—expressive of a lack of action that has cost someone money, opportunity or progress.

That's the common way it's used—the wrong, the costly way.

But—if you'll use the word "*IF*" as a forecast of proper action instead of a synonym for regret, you'll be surprised at the magic there is in it.

For instance, here's the way one man I know turned "*IF*" from a liability into an asset.

He said to himself:

> "*IF* I had a friend at the head of a tremendous business who was really interested in my future; *IF* I were studying some specialized branch of business and this friend had me in his office—watching the way he made his decisions—the facts they were founded on—permitted me to help, make recommendations of my own and take an active part—then—when my period of study expired I would not only have the specialized training but would know how to use it. I would be both a trained and an experienced man."

Then he looked around, for he had no friend who could do this thing for him. And he said:

> "'*IF*' this means progress, advancement, more money to me, there must be some way to secure it besides individual influence."

There is a way—an easy way.

For every branch of specialized business training is taught by LaSalle and supplemented by the Problem or Case method, which means that you learn by handling actual business situations.

This method, exclusive with LaSalle, gives you in addition to the specialized training, a well grounded, practical experience in actually doing what you are learning as you go along. Every time you make a step ahead, you apply and use your knowledge, in exactly the same manner as if you were assisting in the office of a friend who was managing the affairs of a big, successful business.

This character of training makes you a practical man.

But to get back to the man who put the word "IF" to work. All he invested was a few dollars—some spare time at home spent in the most interesting and fascinating kind of work—and—

—well, you'll find his complete story in the new book we've just printed. It's called "*$573,056.00—90 days—968 men.*" The book is an inspiration to any man who wants to really and permanently better himself.

IF you will say to yourself:

"IF others can make more money, I can;"

we'll gladly send this book and other literature.

And—IF you'll act on your last "IF", you'll be making a long step toward taking the question mark out of your future.

J. H. Chapline

President, LaSalle Extension University, at Chicago, Illinois

LaSalle Extension University

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

THE UNITED STATES MAIL MAKES IT POSSIBLE

No longer is a practical University training available to only a fortunate few. Nothing could be truer than ex-President Taft's recent statement about LaSalle: "You, in this school, are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is equality of opportunity."

LaSalle specialized training can be taken up in evenings at home. Experience acquired in day work, plus LaSalle training, can be capitalized and made to blossom into more money for you and your family—two, three, four or five times as much, if the experience of thousands counts at all.

It is a proven method and offers you a path to promotion that has been trodden smooth by the footsteps of more than 200,000 other ambitious men who have found success the LaSalle way.

GET MEASURED FOR MORE PAY

Here lies Opportunity. It needs only action on your part to turn it into Money. Study the list of courses and service scheduled below. Check with an X the department which interests you most, sign your name and mail the coupon. We will send without expense or obligation a catalog, full particulars and the book, "Ten Years Promotion in One," which of itself is worth real money. Getting in touch with LaSalle is nothing more or less than getting measured for more pay. Are you ready?

for instance—THE AMERICAN TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE CO. has 811 men who are increasing their earning power thru LaSalle help. There are 309 LaSalle trained men in the UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION employ—2,102 in the PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—390 in the STANDARD OIL COMPANY—364 with ARMOUR & CO. In big corporations and small institutions—villages and cities—all over America, men are turning ambition into money by utilizing the short cuts which LaSalle training offers. Can you afford to stand still?

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Dept. 471-R The Largest Business Training Institution in the World **Chicago, Ill.**

- ☐ **HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:** Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- ☐ **LAW:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL LAW:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:** Training [illegible].
- ☐ **BANKING AND FINANCE:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:** Training for Office Management, Sales and Executive positions.
- ☐ **BUSINESS ENGLISH:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **BUSINESS LETTER WRITING:** Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors and all executive letter-writing positions.
- ☐ **INDUSTRIAL MANAGEMENT EFFICIENCY:** Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
- ☐ **TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- ☐ **EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.
- ☐ **C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:** In preparation for State Board and Institute Examinations.
- ☐ **COMMERCIAL SPANISH:** Training for [illegible] positions as Foreign Correspondents in Spanish-speaking countries.

Name _____ Present Position _____ Address _____

Facts You Should Know About the Wheels of Your Motor Car

Wheel-Talk Number Five

What do YOU know about the Wheels of your Motor Car? Do YOU know how the modern Wheel is designed and constructed; how it has simplified tire-changing and wheel-changing; how it adds to your safety, convenience and economy; how it conserves gasoline and tires; how it cuts through mud and sand; how it prolongs the life of the car?

There is nothing extraordinary in these features. They are accomplished merely by bringing Science, modern engineering Science, to the Wheels of the Motor Car. That is the purpose of these Wheel-Talks—to tell you what you can reasonably demand of the Wheels of your Motor Car.

These Wheel-Talks are now published in book form and will be sent upon request.

A Wheel should cut the rut—like a knife, and leave the mud behind—as a knife would leave it. It is a simple truth of mechanics and economy.

This is almost too obvious to require explanation. A Wheel that picks up the mud, "cages" it—and carries it along, retards the car, overworks the motor and wastes just that much time, power and gasoline. Sand, clay, and snow, too, hold back the Wheel that offers a resisting surface.

The frozen rut, too, presents a wheel-problem. It wracks and strains the wheel—with side-thrusts.

The Wheels on your Motor Car should be so designed that they keep the tires exactly 56 inches apart, from center to center. This is standard practice in Automobile Engineering.

The Wheel that fails to maintain this standard tread of 56 inches throws the tire out against the sides of the rut and subjects it to needless bruising and laceration.

The Disteel Wheel is a single, tapered disc of steel—all steel—one piece of steel. It is easily cleaned. It is very light and, at the same time, the strongest wheel in the world. It holds the tire true and firm. It cuts cleanly through mud, snow and sand. It offers the minimum resistance.

We want you to see more than the vastly greater beauty that Disteel Wheels bring to the Motor Car. We want you to comprehend the simple, scientific principles upon which Disteel Wheels are designed and because of which Disteel Wheels are adding immeasurably to the safety, economy and ease of modern motoring.

Detroit Pressed Steel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Disteel Wheel Plant, Cabot Avenue — Automobile Frame Plant, Mt. Elliott Avenue
New York: 1846 Broadway at 61st St. — Chicago: 732 Michigan Avenue
Boston: 925 Boylston Street — San Francisco: 326 Rialto Building

DISTEEL WHEELS

The Wheels That Complete The Car

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 36)

The greatest growth of X-ray science in America has been in the application of this art in dental practice. The number of dental films used during the last five years has shown an increase of approximately 1000 per cent. However, the most interesting and promising of the new fields for radiology lies in physical research. Jewelers and dealers in precious stones have found the X ray a valuable utility in detecting the character of such things as pearls. In many cases people have secured pearls by placing a particle of iron or other material in the shell of an oyster and allowing the oyster to cover the substance with pearl. In one case some Japanese planted small Buddhas in oysters and succeeded in getting some very beautiful pearl ornaments. During the war the X ray was found quite handy in detecting copper and rubber hidden in bales of cotton that were being exported to Germany.

The application of X rays in the study of atomic structure is a work of primary scientific importance.

By the phenomena which take place when X rays strike crystals it is possible to study their innermost structure. It is also possible by direct photographic evidence to study the difference in the arrangement of atoms in different chemicals. One large company, using 5,000,000 pieces of mica annually in the manufacture of delicate machines, uses an X-ray outfit in order to discover and eliminate any piece of mica that is faulty. The detection of flaws in mica that is to be used for insulation purposes is a matter of high importance.

The latest method of using the X ray in chemical analysis consists in reducing to powder form the substance to be examined, placing it in a small glass tube, sending a beam of rays through it, and then photographing the diffraction pattern produced. A. W. Hull, an authority in this work, states that the only apparatus required is a source of voltage, an X-ray tube, and a photographic plate or film. The amount of material necessary for a determination is one cubic millimeter. The method is applicable to all chemical elements and compounds which are crystalline in structure. Substances with different crystalline structures will give entirely different patterns of lines.

An exposure of one hour will generally give all the information desired, and there is no damage done to the specimen.

Application of the X ray in the radio-examination of materials to determine their structure and to detect flaws is attracting attention. It is possible by this method to obtain a photograph of flaws in metal castings which could not be detected otherwise except by making a section of the specimen. Investigations have shown that radiographs of cord or fabric automobile tires will disclose the internal structure and expose flaws. Recent developments in photographic materials make it possible to use X rays of suitable wave length for photographing very small specimens, which are afterward enlarged. It is practicable by this method to analyze geological, metallurgical and biological specimens which cannot be satisfactorily photographed by ordinary photomicrography.

Let us no longer assume, therefore, that the science of X ray is destined to be an art of limited domain. On the contrary, this comparatively new discovery is fast developing an industry of sizable proportions. I understand that four or five per cent of the shoes that are manufactured in some of our largest factories have nails projecting into them that may cause unpleasant moments if not subsequent evil consequences to the unlucky individual who may happen to put his foot into one of these defective shoes. A plan has been worked out whereby a large output of footwear, placed on its side, will be carried along by a conveyor over a screen with X rays underneath. Workmen note and mark the shoes containing the projecting nails. These shoes are then placed upright on the conveyor and are easily picked off at a point farther along. Further studies are likely to show that the effect of X rays on certain forms of objectionable animal life may be turned to good advantage. Interesting results have already been secured in combating the destructive little beetle that is so harmful to cigarettes and cigars.

Not many people realize that thousands of bales of cotton are required annually in the manufacture of the thin transparent backing on which the light sensitive coating is spread in making films for radiology. Few people know that three tons of silver bullion are used each week in one plant for making this specially prepared coating. The yearly consumption of silver by this single company amounts to nearly three-quarters as much as the annual production of silver in Arizona, one of our principal silver-producing states.

So delicate is the work performed in making photographic materials for X-ray operators that the variation in thickness in a roll of film as it comes from the machine, 3½ feet wide and 2000 feet long, is not more than one-four-thousandth of an inch from end to end. All of which leads us to believe that the vast strides made in X-ray photography in recent years are but a small indication of the immense possibilities that lie within the reach of this new and little-known science.

The grand and glorious feeling of the towel that DRIES by Briggs

WHEN FOR DAYS AND DAYS YOU'VE FOUND ONLY COARSE SCRATCHY TOWELS
— THAT "RUB IN" THE DIRTY WATER INSTEAD OF DRYING YOUR HANDS AND FACE
—AND THEN ONE MORNING THE BOSS INSTALLS SCOTTISSUE TOWELS AND—
YOU TRY ONE OUT NOTING HOW WONDERFULLY IT DRIES — OH-H-H BOY!! AIN'T IT A GRR-R-RAND AND GLOR R-RIOUS FEELIN'?
BRIGGS

Scottissue Towels

for use once by one user

165 sq. inches of soft, absorbent drying power

they dry

Write on business letterhead for trial test offer

Scott Paper Company

CHESTER, PA.

New York Chicago San Francisco

Scot Tissue Products for Personal Hygiene

See Why Essex Set a

Isn't It Because of What Owners Say for Essex?

Essex in its first year set a world's sales record. That shows how men wanted and talked about what it offered.

But of chief importance to you are the qualities which earned this world selling mark.

You know what an uphill fight the new car of average ability must make for even limited recognition.

What, then, was the Essex appeal that swept aside the natural doubts of buyers?

It was not prestige, born of confidence in its makers. Their identity was not revealed. Essex was required to make its own name stand for the things men seek in a car.

And it won because of its fine performance, riding ease and endurance, qualities hitherto regarded as exclusive to large, costly cars.

Essex Won Thousands Because of This

In beauty of line, in finish and luxurious appointment, Essex also has the advantage of being the product of those who build the world's largest selling fine car.

Cars of the Essex price had not been highly regarded in those particulars. Economy in fuel was their chief appeal. But Essex economy includes also oil, tires and particularly freedom from early depreciation—qualities that come only from finest material and best workmanship.

And these qualities are best shown in the way Essex retains its newness in both performance and appearance. That is another reason for the manner in which everyone endorses the Essex.

Essex sales are but a compliment to its worth.

(164)

ESSEX MOTORS DETROIT U.S.A.

World's Selling Record

Consider Essex World's Endurance Proofs

Essex has revealed performance ability never expected of a light car. It set the official world's long distance endurance mark of 3037 miles in 50 hours. The same stock chassis travelled 5870 miles at better than a mile a minute.

An Essex stock touring car made the world's best 24-hour road record of 1061 miles. Almost everywhere Essex holds local speed, hill-climbing and acceleration records, that all acknowledge.

These Are the Advantages You Want

Greater size could add nothing to Essex. You sacrifice no motoring pleasure, comfort or good looks that large high-priced cars can give.

And you gain all the advantage of the lightweight type, more important today than ever.

They cover not alone the cost of operation. They include the satisfaction that comes with its distinction as a fine, beautiful car. And it has a new advantage in handling ease.

The Essex is nimble of action. It is easily driven through crowded traffic, responsive to every call for power and speed. And it is of such a size as to find parking where larger cars cannot be left.

From every worthwhile angle there is little that Essex does not give.

There is all the certainty of uninterrupted service and comfort as well as repair freedom, which hitherto were looked upon as exclusive costly car qualities.

Knowing the demand existing for all wanted cars, you will understand the importance of speaking for your Essex now.

ESSEX MOTORS
DETROIT U.S.A.

DECLASSED

(Continued from Page 27)

"Oh, you're just saying that to save my feelings," said Cyrilla half tearfully. "I know I'm hinting for a shorter engagement than we had planned, but, Peter dear, so many things seem to clog our path. I told every single person who's come here that we were asking our friends not to entertain us, and that we were also asking not to have wedding presents sent us, and yet six different girls have said they were planning showers of linen and I don't know what all."

"You'd like the showers, wouldn't you, sweetheart?" said Peter.

Cyrilla hesitated; then she confessed: "Peter darling, to be frank with you, if you were a full professor, as you will be some day—if you're not a highly successful architect—I would just love to have showers and parties and clothes and a fluffy wedding! I'd love to be entertained from noon till midnight, and be thin and worn on my wedding day like everyone else of our crowd. I'd like to go away in a shower of confetti or rice and have people on the train guess we were bride and groom. Then I'd like to come home and have the wife of the president of the university give me a wonderful tea or something of the sort. But that's just dreams, Peter. The reality, which I love, because you're in it, the reality is that we are going to live another sort of life and—and I shan't really be happy till we're in it. Most women, except those very highly placed, have the instinct to climb; when they get middle-aged they drop it, for they have found out the real things. I'm fortunate in that I've found out while I'm still young what's really worth while."

Peter had her in his arms.

"Cyrilla," he whispered, "will you marry me next Saturday? My work's over at four-thirty. I can be at your house by five-thirty. We can rent a flat between now and then, and go straight home. We can cook our own wedding feast on our own gas stove. Cyrilla, I don't deserve you; I oughtn't to marry a girl who can teach me courage. I may regret it. Cyrilla, if you cry I'll think you don't really love me."

"Yes, Saturday," Cyrilla whispered. "We'll look for flats to-morrow and Wednesday; buy and move stuff Thursday and Friday ——"

"Bless her heart, she can't have the most ecstatic moment without being practical and planning something," teased Peter. "Never mind, Cyrilla, if you were different we wouldn't be engaged."

Followed four crowded days. They decided to live in the flat part of town, toward the north end. It was not the workingmen's section, rather the part where clerks and office people lived. It was a pretty enough part of the city; a place, Cyrilla said, where she would be for her friends to take or leave as they chose. Whatever new social relationships came could come, but they would have to come of themselves, grow up naturally. For eighteen dollars a month they rented a back flat in a big good-looking house that had been made over into apartments. That done, Cyrilla bombarded her family into consenting to a Saturday marriage, cashed the check her father gave her, which was what her wedding would have cost him, bought some kitchen furnishings and moved in her own belongings. These with the addition of some living-room furniture that was only in the way in the Sheldon household constituted her household beginnings. Curtains, linen, other necessary furniture could come later on, when they could find out what they wanted and work out budgets for expenditure.

And so they were married.

"We have achieved our first disciple," said Mrs. Peter Barnes to her husband as they lingered over the tenth supper she had cooked.

Peter looked rather than listened.

"Thank you for the worship in your eyes, sweetheart," she said with a becoming rose in her face. "But I mustn't forget our disciple. It's Julia Starrett. She was here this afternoon; got an hour off."

"An hour off what?"

"She's a working woman now. You know Julia can bake like an angel: it's the one thing she does perfectly; her cake and pies are just plain celestial. Well, she's joined Mrs. Bundy in her bakery-and-tea-room venture. The sign to-morrow will be Bundy & Starrett. Her sister, May Alden, had hysterics all day yesterday. Her aunt has cast her off."

"Did Brownell have a fit or anything?" asked Peter.

"Julia said she wrote him about it; hadn't the courage to talk to him. She said she'd had to give him up anyhow, and nothing else mattered much. She's had to do something; her aunt didn't feel like supporting her any longer."

"Poor girl!"

"She'll be all right. She'll soon be as prosperous as we are. Peter, we are prosperous. Do you know we've nine hundred and forty dollars in the bank?"

"Didn't I know this early matrimonial daze wouldn't last!" exclaimed Peter. "Didn't I know she'd get practical the first chance that offered!"

"Peter! When you know I've let eggs boil stony-hard, just dreaming of you. And in a dry-goods store the other day I was thinking of you so hard that when the saleslady asked me what I wanted I said, 'Peter!'"

"Made up for the occasion," Peter said. "Don't I well know that I am only the means to your congenital passion for plotting and planning? But go on."

Cyrilla moved her chair a little closer to him and resumed: "Well, I've discovered the old truth that it isn't what you earn, it's what you save. Peter, I didn't know I was such a born saver. Also I didn't realize how work that was humdrum when I did it in my father's house becomes positively thrilling when I do it in ours. That's love, Peter."

"Love plus egotism," said Peter; "though I know you hate to have anyone but yourself in this family show common sense."

"I don't care what it is so long as it gives me such zest. But, Peter, I want to tell you how prosperous we are, and how prosperous we're going to be. I can't tell yet just what the household bills will cost us exactly, because I've got to reckon on the staples we have. Then I can only guess at what the gas and electric light will come to. But take meat: I paid fourteen cents a pound for that plate beef, and three pounds of it lasted us four days.

"The beef heart I paid twenty cents for lasted two days. The bacon we used in one week cost sixty cents. That's as much for the two of us as some men pay for the meat for a single meal."

"Your voice has the cadence of one who speaks of poems and of dreams," Peter said.

"Of course I save a lot by going marketing and by following the bargains in the papers and by carrying things home myself," she went on. "It's an intensely interesting game."

"Lord help anyone that's pitted against you!" said Peter piously. "Go on, my dear."

"When I cook a roast," Cyrilla said, "I have roasting potatoes in the oven at the same time; and maybe a pie. When I boil potatoes I boil enough for two meals, and I save gas that way, for it would take twenty minutes to boil a second lot, and it takes only about five to warm them over. What I am getting at, Peter, is that I think our rent, heat, light and food come to about eighteen dollars a week. Of course we haven't got all our furnishings yet; some of this stuff we've borrowed from mother won't do us at all as permanences. And in the future we'll have to spend for clothes and books and amusements and medicines and and emergencies."

"Yes, emergencies," agreed Peter softly.

"But the point is, we can at present save over a third of your thirty dollars—and, Peter, we can do more than that!"

"Yes? Start counterfeiting, perhaps?" he teased.

"Do be serious! I'm afraid you won't like what I'm going to say, Peter, but remember we're partners. I'm afraid I have seen wife partners who didn't get much chance to express themselves about the business. But we aren't that way, are we, Peter?"

"Say on, partner."

"My work in this flat takes me only about four hours a day. Of course when I sew on the curtains and hem the napkins that's different. But normally I'm busy four hours. That's not enough, Peter, for a strong girl. So I'm going to earn something."

Peter scraped his chair.

"Now please don't say, 'I don't want my wife,' and so on," begged Cyrilla.

That was exactly the thought in Peter's mind, but he listened silently while she went on.

"There's our electric washing machine at mother's, and if you don't mind I'd like to do the washing at mother's, and the ironing. That would be five dollars for the two days. Please, Peter?"

"I'll hate it."

"Please, Peter?"

"All right," he grumbled.

Cyrilla put her arms about his neck.

"If only you knew how much I want to pile up money, Peter," she urged.

"All right," smiled Peter.

"Also, Peter, I'm going to get some typewriting to do. I used to do all father's letters, and I can have the use of his typewriter. There are always a lot of professors and graduate students with articles and theses to be typed. You see, Peter, we'll have to be spending money on the barn."

"The barn!" cried Peter. "Now see how much better a lover I am than you, Cyrilla! I'd forgotten about our building project. So that's where we are to sink our money, eh? Beloved, I get out my blue prints this very night. You are the arbiter of my fortunes, and a darn good wife."

As the winter passed and the spring approached the two found their honeymoon happiness lasting and deepening. Every day they built for their future in wisdom and therefore in joy. They made their lives constantly constructive. They shared all their interests and above all they lived in the mood of play. Out of everything that happened they made capital for humor or appreciation. When Mrs. Sheldon, who could not get over the feeling that they were paupers, used to slip slabs of butter in the ice chest or ten-dollar bills among Cyrilla's handkerchiefs they would fall into each other's arms, weak with laughter, and agree to use the gifts in their charity funds. If someone failed to see Peter as he was returning from work Peter would draw a caricature of a Returned Warrior Receiving the Cut Direct. When the price of milk went up they had a ceremonial of tightening their belts.

Their social life went on much as it had, except that it was restricted. Some of their old friends dropped them; which was an advantage because it taught them the people who really cared for them. They entertained very little, and they accepted no social obligations that they felt they could not return. Some of their new neighbors called—and taught Cyrilla what a store of good feeling, of ambition, of self-sacrifice, of hard grilling work there is among the people who work in offices or in stores or on street cars.

"They're exactly like the people I've always known," Cyrilla told Peter, "except that they haven't had their opportunities."

Next to his home and his work Peter was interested in his union. He faithfully attended the bimonthly meetings, enlarging his acquaintance among the members. He had become known as a good workman and a man of moderate sensible views. But Peter wanted to meet workmen belonging to other unions. Mike Kerrigan was the only man he knew outside his own union. Mike came a good deal to the Barnes apartment. Cyrilla found him exactly as interesting as the college boys she had known. He had had a high-school education and he possessed a power of whimsical observation that delighted her. He won her respect by the contented matter-of fact way in which he accepted his lot as a plumber. He expected to own a shop some day, and beyond that he had no ambition to climb.

The three were sitting one night in the little living room, to which Cyrilla had just added rose-colored curtains, discussing the cost of plumbing for the Eagle's Nest. Peter had been working on it ever since the third week of his marriage, an hour or more every day. Twice he had been able to spend the whole day there when, work being slack, Bart Kerrigan had given him the time off. Moreover, for some weeks he had been employing a carpenter. Their investment was already taking on a real figure in the shape of dormer windows and sleeping and living porches.

In the midst of Mike's lecture on a certain sort of coal-saving furnace the bell rang; Cyrilla opened the door and admitted a bushy little man.

As he hesitated on the threshold Mike whispered: "He looks as if he ought to have a caviar sandwich in one hand and an icon in the other."

"Mr. Barnes, please, yes?" said the man. "I am Karenin."

"Come in, Mr. Karenin," invited Cyrilla. "You work for Morris, the tailor, don't you?"

"I have quit him, yes," said Karenin. "I have other work."

He followed her awkwardly into the living room and spoke to the two men.

"It is for a contribution I came," he said. "We have a great dream for the working people. It is that we should build here in the city a white temple of labor. It should stand on the hill, for we aspire, yes. It should be a noble building to which all the working people go and where we will talk over together our plans, and make our men and women and children, too, strong in power. How much will you give?"

Karenin's eyes gleamed as he talked. He possessed a rough sort of magnetism, and for a moment Cyrilla's imagination flamed to the idea of a pearly temple on the hill.

But Peter said evenly: "But look here, what do we need a temple for? The purpose isn't clear to me."

"Sure," chimed in Mike. "The unions are going good, and they've all got their own places of meeting. They can get together when they have to. What's the use of a temple?"

"To inspire!" thundered Karenin. "To lead us to heights yet undreamed of, yes. To help the workingman to the high places."

"Say, listen here, prophet," Mike said. "Who's back of this little idea?"

"Who's the financial secretary?" added Peter.

"Comrade Fritz Schmidt," responded Karenin.

"Nothing doing," remarked Mike.

"I can't say I'm in favor of the idea, Mr. Karenin," Peter said. "With the cost of living what it is I think the workingman has something better to do with his money than subscribing for an unnecessary building with a vague purpose."

"And the purpose not so darn vague," added Mike. "I think the name begins with B. I boost my bug with a B because it betokens Bedlam."

"You do not give?" asked Karenin.

"I'm afraid not," Peter said.

Karenin's face clouded with naïve disappointment, but he tried to be magnanimous, for he said: "There are many who are traitors to the workingman's cause because they are ignorant, yes."

When he had gone Mike said: "I've heard a whisper or two about this temple business. I've noticed a few hairy brethren in town that I'd never seen before. Morris was telling me his shop was full of chatter about a chain of labor temples to be erected all over the country. It seems there's going to be a lot of simultaneousness: simultaneous temples, simultaneous demands, simultaneous strikes; for all I know, simultaneous bombs."

"Oh, Peter," sighed Cyrilla, "I see in your eye that more time has to be taken from me and from the Eagle's Nest."

"We've got to get up a counter demonstration against this temple business," Peter said vigorously. "If that temple ever gets far enough to take shape it'll simply mean the crystallization right here of all the dangerous unrest that's running over the country, and that we've got samples of right in this town. It's insidious; you can't always put your finger on it; it slips round like a snake, but it's all the more necessary to handle it."

"Shoot," encouraged Mike.

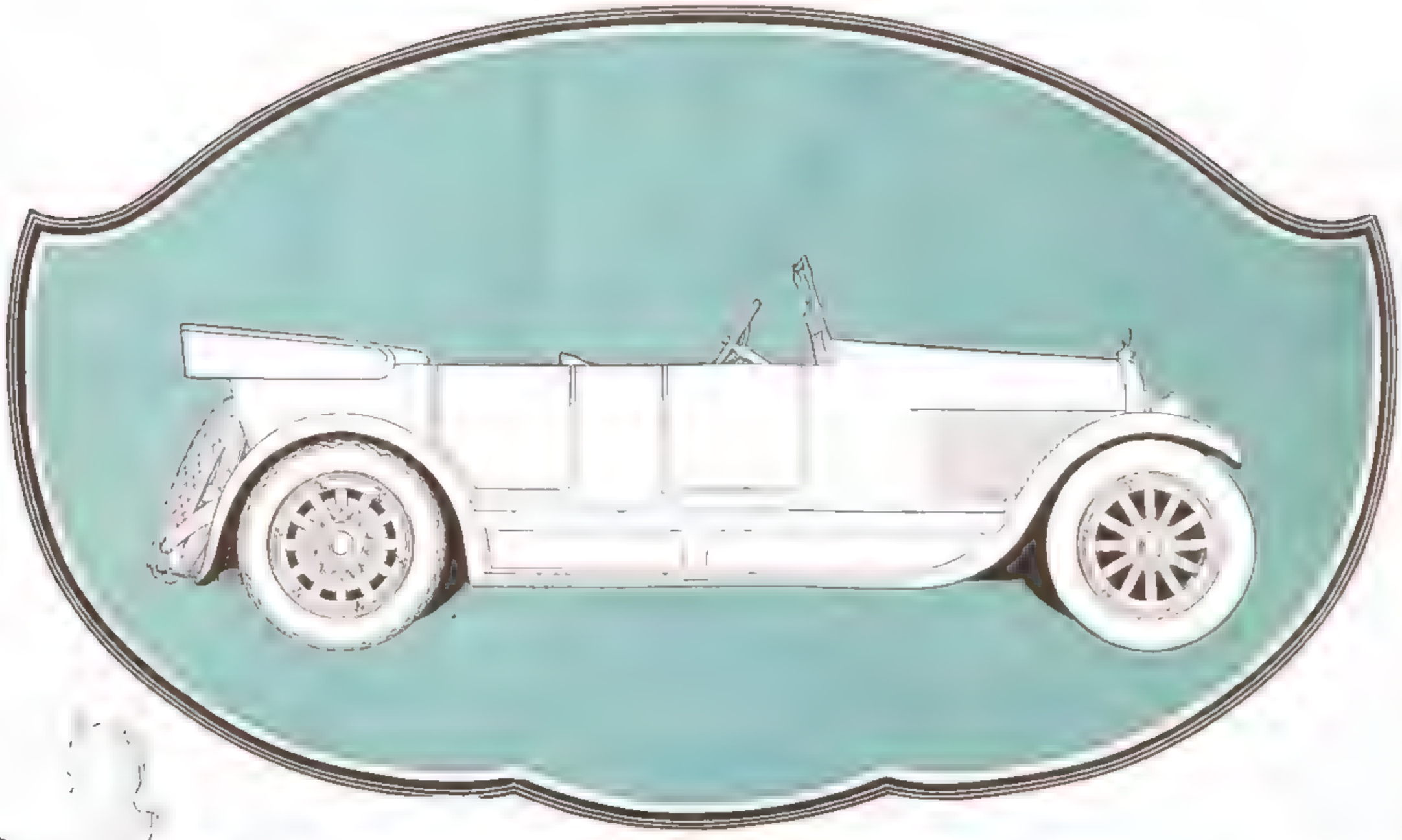
"The only thing I can see to do is to get together all the sound men we know from all the unions and talk to them straight from the shoulder and get them to use their influence against any movement that's going to tell against the integrity of labor. We needn't begin by proclaiming what we're after. We'll call it a current-topics club if you like. The thing is to get a lot of good men in the habit of meeting once a week and discussing things."

"Now you're shouting," Mike said. "We'll borrow Bart's loft, and meet once a week. Wives and kids also."

"The private name for it, the name we three give it, will be the Brotherhood of Fair Endeavor," contributed Cyrilla.

"We've got to get them interested," Peter said. "You know, the most of them

(Continued on Page 116)



The JORDAN Silhouette

JORDAN cars are built by men who love their work and express pride in its execution.

The personality of this motor car, which has brought national recognition, cannot be defined in terms of mere mechanical units.

No single attribute of quality can express its dominating appeal.

Better say that it possesses a certain kind of honest goodness which enables it to serve adequately, in a practical way, those admirable people who can never be happy with commonplace things.

It is quiet—as a car of character should be—and it carries with it an atmosphere which is in perfect keeping with that good taste in every detail which the name of Jordan instantly suggests.

Color and grace give it rare distinction among the mass. Comfort in a gratifying degree makes it the chosen car of those who love comfort.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

JORDAN

Where diplomats from every nation gather—Washington, D. C.

MO

It's made fresh every day;
so it always comes to you fresh

RRIS

Supreme Marigold

Three kinds

White, Nut *and* **Natural**

Your food bills will show a very substantial saving, once you discover the many delicious uses for Marigold in your kitchen as well as on the table.

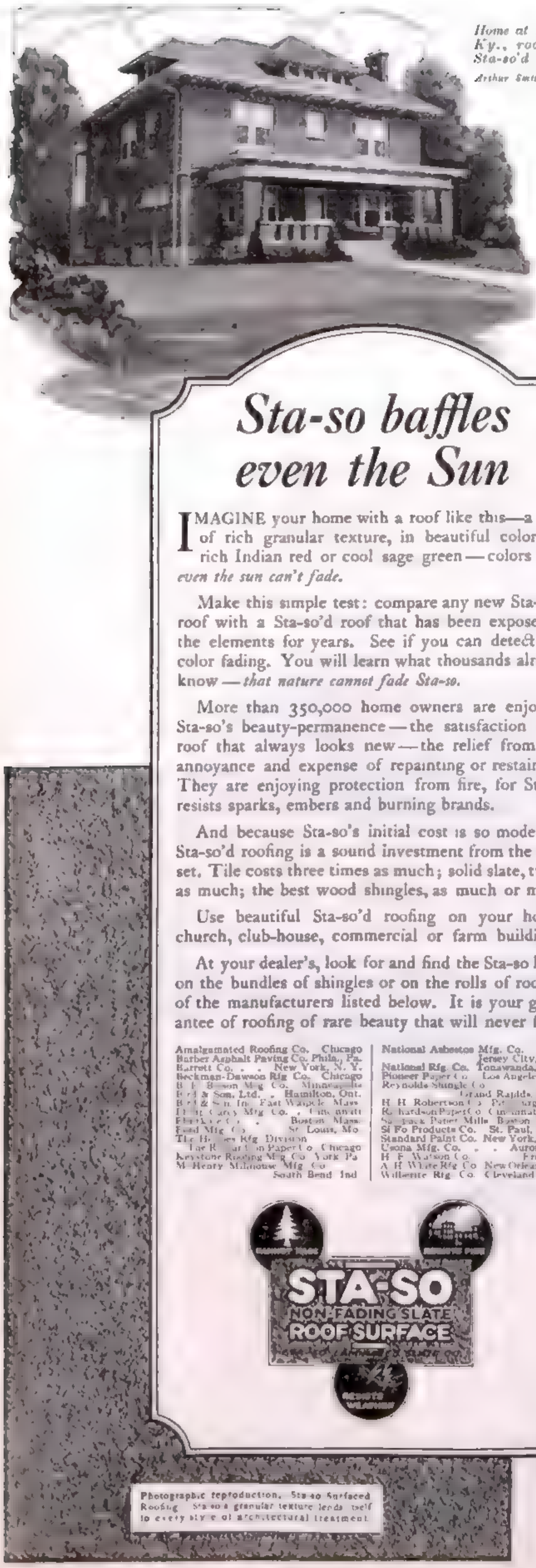
In thousands of homes Marigold has definitely taken the place of more expensive spreads. It is delicious, healthful and highly nutritious.

Try Marigold on hot biscuits or toast. That's a real test for flavor. Its taste will be a revelation to you!

Try Marigold, too, for cooking, baking and frying. You'll be delighted with the results.

Marigold is made fresh every day from purest ingredients combined with freshly Pasteurized milk. And it is delivered to you fresh. It always comes in the yellow and black Morris package.

MORRIS & COMPANY



Home at Louisville, Ky., roofed with Sta-so'd Shingles. Arthur Smith, Architect.

Sta-so baffles even the Sun

IMAGINE your home with a roof like this—a roof of rich granular texture, in beautiful colors of rich Indian red or cool sage green—colors that *even the sun can't fade.*

Make this simple test: compare any new Sta-so'd roof with a Sta-so'd roof that has been exposed to the elements for years. See if you can detect any color fading. You will learn what thousands already know—*that nature cannot fade Sta-so.*

More than 350,000 home owners are enjoying Sta-so's beauty-permanence—the satisfaction of a roof that always looks new—the relief from the annoyance and expense of repainting or restaining. They are enjoying protection from fire, for Sta-so resists sparks, embers and burning brands.

And because Sta-so's initial cost is so moderate, Sta-so'd roofing is a sound investment from the outset. Tile costs three times as much; solid slate, twice as much; the best wood shingles, as much or more.

Use beautiful Sta-so'd roofing on your home, church, club-house, commercial or farm buildings.

At your dealer's, look for and find the Sta-so label on the bundles of shingles or on the rolls of roofing of the manufacturers listed below. It is your guarantee of roofing of rare beauty that will never fade.

Amalgamated Roofing Co. Chicago
Barber Asphalt Paving Co. Phila., Pa.
Barrett Co. New York, N. Y.
Beckman-Dawson Rfg Co. Chicago
B B Bemis Mfg Co. Minneapolis
Bird & Son, Ltd. Hamilton, Ont.
Bird & Son Inc. East Walpole Mass
Blabon Carey Mfg Co. Cincinnati
Flintkote Co. Boston Mass.
Ford Mfg Co. St Louis, Mo
The Higgins Rfg Division
The Robertson Paper Co. Chicago
Keystone Roofing Mfg Co York Pa
M Henry Milmouse Mfg Co
South Bend Ind
National Asbestos Mfg Co.
Jersey City, N J
National Rfg Co. Tonawanda, N Y
Pioneer Paper Co. Los Angeles Cal
Reynolds Shingle Co
Grand Rapids Mich
H H Robertson Co Pittsburgh Pa
Richardson Paper Co Cincinnati Ohio
Sackett Paper Mills Boston Mass.
Si Fo Products Co. St. Paul, Minn.
Standard Paint Co. New York, N Y.
Usona Mfg Co. Aurora, Ill.
H F Watson Co. Erie Pa
A H White Rfg Co New Orleans La
Willamette Rfg Co. Cleveland Ohio

STA-SO
NON-FADING SLATE
ROOF SURFACE

Photographic reproduction. Sta-so Surfaced Roofing. Sta-so's granular texture lends itself to every style of architectural treatment.

(Continued from Page 112)

go to the union meetings as a matter of routine duty, except when the question of raising wages is up for discussion. I know one of the Bilder brothers, who run the movie studio; I think I can borrow some old films from him and give movie shows. Then we can get speakers from the university, men that can make popular talks, funny men. Mike and I can talk about the war. I presume the workingman is still interested in the war."

"He ought to be," Mike said.

Peter and Cyrilla were two who flamed to ideas, who could work with them constructively and could gauge fairly their results. They set to at once on the plans for their Brotherhood of Fair Endeavor. Mike Kerrigan was their chief helper, and, at first, Julia Starrett. Since her marriage Cyrilla had been seeing a good deal of Julia.

"You two are making up for my empty evenings," Julia said, "for Will comes now only occasionally, as a friend. He can't forgive me for having become a baker lady."

Julia looked better than she had for years and confessed to a growing interest in life. Work, she said, was a good salve for a wounded heart. Though Julia had only a mild interest in working people, being unable to feel herself really one of them, she did have a strong interest in all that Peter and Cyrilla undertook. So in the beginning she made various useful suggestions for the Brotherhood of Fair Endeavor. But one evening she came to Cyrilla deeply unhappy.

"Life has so many blows," she said, "I thought nothing else could happen to me. But it has. Will's sick; typhoid. And think of it, Cyrilla, they put him in the common ward of the hospital! He has no home; he hasn't a hundred dollars saved. I've had him put in a private room, with a nurse, till the crisis is passed; then he'll have to go back to the ward."

"We'll all help," Cyrilla promised, "and when he leaves the hospital he can come here for two weeks or so to convalesce. You shall come, too, and help take care of him."

"Oh, Cyrilla," wept Julia.

"We working people have to stand together," Cyrilla said, trying to laugh. "Cheer up, Julia; three months ago you'd not have been in a position to do anything for Will."

To onlookers the next few weeks of the lives of Cyrilla and Peter might have seemed to be passing quietly enough, but to themselves the months were full of swift drama. The Eagle's Nest grew quickly nearer to completion, and already possible tenants were offering themselves. Further, the Brotherhood of Fair Endeavor—or, as the workingmen called it, "the meetings down at Kerrigan's loft"—had been from the start highly successful. The programs were more or less of a pattern. First there was a short movie picture. Then Peter gave a résumé of the world events of the week; followed a lecture or talk by some interesting speaker, and then another moving picture. After the first meeting or two the audience filed out promptly, as they were accustomed to in the moving-picture palaces. But later on when no one showed a disposition to turn the lights out swiftly they fell into the habit of lingering for a few minutes of talk. Many of them were well acquainted with one another. All of them had the same general interests. Presently the meeting became more than a guild; it became an assemblage of neighbors.

There were usually several present alien in spirit to Peter's endeavors. These were especially Schmidt and his satellites, who looked on Peter as an enemy of labor. Schmidt warned every workman who would listen to him against Peter's meetings. They were financed, he said, by capital; they were the mouthpiece of employer propaganda; they were insidious weapons to cut the ground from under labor's feet.

At first the lectures Peter arranged for were mainly travel talks or other easy educational subjects. Later he came by careful stages to matters germane to labor. By the first of June he had announced a series of talks on the failure of Bolshevism. The first was given by a traveler to Russia, who had once been a laborer and was still a strong union man. He had set out for Russia with one ideal, and had returned with another. Peter and Mike Kerrigan had gone to much trouble and to some expense to secure this speaker.

His lecture was a thrilling arraignment of sabotage and Bolshevism. He showed that quite aside from the tyrannies and atrocities, which could possibly be explained though not condoned as a phase of any national revolution, Bolshevism had got its results only as a destructive force. It had dislocated and had paralyzed all the commercial machinery of a great country. Transportation, trade, banking, had all come to a full stop. The only industry that flourished was robbery. He showed in great detail how the common people themselves had suffered from this new institution, which was to have made them free. Nothing was left them, least of all freedom.

The speaker's personality was of a convincing sort. No reasonable listeners could have doubted his sincerity any more than they could have doubted the evidence of their eyes that he was of the people and for the people. But among his audience were several who were not reasonable. With Schmidt for their forefront they stirred restlessly, muttered, whispered to one another. When the lecture was over the speaker said he was ready to answer any questions.

Schmidt sprang to his feet. He did not ask any questions. He shouted a violent attack on the statements of the lecturer. Instead of arguments he made accusations; instead of facts he offered remarks that were close to personal abuse. After three minutes of this Peter rose.

"As chairman," he said, "I must protest that Mr. Schmidt has asked no questions; nor are his words the material of which discussion can be made. Are there any further questions?"

Again Schmidt attempted to speak. As Peter began to pound his gavel Mike Kerrigan and another plumber rose from their places, took Schmidt by his arms and walked him out of the loft. Shouts of protest rose from his supporters. Peter pounded his gavel steadily; Mike Kerrigan showed a readiness for further ejection, and presently order was restored.

"There will be another talk next week on the failure of Bolshevism," Peter announced. "Because there will be no time to secure a better speaker I shall give that talk myself."

The applause that followed was a surprise to Peter and Cyrilla. They knew that Peter had made many friends among the working people; that many of them, especially the women, appreciated the Saturday-night meetings; but they had not realized until that salvo of clapping broke forth that Peter was really accepted as a leader.

"Popularity is one thing," Cyrilla said as they walked home arm in arm, "and influence is another; but leadership is the really vital thing in a crowd like this or in any other crowd. Peter, how in the world are you going to get time before next Saturday night to compose a talk on Bolshevism?"

"You may make a complete search of me, but it's got to be done," Peter said. "I guess there won't be much work on the Eagle's Nest this week."

It was a very full week for both Peter and Cyrilla. Peter worked before breakfast and after dinner, marshaling his facts and arguments in the most effective form, while Cyrilla read and enlarged and typed. Her work was increased by the fact that Will Brownell came to them for the visit they had promised. Julia came, too, a happy Julia, delighted to sleep on the couch in the living room, laughing at all inconveniences. For all her preoccupation Cyrilla saw that Julia's mood was significant.

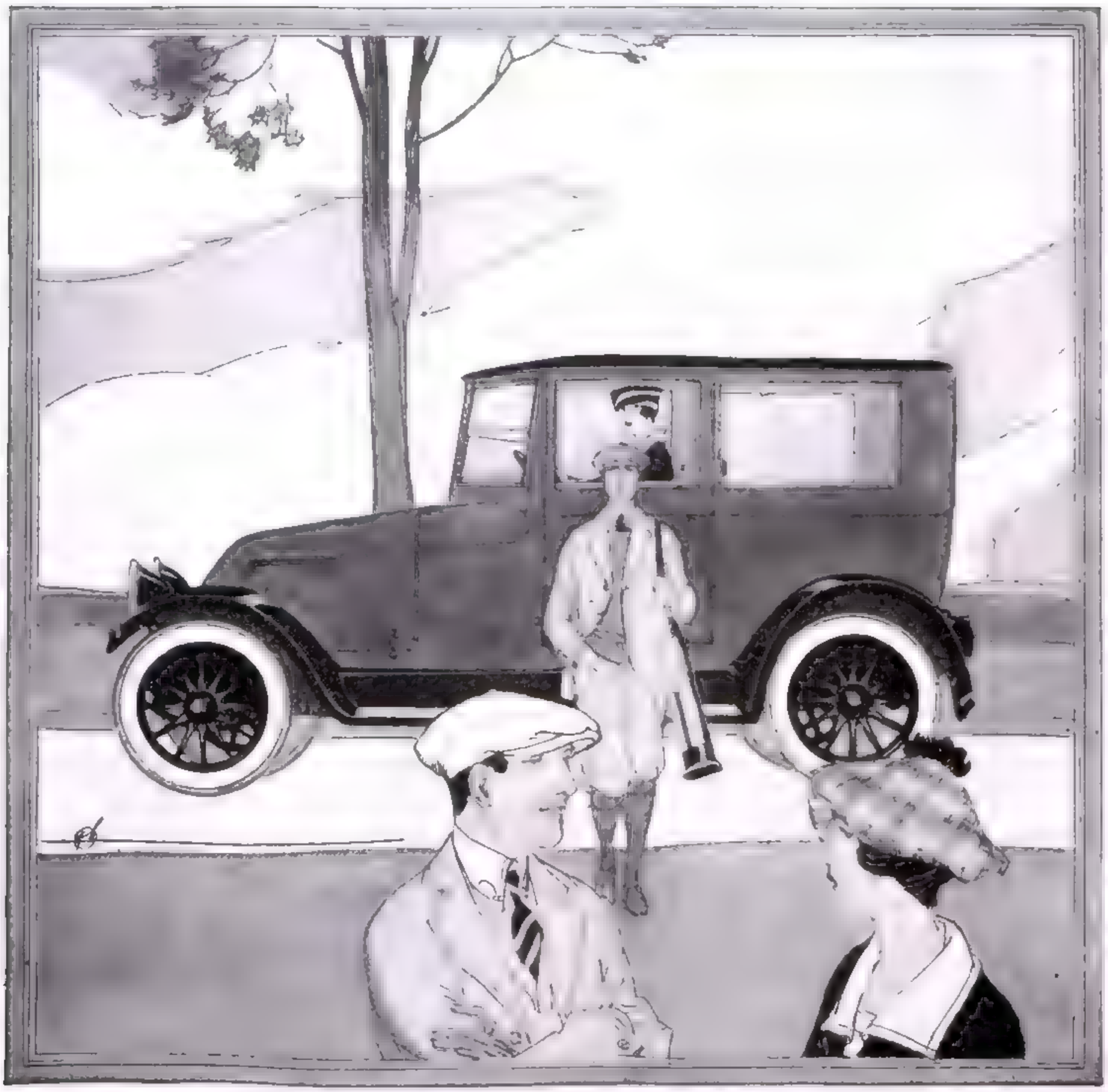
"What's come over you?" she asked Julia as they were washing dishes the night of Brownell's arrival. "You act as if you were moonstruck. The common ward wasn't so bad as all that?"

It was Brownell who answered for Julia. He had come in from the living room, where Peter was working on his paper on Bolshevism, and had overheard Cyrilla's question.

"No, the common ward in the hospital wasn't so bad as all that," he said, "though it is not to be compared with this home. I hated to go into the common ward; but, after all, I belonged there. I couldn't have paid for my two weeks in the private room except for Julia's help. I did quite a lot of facing facts in that common ward. I saw that I can't afford to imperil my emotional and financial future by trying to keep up a social position that means nothing."

"Hurray!" cried Cyrilla, waving her dish towel.

(Concluded on Page 118)



The Franklin Sedan

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

A Prominent Trade Paper Editor writes:

"Have just had my Sedan engine overhauled after doing 22,000 miles without having a valve ground or carbon removed. I use it in all kinds of weather, over all kinds of roads, and think it is the finest ever."

These records of Franklin owners do more than reflect the soundness of Franklin principles. They also emphasize the other advantages, equally definite and unusual, which are typical of Franklin performance.

Any Franklin dealer can show you why the Franklin Sedan out-tours the average open car; why it is safe, reliable and comfortable; and why it is a cool car in summer.

Franklin Sedan Features:

Wide Observation Windows, allowing unobstructed outlook—
Two Wide Doors, giving easy access to a roomy interior—
Slanting V-shaped Windshield, giving broadest driving vision—
and Sloping French-style Hood.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

A spring pin, worn out because of the inability of grease to lubricate. Squeaks cause wear like this, and worn bolts cause rattles.

Oil-Kipps kill chassis squeaks

Oil-Kipps silence the spring bolts and steering knuckles and make chassis lubrication easy and clean.

They replace any kind of lubricating cup, gun or device.

They are small magazine force-pumps that shoot heavy oil even in the coldest weather.

Where grease fails because it cakes and gums, and where ordinary oil cups fail because the drill holes of the bolts get clogged by dirt, Oil-Kipps unfailingly shoot their oil through the smallest drill hole and over the snuggest bearing.

One filling loads them with enough shots for a month, and by a simple snapping of the spring plungers you can lubricate your chassis in three minutes.

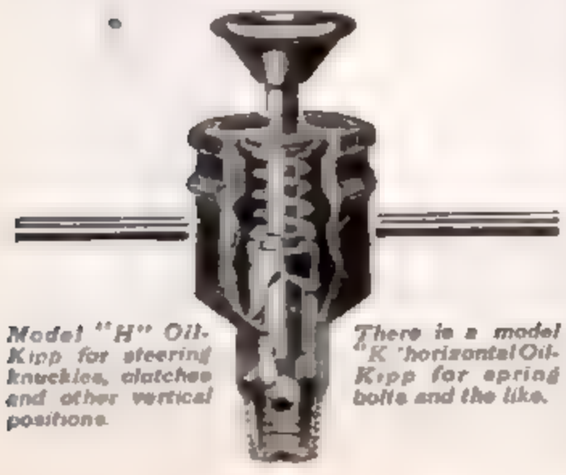
If your dealer does not yet carry Oil-Kipps, send for "Silencing the Chassis."

MADISON-KIPP CORPORATION

Madison, Wisconsin

Oil-Kipps

KEEP CARS NEW



Model "H" Oil-Kipp for steering knuckles, clutches and other vertical positions.

There is a model "K" horizontal Oil-Kipp for spring bolts and the like.

(Concluded from Page 116)

"If Julia looks happy," Brownell said in a humble tone, "it's to her credit, and to my shame. I'm not worth her little finger, but we're going to be married and ——"

"Stop!" cried Cyrilla. "Peter must leave his Bolshevism for this. Two disciples! Oh, joy!"

So Peter was dragged away from his writing for half an hour, and then Cyrilla and Julia talked cheap flats and pretty furnishings, while Brownell wondered why he had given up a real home in the wrong part of town for a dull room in the right part of town, a dress suit, a few theater tickets, and memberships in the country club and the town-and-gown club.

Saturday morning before breakfast Peter finished the final draft of his talk on the failure of Bolshevism. After she had done her morning's work and set her noonday meal going Cyrilla typewrote the revised pages, lingering proudly over Peter's clear and forceful pictures. Peter was to work on the Eagle's Nest until six, returning in time for a half-past-six supper. When, at seven o'clock, he had not come she called up Mike.

"Do you suppose," she said, her voice a little anxious, "that he's forgotten the time? He does get so absorbed when he's working. He'll only just have time to snatch a bite and dress for the meeting."

"I'll run out there on my bicycle and hale him home," Mike said; "I've known him to go into a dream when we were being peppered with seventy-sevens."

Forty minutes later Mike entered the apartment alone.

"Now don't you worry, Cyrilla," he said. "Peter's not there, but he made an effort to stay there. He's been taken off, that's the amount of it. The shavings and chips and things showed signs of a struggle. Now don't get so pale; there wasn't any blood. Peter's all right."

Cyrilla's trembling hands were at her throat.

"Then—you think ——" she whispered.

"I think that our dear little Bolshevist brothers are forcibly detaining him till the meeting is over. They don't intend any more speeches to be given in this town on the failure of Bolshevism."

"They—are mistaken," said Cyrilla in a choking voice. "Peter won't fail his audience; and I won't fail Peter. Mike, will you please look for him—everywhere? I'll go to the meeting and read his paper."

"I'll get two or three fellows to help me," Mike said. "I'll put the police on the job too. Our dear little brethren won't get out of this easily. You're all right, Cyrilla; go to it. Brownell and Miss Starrett will take you down to the meeting."

Twenty minutes later a very pale Cyrilla was sitting on the platform in Peter's chair. When the moving pictures, which opened the program, had been shown, Cyrilla rose and made her maiden speech.

"Friends," she said, "this manuscript that I hold in my hands is my husband's speech. He has been working on it night and day for a week. He was to have read it to-night. Two hours ago he was working on our house. What happened after that we can only guess. Some men—there must have been more than one—came and dragged him out of the building. I don't know any more about it than this—that some men were determined that this speech should not be delivered. But it is to be delivered, by me."

There was a moment of dead silence. Then Cyrilla said shakily:

"Peter wrote this paper on the failure of Bolshevism because he wanted to help us all. He wants you to see that it is impossible to create a new workable social organism with the principles of Bolsheviam. He shows you that communism would be a catastrophe for the common people. He proves to you that in Russia the people are really enslaved; a month's pay is all the state gives for disablement. The system in operation there leads, as it would lead here, to the complete collapse of production and to privation and death for the proletariat."

Again Cyrilla paused, and the silence was broken by sibilant whispers.

"Friends," said Cyrilla, "if you want to help Peter and—and me, don't ask yourselves or one another where he is. Please listen with all your might to this paper."

Then Cyrilla read Peter's paper, slowly, carefully, making every point tell. Deep in her heart she knew that nothing serious could have happened to Peter; it daren't happen; and because she was something of an artist she knew that in the circumstances the paper was making a much deeper impression on the hearers than if Peter had been there, undramatic, to read it himself.

Mike Kerrigan had a sense of climax. Back in the entrance to the platform as Cyrilla was nearing the end of the paper he was holding Peter with a firm hand—a dishevel ed pulling Peter, eager to assure Cyrilla that he was quite all right. When Cyrilla had read the last word, had bowed, and was sitting in Peter's chair listening to tremendous applause, Mike mounted the platform, his charge at his side.

Peter was in overalls; his shirt was torn; his cheek was bloodstained; there was a large reddened bump on his forehead. He was received first in silence, then with cheers and shouts.

"Listen, fellows," shouted Mike Kerrigan. "I ain't any orator. I just want to tell you this: Three dirty skunks got hold of Barnes, not without some trouble, as his face shows, and as I bet theirs do. They tied him up and gagged him and stuck him in the cellar of a deserted house out on the lot where he was working. The names of those three skunks are Schmidt, Karenin and Lobanoff; three dear little Bolshevik brothers. Say, folks, do we want to make a little Russia out of this town or don't we? If not, how much time will we give those skunks to beat it out of here?"

Peter made no speech. He stood with his hand clasped in Cyrilla's, while his friends surged about her and about Mike, shouting, clamoring, cheering. Mike led a platoon from the loft in search of Schmidt and his friends. Peter and Cyrilla held an incoherent reception, until, from sheer weariness of excitement, people began to go home.

"I hope Mike and the others won't run those fellows out of town," Peter said to Cyrilla as they walked homeward. "We'd score more if they were allowed to stay right here, with their claws cut."

"Oh, I don't care what becomes of them," said Cyrilla brokenly. "Your poor face, my darling! It seems to me that you are fighting just as hard a fight as you did overseas."

"All good citizens have to nowadays," Peter said.

"Oh, my dear, you're paying too big a price for being a real citizen," mourned Cyrilla.

But the price was not fully paid. Late next morning Cyrilla and Peter heard a dull explosion and wondered what it was. A few minutes later Julia and Brownell, who had been out walking, came back hurriedly, their faces distressed.

"Oh, my dear!" gasped Julia.

"Barnes, did you get insurance on the Eagle's Nest?" asked Brownell.

"Oh!" cried Cyrilla. "What ——"

"It's that cursed rat of a Schmidt and his Bolsheviks," Brownell said. "They must have put a time bomb in your house. It's blown up, Barnes. Not all of it. The back part looks all right. We didn't wait to see. Someone gave us a lift in his car."

"No, there wasn't any insurance," said Peter dully.

"The fellow with the car, he said he'd as soon drive you up there," Brownell said.

"Do go, dear," Julia urged. "Maybe it won't be so bad as it looks. I'll have a good dinner for you when you come back."

Peter and Cyrilla did not speak as they were being driven to the wreck of the Eagle's Nest. They held each other's hands quietly. But each knew the consternation, the grief of the other. Their Eagle's Nest; their investment; their dreams!

When they reached their lot it was black with people looking at the broken and battered building that would so soon have been a home. The whole front of the house and half the roof were ripped away, the sleeping porch hung down drunkenly. The orderly beauty of their house that they had loved as though it were human had changed into ugliness of blackened boards and broken cement.

Peter and Cyrilla clung together. Their dreams; the creative thing in their lives that had atoned for whatever was hard in Peter's work, in both their lives, destroyed.

"It's not all gone," Cyrilla whispered. "We can build again; and, Peter, you've done a big thing anyhow."

Mike Kerrigan came from the ruins under the house, blackened and dripping.

"By the Lord's mercy, Peter," he said, "I'd just slipped outside. For I was here taking a look at the bathtub. Well, it's lucky I was here, too, for I was able with the help of the neighbors to put the fire out. We've got action too. Bart's been using the long-distance telephone. We knew where Schmidt put out for; they'll be locked up in jail to-night."

"You think ——" began Peter.

"Sure it was a bomb! Haven't we found it? There's no doubt it was Schmidt put it here. Some of the sawdust lying round comes from the yard of the carpenter he's been boarding with. The carpenter admitted it; he's no screen for Bolsheviks, he says. Say, there'll be fellows ready to lynch Schmidt to-night."

"He—he did a pretty good job," said Peter dryly.

It was hard enough to know of his money that was lost—all Peter's savings. But it was harder to think of the long days of loving labor gone for nothing.

"It's darn lucky I hadn't put the furnace in," said Mike, "and me cursing the man only yesterday for not coming across with it. Never mind, Barnes. All the fat's not in the fire yet."

Peter and Cyrilla wanted nothing so much as to get away from their good Mike and from the unspoken sympathy of the crowd. They had lost so much more than anyone knew, and no one could help them except themselves. They hurried away with murmured words of thanks.

"Peter," Cyrilla said abruptly, "you're sick and bruised physically after what they did to you last night; we're both bruised spiritually; and we're tired. Let's go away for a week or so. Let's lend the flat to Julia and Will for a honeymoon. Let's borrow father's flivver and go to the Catskills. Take a tent along and sleep out."

"Woman, you'd make a plan if it was the day of judgment. Yes, let's go, dearest. This is a—a pull; let's get away."

A dozen days later a refreshed and renewed Cyrilla and Peter drove toward the Eagle's Nest.

"We're able to bear the sight of it now," Cyrilla said to Peter. "We'll be able to reconstruct it in our mind's eye."

"It'll be in our eye for many a day," Peter said. "Drive on, Lady Macduff."

So joking, but with hearts not quite cheerful, they swept round the turn of the road that would reveal to them the Eagle's Nest. There were no heaps of blackened boards and mortar. The front of the house was restored; the sleeping porch hung in its appointed place. Two men were shingling the roof. Two were cementing. A painter was busy on window sills.

Peter and Cyrilla sat, literally rubbing their eyes. Mike came running out of the house toward them.

"Bad luck to you, Peter! Why didn't you wait three days longer?" he shouted. "It would have been all done then."

"But what—but why ——" cried Cyrilla.

"Just a little gift from the town," said Mike proudly. "Everybody helped. The college boys made themselves into a wrecking crew. All the best carpenters in town donated their own time. Your university friends hired the carpenters that worked in the daytime. The business men in town bought the materials—a good darn lot; you can use some of them for the other house. In fact, old man, you're in pocket by your little explosion."

Peter and Cyrilla had no words.

"Say, boy, it's been great!" exulted Mike. "The whole town seemed to wake up all at once to what you've been trying to do. Every darn Bolshevik in the place has folded his holdall, like the Arabs, and silently faded away. I've heard employers and workmen both saying you've done more than anyone else to put Americanism in the town. Everyone going to back you up! Say, I'm no sentimentalist, Peter, but I know there's a better spirit in the town than there was before you started your Brotherhood of Fair Endeavor and before Schmidt blew you up. The clawsses and the masses will live and let live a little better like just before the war. If they stop it, then we'll start something else. Come on and let's look at the house."

They went, they looked, they marveled and praised, and all the time they were longing to get away together. Their hearts were too full to bear even Mike.

Even when they were alone and driving homeward to the little flat that had sheltered their hopes and their efforts they couldn't speak for a long time.

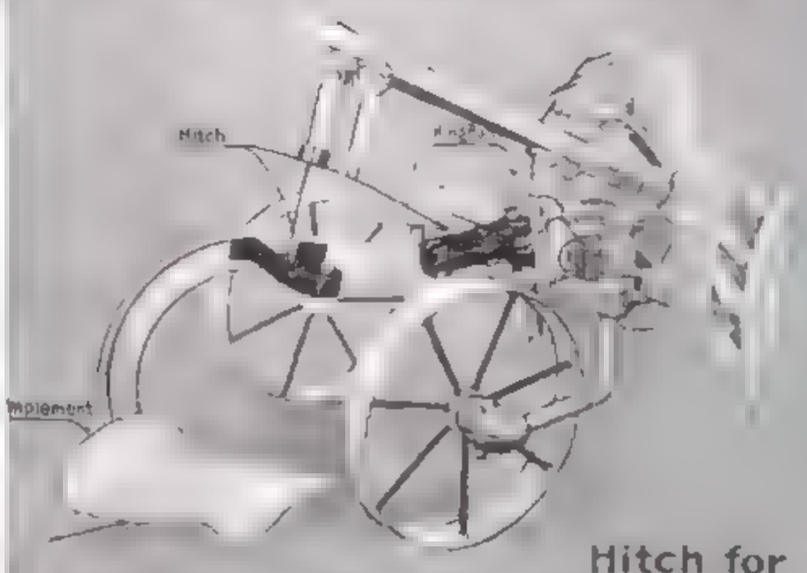
At last Peter said, "We haven't deserved so much."

"You have," Cyrilla said with fierce loving pride. Then she added triumphantly: "Peter, it's worth being declassed for—all this."

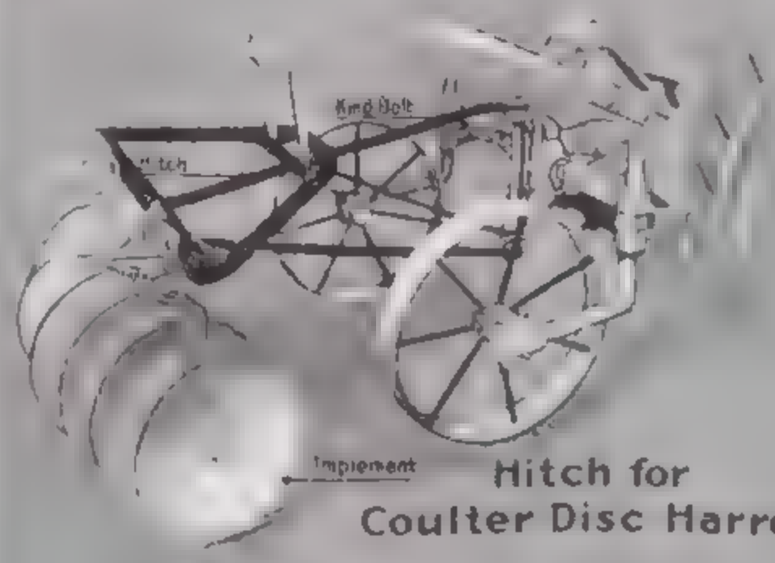
(THE END)

MIDWEST

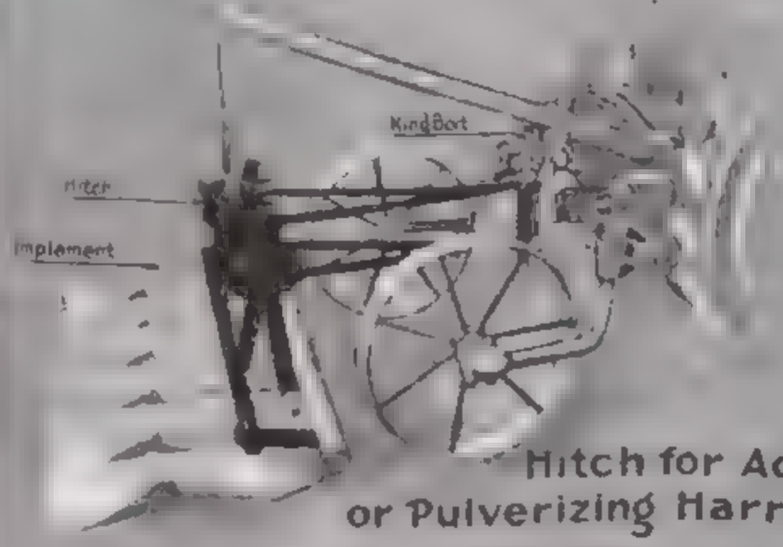
UTILITOR



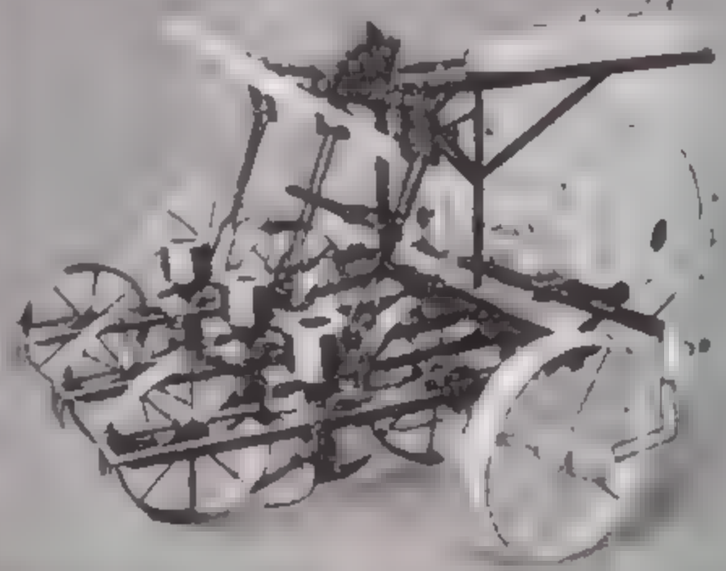
Hitch for
One Horse Steel Beam Walking Plow



Hitch for
Coulter Disc Harrow



Hitch for Acme
or Pulverizing Harrow



Hitch for Three Row Gang Seeder

THE practicability or usefulness of the UTILITOR may be defined as sixty per cent. hitches and implements and forty per cent. UTILITOR.

From the inception of the UTILITOR idea we fully realized that the success of the UTILITOR depended on the unfailing ability of the machine as a power unit. But the most important consideration was the question of correct hitches for the implements—hitches that would assure the highest efficiency from both machine and implements.

The UTILITOR is, therefore, sold with the unqualified guarantee that every implement and hitch sold with the UTILITOR will do the work demanded of them—plus the equally unqualified guarantee that the UTILITOR itself will operate these same implements, better, faster and cheaper than will a mule or horse.

It is with the UTILITOR as all things "Midwest"—no product can leave the big Midwest Works and carry the "dependable power" name plate, until that product is a concrete expression of all that the trade mark represents in money, equipment and experience.

Not only mechanical engineers but the most practical agriculturists have perfected the implements, hitches and rims used with the UTILITOR.

Add to this the fact that both the UTILITOR farm service department and mechanical service department are giving every UTILITOR owner personal advice and attention, and you begin to appreciate why the UTILITOR power-farming idea is startling the entire food-raising world.

You must keep step with the latest cost-cutting and profit-building food-raising development.

All phases of the UTILITOR; the implements, hitches and mechanical construction of the machine have been covered in special literature we will gladly send you.

If you are unable to locate the UTILITOR dealer in your city, address Sales Department "B" for full particulars.

MIDWEST ENGINE COMPANY

INDIANAPOLIS, U. S. A.

DEPENDABLE POWER

Copyright 1920 Midwest Engine Company

Dependable Power

—You pay for the quality—the safety costs you nothing!

HIGH LIFE

(Continued from Page 4)

be here." And then with a slightly wry smile, "I'll probably be here most of the time from now on."

And then he went on whimsically.

"When," he asked, "did you first realize that you cared for me?"

"Don't tease me, papa," answered the girl. "For quite a long time, really, I've thought that you were nice, in spite of the fact that you were probably frivolous and bad."

"In spite of it!" he repeated. "I've often been led to suppose that it was on account of it. But let's not talk about *les beaux jours*, my dear. I'm likely to be less frivolous and bad in the future, I'm sure. I'll try to be a little more nice to you. I'll have time. My hair's turning gray. I'm sure the Constantian newspapers will say it happened the night of the revolution. I think it did, in fact."

There was for a moment silence in the room. It is one thing to speak lightly of such matters as a revolution in a sunlit drawing-room looking out upon the blue lake and the Alps beyond. It had been quite another thing that night at Lichtenmont, with the mob gathering in the square in front of the palace, the guns firing in the Victoria suburb and the taxicab hurriedly brought to the gate of the garden behind. There had been the hurried leave-taking from a few loyal old friends and servants and from some misguided lads in the uniform of the Constantian Army, who thought, very likely, less of their country than of their king.

Let us by no means exaggerate or be unduly tragic about kings; they are not the only people in the world to whom trouble comes. But Georges IV of Constantia-Felix had, after all, grown up in his country. He had been happy as a boy there, hunting wild boar in the eastern woodlands and presiding over the destinies of ballet and operetta from the royal loge. If he had not deliberately been a good king, neither had he deliberately been a bad one. As he turned to go perhaps forever from Constantia-Felix he loved the land. There was an instant when he felt that to stay there he would willingly be a shepherd on its hills. But of course he was what he was, and even before he was hustled into the waiting cab he had—on account of its discomforts—decided against the shepherd's life.

"All I can hope," he said to the few who were there to take leave of him, "is that my country may be the happier that I have said good-by to her. The world is strangely altered lately, perhaps sadly—there is an argument that way. At any rate, if I can ever come back home to Constantia-Felix I hope it may be because my country will be happier that I greet her once again. I am at this moment more a Constantian than I have ever been before. Good-by."

It was right and just that he should leave Constantia-Felix, but there can now be no great harm in noting that he left it with a pleasant gallantry.

For an instant such memories were in a cloud about these exiles. Then Georges shook them off, passing his hand lightly across his eyes as if to conjure them away. He took up his conversation with his daughter.

"You see, my dear, if anyone in the family's to be frivolous and bad in the future it will probably be you."

"I haven't had any training in being frivolous, papa. If you'd ever visited Aunt Augusta"

"Heaven forbid!" he interrupted her.

"But I warn you, papa, I shan't probably be frivolous, but I'm likely to be bad."

"Are you, my dear?" he asked gravely as if she indeed surprised him.

"Yes," she answered. "Bidgy knows."

"Well, I've sent for Bidgy. I may as well know too."

He looked at her silently yet smilingly; it seemed a new habit he was acquiring by the Lac des Alpes.

She did not look bad, so much must be said for the Princess Lydia. But alas, she did look dowdy! A philosopher might do well to try to trace the connection between the dull appearance of antebellum princesses and the fact that, according to all the complicated rules for royal alliances, being a prince you had to marry one of them whether or no. Of course there had been tales of too sensitive heirs to thrones who fainted at the sight of the German royal fräuleins chosen to be their queens. But for the most part wretched young royalty submitted to its fate. What incentive was there for a princess to look pretty since it would avail her nothing in procuring a handsome husband? Viewed in this light, the Princess Lydia's new anxiety about her waist might well seem ominous. In this world of 1920 did princesses too mean to marry whom they would? And were they meditating pretty frocks and slender waists for this new campaign?

"I Know a Lot About Food, and the Manners of Good Head Waiters are What Those of Kings Ought to be Undoubtedly"

Some such thoughts drifted through King Georges' mind. Yes, it might now be better worth poor Lydia's while to have a waist. Perhaps it would be better worth everybody's while. It must be confessed that he cast a glance at his own reflection in the mirror. In men of forty the waist too has its value.

Lydia was dressed in gray, a flannelish kind of material cut with a plain skirt and a jacket abysmally devoid of style. Her yellow hair might have been pretty, but it was stretched tight away from her forehead and twisted into a close knob at exactly the wrong point upon her head—every woman has exactly that wrong point somewhere. Her blue eyes might have been pretty, too, but they had always been too grave, too free from any of the sparkling lights of coquetry. They were childish, frank eyes, with the kind of boldness that goes with simplicity; that goes with it for a little while, thought the king, not wishing to push even a mild cynicism too far. He still looked at his daughter. Yes, she was youth, she was young Europe, she was the future of this odd world. Was he condemned to be only its past? And a past none too creditable as one viewed it now?

Upon such meditations broke Miss Bidgerton. Already twenty years ago, when she went to Florence with the family of the Grand Duke of Lenzenbusch, the Italians termed her an *alta secca*—an old tall dry one. Did not in her person the whole blameless virginity of England wither upon its stalk? Was she not typical of the whole late Victorian period of British respectability? Had she not, more than even kings and queens, lost the whole world as she had understood it early in 1914?

"Miss Bidgerton," began the king. And at once the poor wretch presented the appearance of being about to burst into tears. Not that royalties had ever been other than most kind to Miss Bidgerton, so she herself would constantly have told you, recognizing in her not only a clergyman's daughter but a lady. Now, however, any new event seemed to her likely to be a change for the worse. She was in advance prepared for more hideous democratic institutions at every step. And Georges IV of Constantia-Felix she had always secretly distrusted—he seemed so gay.

"Miss Bidgerton, my daughter assures me she is going to be bad."

At first it seemed as if tears would flow. Then all the nipped generations of English governesses rose up behind her, gave her courage. Or did the desperateness of respectability's situation in this new vulgar world inspire her? At any rate, when she spoke her voice agreeably rasped the air.

"Going to be bad?" she repeated scornfully. "Does Her Royal Highness consider she's not bad now?"

"Oh, it's only my having ideas, papa!"

"I'm sure," now wailed Miss Bidgerton, "I never expected that any pupil of mine ——"

"Would have ideas?" His Majesty completed her sentence. "Of course not, Miss Bidgerton, of course not," he added soothingly. "I ought perhaps to add that I never expected any daughter of a king—but it wouldn't be quite true. We're more human than people think. But I'm wandering from the subject. Are her ideas very awful?"

"It's all because I told Bidgy this morning that I wished I were an American!" cried the Princess Lydia.

Miss Bidgerton now fairly dissolved in tears

"Could there be anything worse?" she wailed.

"Let's ask Churak?" suggested His Majesty as the ancient chamberlain entered.

"Could there be anything worse, Churak, than the Princess Lydia's wishing to be an American?"

Count Churak turned red, almost purple. It was quite evident that his first instinctive reply would not have been fit for the ears of ladies.

But he mastered himself and his color slightly abated.

"The wish Her Royal Highness has expressed," he began coldly, "is entirely contrary to all court etiquette and tradition."

"That," replied the princess bluntly, "is why I expressed it. I want to see life for myself, papa. I've never seen anything for myself. I've never been anything by myself. I want to be just Lydia Brazankoff—nothing more, nothing less. The revolutionists thought they'd been cheated out of what they wanted in life. Wasn't I being cheated too?"

In the silence that followed Miss Bidgerton set in crying with the soft determination with which a steady rain begins.

"You do well to cry, Bidgy." And oddly enough as she talked in favor of democracy she looked more like a proud and haughty princess as we are used to think princesses are. "I have not yet told His Majesty the worst."

Georges had pulled himself up. He too spoke now more as a king might be expected to speak.

"I think I can perhaps guess the matter over which it is your intention to disagree with me."

"I am no longer a child, papa."

"You are right," he answered firmly. "You are eighteen and of a suitable age to be married."

"I intend only to marry a man whom I love."

"Then I assume, my dear, that you are already in love with Prince Otto of Hellenos, because it is he whom you are going to marry."

"No, papa," answered the little Princess Lydia.

"I suggest to Count Churak and Miss Bidgerton that they withdraw. I fear Her Royal Highness and I are about to have an unpleasant scene."

II

IT IS of course sometimes pleasant to record unpleasant scenes. But really no scene could have been very unpleasant with two such pleasant people concerned in it.

The matter of the Princess Lydia's marriage had already been discussed at the Council of Montrésor. We shall hear more of this Council of Montrésor and it is promised that some disclosures will be made here of a later famous meeting when Colonel House himself was nearly sent for across the Atlantic. Meanwhile the reader is begged to content himself with the present minor international questions. Its members were of course all ex rather than reigning kings. Privately they had their own jokes about this. At one stage of the war a famous *bon mot* had been that soon

(Continued on Page 124)

A WORLD REBUILT

By the Golden Rule not by the Rule of Gold

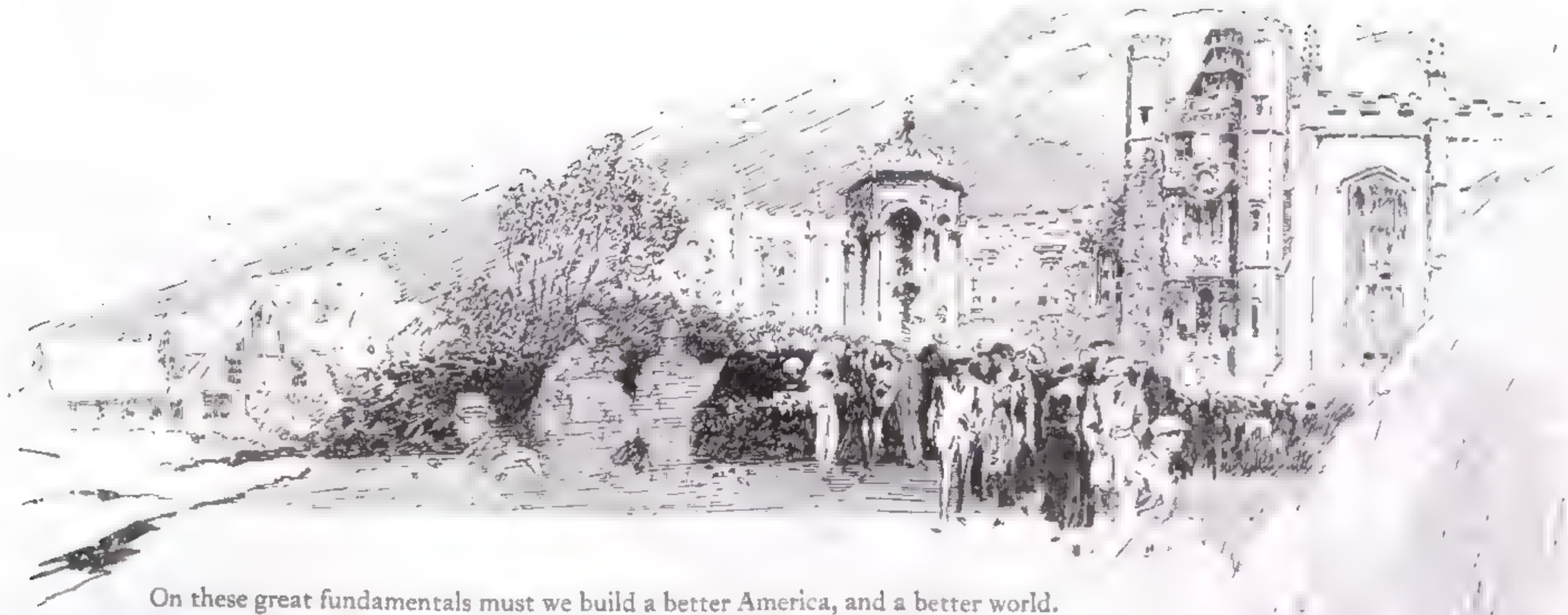
IF you were to name the most precious elements in American Life, what elements would you name?

Respect for the home? Jesus of Nazareth found women slaves; He made them companions. Down through the ages His Church has been the champion of women's rights and aspirations: the bulwark of the Christian home.

Respect for the man who works? It was the Carpenter of Nazareth who gave labor its great charter. "You are sons of God," He said. In that sentence Democracy was born.

Respect for property? Modern business is credit; and credit is character. All that makes property safe in the world is bound up in the respect for law that religion breeds.

Respect for education? Who gave America her colleges? They were founded by Christian ministers, almost all of them.



On these great fundamentals must we build a better America, and a better world. And every one of them rests on the foundations of the Christian Church.

Thirty denominations of that Church are uniting in a simultaneous campaign in the week of *April 25th–May 2nd.*

They are uniting because the task before the Church is too great for any one denomination: because there must be no duplication of effort; no waste.

These churches know that the world needs many things; but it needs Faith most of all.

They know that there can be no final solution of our economic problems that is not a spiritual solution, based on the teachings of Jesus Christ and His Golden Rule.

They know that there can be no permanent freedom from war except through the kind of international good-will that Christian service in foreign countries can inspire.

They know that the Church cannot answer the demands of these times if it is to attack its problems piecemeal, if it is to stand hat in hand asking for small things.

They have had the courage to survey the whole task, and to ask for a budget large enough to sustain (1) the work abroad, (2) the work at home including the Church's part in the huge task of Americanization, (3) the colleges and (4) hospitals supported by the Churches, (5) the religious training of the young, and to provide (6) a living wage for the Church's ministers.

The budget is large in the aggregate; yet if each person who loves and believes in America will increase his contribution by only a few dollars, the whole amount will be easily subscribed.

Said Theodore Roosevelt: "Even men not professedly religious must, if they are frank, admit that no community permanently prospers, either morally or materially, unless the church is a real and vital element in the community life."

We face the task of rebuilding the world. Let the cornerstone be a strong and vital church in every American community; and the measuring rod by which the builders build must be the Golden Rule.

When your church calls upon you, give—and give from your heart as well as from your pocketbook.

The INTERCHURCH World Movement
of North America

The publication of this advertisement is made possible by the co-operation of thirty denominations.

(Continued from Page 121)

there would be only seven kings in Europe—those of spades, clubs, diamonds and hearts, the two of chess and the King of England.

The tiny island, almost the only one in the Lac des Alpes, was for a long time the property of the Czarina of all the Russias, who had the smallest white marble villa there surrounded by a miniature but lovely rose garden from which across the blue waters you could look toward the white snows of Mont Blanc. It now serves, or did that summer, as a kind of neutral ground for the meeting of these dethroned gentlemen who had come to live in its vicinity. The concert of Europe, one of the Prussians rather pompously termed it. Georges IV, who was more cosmopolite and had a lighter touch, thought it perhaps should rather be called *l'orchestre jazz de l'Europe*.

"There can be no question at all," said a bearded Bavarian, speaking French—of course all the Germans insisted on speaking French—"there can be no question but that we must be as strict as ever in our alliances. Speaking only for the German people, it will soon call us back."

"If the Illyrian people call me back then I must fight with my brothers," cried Stefan the Eighteenth, whose passion for the two other princes of Illyria was now as violent as had earlier been his hate.

"Yes," said the ex-King of Romalia to the first speaker, "and I shall lose the best antagonist at piquet I have yet met."

"I should be at war with you, Heinrich"—this from Miguel of Elzenia—"and you are the only one of us who can get any decent beer over the border from Munich."

"Silence!" thundered a gentleman who was termed by his fellow exiles—behind his back—the All-Lowest. "God hears us."

"Yes," murmured one of the archdukes, "it's a pity for some of us He didn't hear you earlier."

"He probably did, and was bored," added a mere hereditary duke-palatine.

It was, if a concert, one of some discords. So that though its decision, given in a later, calmer moment—after a little beer and Swiss cheese, in fact—was that no *mésalliances* were ever to be permitted in the sacred circle, the question in so far as it concerns the Princess Lydia was much more likely to be settled by the unpleasant scene between her and her somewhat volatile parent.

"It isn't altogether complimentary to me, my dear, that you wish you were an American."

"I want to be free, that's all I mean."

"I wonder," he meditated, "if the Americans are so free. However," he went on, "you aren't one—and can't be, unless you're planning to marry an American. Are you?"

"I'm not planning to marry anybody, papa."

She blushed a little, but she looked angry.

"I suppose there are American men," he meditated. "There must be. But somehow one never noticed them much before they had an army. They all seemed to be married already in the old days and hard at work in New York to support their wives at Cannes."

"You like the wives, don't you, papa?"

"My dear, you seem to know more of my life upon the Riviera than I had imagined. Yes, I like the American ladies. I won't deny it. But I shall not marry an American."

"You?" asked Lydia.

"Well, my dear, I'm not so old as to preclude marriage. And you must have realized that for a long time in Constantia they were urging it on me. If not, you'd have been queen some day, and though you're much nicer than your cousin Wilhelmina, in Holland, some people felt prejudiced in favor of a male heir."

"Why didn't you marry again, papa? Of course you're quite young."

"Why didn't I marry again?" he repeated, and then he smiled and made a very odd speech. "Perhaps it was because like you, my dear, I couldn't marry an American. Who knows? We can't, my dear. Just now it isn't perhaps very pleasant to be of royal blood, but we are, and we must be faithful to the tradition."

"Do you expect, papa, ever again to be King of Constantia-Felix?" she asked seriously.

"I am King of Constantia-Felix. And you are the crown princess!" he answered. "As to whether we ever go back, my dear, I don't know. I wonder. Perhaps they'll want us. And if they do we must be ready. We must not have sullied the tradition. Perhaps they'll want Otto back after his father dies. And then they'll want him married to you. Think what broad lands Hellenos and Constantia joined together would be!"

"Father," said the little Princess Lydia, "I'm very young and I'm not clever. But I can't believe you. You're beautiful, father, but somehow I know you're—well, what has passed. We're not going back. And if I were ever to go back—as queen—I believe that my Constantian people would be glad that I'd been brave enough to marry—if I ever do marry—for love. Father, I will not marry Prince Otto of Hellenos!"

There was a moment before anyone spoke.

"He's very good-looking," said Georges in quite a different tone. "Not that that matters of course."

"Certainly not," said the Princess Lydia most severely.

"And very agreeable. No, I see that doesn't matter either. You're a bad girl, Lydia. But I don't quite see what I can do. This villa is too small to have dungeons. It's unfortunate that Prince Otto is coming over from Villeneuve this afternoon. I suppose you won't even see the creature? No, I thought so. What would you do, my dear, if I tried to insist on your meeting him?"

"I have thought it all out," said Lydia. "I shall go away on a trip, quite incognito, with Bidgy. I've packed a bag already."

Georges of Constantia-Felix, if indeed he be the hero of this tale, is not the kind of hero who always meets issues face to face, and conquers. In this present moment he temporized.

"That's all very well," he remarked. "Let us be modern and let us be free by all means. But you'll have a very dull time with Bidgy, and, if you'll allow me to say so, if you've packed that bag with clothes similar to what you're now wearing you may as well stay at home."

"We could go to Paris."

Lydia was a little plaintive.

"Not under the present passport regulations. Besides, if Bidgy chose your clothes you'd only look like the British royal family. But you could go anywhere in Switzerland. Now really perhaps you'd better go, my dear. If you have a thoroughly dull time you'll be far more contented with Branchazay—and you might even come to like a nice boy like Otto."

"First you don't want me to go, papa. Now you behave as if you want to be rid of me. Try to understand—you seemed to be going to only a little while ago. If you were a girl, wouldn't you want to have seen something, met someone before you agreed to a husband picked out for you by a lot of funny old exiled kings on an island in the Lac des Alpes?"

"Yes," he answered sadly, "I suppose that's what we seem like."

"You know, papa, I believe we're just like other people now, and I think I'm glad. I haven't had such an awfully good time being a princess, papa."

"No, I suppose you've been lonely." He took her hand and patted it—a little awkwardly, for, after all, it was a daughter's hand. "And I suppose I've been an exceptionally selfish swine. I wonder if kings were rather like that."

The Princess Lydia patted his hand—a little awkwardly, for, after all, it was a king's.

"You're nicer than you've ever been before, Your Majesty," she avowed shyly.

"And I believe you are, too, Your Royal Highness," he answered.

Really, it can no longer be pretended that it was a very unpleasant scene.

"Then you'll let me go, papa?"

"You're being sly, my dear, but—yes, I'll let you go."

"And I won't have to marry that Otto of Hellenos?"

"I haven't said that, Lydia. But I'll try if possible to have you fall in love with him first. Now that's all I'll say, and it's more than I ought to say."

"I've got a Baedeker's guide book of Switzerland ——" began Lydia.

"I'd advise getting Murray or Joanne," counseled her father. "For a good many years one of the chief objects of life in Europe will be to prevent anyone's ever thinking that you could be German."

The scene—now admitted not to be unpleasant—had grown peaceful when upon it burst Count Churak and Miss Bidgerton, both the prey—so it could be guessed at once—of unusual and distressing emotions.

"Really, Your Majesty, I must protest ——"

"You're always protesting, Churak, what is it now?"

"There is a lady here ——" began Churak.

"Oh, only that," murmured His Majesty softly. "I breathe more easily. I might even say it is good news. Who is she?"

III

YOUR MAJESTY, she did not ask for you, as would have been far more correct. Indeed, I pointed out to her she should at least have sent an application by telegram yesterday morning asking that she should be granted an audience."

"And what did she say to that?"

"I regret to say, Your Majesty, that she replied that it might be the custom in Constantia-Felix for ladies to call upon gentlemen, but that it wasn't in New York, nor, so far as she had been able to observe during Your Majesty's visits to the Riviera, in either Cannes or Monte Carlo. That she preferred to see the Princess Lydia. So she just dropped in."

"To see me!" began Lydia.

"Churak," said Georges with an appearance of distinct interest, "it sounds most astonishingly like ——"

"It is, sire. Mrs. Hastings."

"Mrs. Alfred?"

"Of New York."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated His Majesty.

"Who is she, papa?"

"She is," replied Georges with infinite politeness, "with the exception of you and Miss Bidgerton, perhaps the most charming and bewildering woman in the whole world."

"And an American!" cried Lydia ecstatically.

"An American!" wailed Miss Bidgerton, beginning this time unmistakably to weep.

"My good Miss Bidgerton ——" began His Majesty.

"I can't help it, Your Majesty"—the excellent Bidgerton prepared to go—"what with our having to leave Lichtenmont and now all these Americans rushing in upon us and me remembering how in Queen Victoria's time it was so difficult for them to go to court. Oh, I can't help it, Your Majesty!" And still dissolving, she backed out of the door.

"The old guard dies," remarked Georges, observing her philosophically, "but it never surrenders." And he then turned his attention to his daughter.

"It is," said that young woman with conscious pride, "the first time anyone has ever craved an audience with me. I will receive her, Count Churak."

"Begging Your Royal Highness' pardon," commented the old chamberlain dryly, "Mrs. Alfred Hastings did not crave an audience. If I may quote her textually, she simply said that as she was motoring by she thought she'd drop in to see you."

"No, that isn't exactly craving, is it?" said the Princess Lydia with a little pout.

"You can't have it both ways, my dear," said her father, "with your views! And you must be consistent."

"Tell her to drop in then, Count Churak."

"It would be more in accordance with court etiquette ——"

"That I should see her first and alone?" suggested His Majesty. "You meant that of course, Churak?"

"I'm sure he didn't," began the Princess Lydia.

But the count answered gravely, "Yes, Your Majesty, I most certainly meant that of course."

You see, he knew Georges of old, and he was a faithful servant. He quite understood that kings required a great deal of female affection, and he saw always a suitable place in the cosmos for all ladies who loved to languish in a royal presence. But he found it difficult to excuse the existence of those American ladies he had sufficiently often encountered when he accompanied his royal master on vacations from Constantia—who also required a great deal of affection, but did not feel it in the least incumbent upon them to love in return even the most exalted personages.

It is a century-old quarrel between Europe and America. And if even kings have complained of the coldness of our lovely compatriots, how much more loudly and bitterly have mere French marquises or Italian counts, subjected even more unrelentingly to the rigors of our national Puritanism? It is hard to believe that even the war has changed all this. Europe has lately been thronged with clear-eyed, pretty American women who have doubtless, even during the boom of guns and the fanfares of trumpets, bewildered and enslaved the luckless indigenous male, only to recross the Atlantic heart free and ultimately to confide themselves to the clean, virile young gentlemen who adorn our magazine covers and our clothes and collars advertisements.

It is of course reported, and upon most credible authority, that ladies of the very highest New York fashion have sometimes ventured very near the edge, as the phrase goes. Indeed it would possibly be nothing short of an insult to Mrs. Alfred Hastings even to suspect that she had not gazed into the abyss. But during the years following the death of Freddie Hastings, a smart demise upon the polo field at Newport—an event now happily ten years remote—she had apparently always withdrawn daintily from edges after looking over them. It had never seemed to make her dizzy—only just a little more charming, if that could be. Experts in these matters, and they abounded in Europe, asserted that no one could say "no" quite so prettily, even so tenderly, as she. Was she not, in fact, all that the old Count Churak deplored in American womanhood as it came in contact with the titled classes, classes which, it may as well be admitted, were before the war often too light-minded and pleasure-loving? Even Georges IV of Constantia-Felix himself—but the object of this story is not primarily to commit *lèse-majesté*.

Mrs. Hastings could not of course, even at this period, have been unknown to any reader of our newspapers, though the American press had not yet taken quite the liberty which will here be taken in dealing with the matter of the attentions paid her by European gentlemen. Still, what may be termed her less private movements were always chronicled, her frocks celebrated, her photograph printed constantly, not only in Sunday supplements but in society weeklies. Even in the time of her comparative obscurity she could scarcely spend a quiet morning matching up a few new pearls for her string at Clartier's without that admirable jeweler's mentioning it to the reporter of the New York Herald. She cared nothing, so she often asserted, for publicity. It may have been true, yet how could she tell? She had known nothing else! The American papers had come very little into the life of the Princess Lydia in that remote and charming city of Lichtenmont; she knew not as much of Mrs. Alfred Hastings as the humblest working girl in Fifth Avenue. Georges IV of course knew quite as much as the readers of the New York Herald, if not more. But no one at that moment suspected just what a figure she was to play in the reconstruction of Europe.

She paused an instant as she came in. She was in gray, with the simplest summer furs of squirrel. The whole thing could not have cost more than five or six thousand francs in the Rue de la Paix, and one saw at a glance that even though the war was over she was still economizing. Georges had not seen her since that summer of 1914; he could not have said whether her hair wasn't a shade redder now than it had been then. It was, at any rate, the prettiest imaginable color now. It grew in the same lovely way at the nape of her neck; it curled in the same enticing fashion round a pink ear.

Six years had of course not made her look older; it takes more than six years to do that to a woman of spirit and fashion nowadays; but they had made her look—different somehow. You could guess that perhaps in her gayety there would sometimes be tears now. The war has done odd things to people—made gay people sad and sad people gay. Mrs. Hastings had worked ten hours a day in the American Hospital at Neuilly. Her villa at Beaulieu on the blue Mediterranean had been filled first with disabled British officers, later with boys from home. Her apartment in the Avenue de Bois de Boulogne, which in old days was always described as a mere tiny *pied-à-terre*, just big enough to hold its owner and no more, somehow had been able to accommodate sixteen little children, refugees from the German advance across the France which Mrs. Hastings had loved so well. But she had found nothing inconsistent in turning from the bedside of some poor, lonely boy, to whom she had seemed like some bright vision of a ministering angel, to—shall we say?—the question of securing the quite beautiful black and pink

(Continued on Page 128)

DORT

Quality Goes Clear Through

There is, we believe, in simply case after case, a deeper reason for the selection of the Dort than the merit of the car.

True, the well-known excellence of the Dort in performance and the fact that it is known to operate at a measurably lower cost per mile are unquestionably strong influences in the purchase.

But we like to think that aside and apart from these reasons the determining factor in the decision is a profound faith in the Dort Company.

The truth of the matter is that the name Dort has become inseparably associated in the minds of people with deep-seated integrity and careful skill in manufacture.

Each added Dort that goes into use serves not only to provide fresh evidence as to the quality of the car but also to emphasize anew the high ideals of the company that builds it.

PRICES

Touring Car	$1035
Roadster	1035
Fourseason Sedan	1665
Fourseason Coupé	1665

F. O. B. Factory

Wire wheels and spare tires extra

(217)

DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Flint, Mich.

At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor

Who's Your Tailor?

REGISTERED IN U. S. PAT. OFF. 1906 BY ED. V. PRICE & CO

On the world's highway

The well-groomed gentleman and the modern ocean liner typify the progress of civilization. The one stands out as distinctly from the crowd as the other dominates the ocean lanes.

E. V. Price & Co.

TAILORING

is the tailoring of today

It is the sum of a quarter century's progress through scientific methods. It brings the highest type of custom tailoring to every man of exacting taste in dress, with absolute assurance of satisfaction as to

quality, fit, value and service

Our dealer in your community will provide the same efficient tailored-to-order service as if you came to us personally. Ask to see our new woolens and authentic styles.

Write for a copy of "Men's Togs"—the Book of Correct Tailoring. Dept. P., Ed. V. Price & Co., Chicago.

E. V. Price & Co.

At the Sign of
Ye Jolly Little Tailor

(Continued from Page 124)

pearls which she now wore, one in each ear, or the problem perhaps of giving a little dinner at the Ritz for the newest and handsomest aviator. Women are like that. And in a world which might otherwise be quite dull, may we not say, "Thank God, they are"?

It was six years since His Majesty of Constantia-Felix had seen her, and somehow it gave him a little catch within. But this—so he told himself even as he started forward with hand outstretched to greet her—was of course because it was six years since he had seen a really pretty woman smartly turned out by Grallot. Her color rose a little as she saw him, but her eyes grew an even serener, cooler blue, and her head was slightly cocked to one side in the old gay, provocative way.

"Your Majesty!" she exclaimed, and she sank in a demure curtsy that yet seemed to have a shade of affectionate mockery in it. "This is too great an honor. It was only Her Royal Highness I hoped to see."

"I must decline to believe that," he answered with an affectation of severity. "I am convinced it was me whom you hoped and meant to see. I hope it was," he added quite simply.

"In any case," she said, "it was only because my motor broke down just in front of your door."

"Your motor would break down," he said severely again.

"It generally does," she admitted, "at just the right place. Lilly Sandfield and I motored in Brittany once with a very attractive party—the car always broke down at such a good place for a picnic tea! I ought to explain now that I've come from Geneva and that I'm on my way to Delices-les-Bains, where I'm going to take a cure. That makes my story more convincing, doesn't Your Majesty think?"

"Oh, yes," agreed His Majesty. "Only they'll never cure you—of many delightful qualities," he finished as she looked a little startled.

"I'm really very tired"—and anyone who had been there would have been very sorry she was very tired. "I've been doing war work. I needn't say that. Every living American woman has been doing war work—and most of them in France, so the poor French feel."

"I've been doing war work too," he said, and he bent a little forward as if he cared something to have her understand something of what he said—understand and believe too. "Possibly no one quite recognizes it. If it hadn't been for me my country might possibly have gone to war—on the wrong side."

"I've always said that was it," she broke out impulsively.

"I have to thank you for defending me."

"To think that I can defend you!"

"It's come to that. It's come to a lot of things." He pulled a chair a little toward her.

"Do I sit down in your presence, Majesty?"

"Ah"- he shook his head meditatively and merely asked with a smile, "Do I sit down in yours, dear lady?"

"It's a pleasant view."

"Yes," he answered, "it is. The Lac des Alpes is very blue. But this villa is—you never came to Lichtenmont, did you? The palace was rather decent, too few bathrooms, of course, but it was nice. Some charming rococo rooms. My grandfather did them over in the French style. He was—alas that I should have to say it of him!—in love with a very famous actress of the Comédie Française. You must pardon him that—you see he knew so few Americans."

She looked at him, not wholly displeased.

"It takes more than a revolution to revolutionize you, doesn't it, Your Majesty?"

And then she rose and swept for a moment across the room and to the window and the view of the Lac des Alpes, which was indeed very blue.

"We've been friends for a long time, haven't we?" she asked without turning to him from the lake. And then without waiting for an answer, "I think it gives me the right to ask a question. Is this"—she indicated the villa of Branchazay—"to be the future?"

"Won't you sit down again?" he asked gravely, and as she did so he paced once back and across the room in silence, and then stopped before her.

"I've naturally thought about it a good deal. And the only thing I've thought of I could do to earn my living would be to keep a hotel or a restaurant. I know a lot about food, and the manners of good head waiters are what those of kings ought to be undoubtedly. At anything else I'd be—at my age—incompetent. What do you think of this plan? Will you patronize the *Restaurant du Roi sans Trône?*"

She shook her head.

"I suppose it would be simple justice," she said, "but no, I don't like the idea. What's the alternative?"

"The alternative is to remain a king, even without a throne." And instinctively he drew himself up. His visitor, looking at him, meditated that now the real man spoke. "And that," he went on, "is what I mean to be. I mean to be ready—for anything," he added more lightly. "I mean to be faithful to memories and traditions and to a few sad old people and loyal romantic lads, mostly in the guards, back in Constantia."

"Kings are romantic of course," murmured Mrs. Hastings.

"Perhaps we'll be the romance of the just and proletarian future—who knows? At any rate I think it's our duty, if we are the last of our race, to keep our colors flying to the end."

"It's complicated," mused the lady. "I really don't know what America will do without kings."

"I might go to America."

And it is conceivable that this question might have been discussed if the Princess Lydia had not now impatiently burst into the room. They are all a little alike, these royalties. She had arrived as a girl like any other, but at the sight of Mrs. Hastings, who had not craved an audience, she stiffened to a Royal Highness.

The visitor curtsied and the Princess Lydia began in the best and dullest manner of a royal lady making conversation.

"You are from America? And you are visiting Switzerland."

"I am motoring to Delices-les-Bains to take a cure," replied the guest with suitable humility, "though His Majesty discourages me somewhat of its ever curing me."

Mrs. Hastings breathed a faint sigh upon the air, whether at the thought of her approaching visit or with boredom at the present one it would have been difficult to say, when suddenly the Princess Lydia launched a bomb, to employ phrases suitable to the present epoch.

"Will you take me with you, Mrs. Hastings?" she asked, blushing furiously.

Georges IV gazed at his daughter; Mrs. Hastings gazed from her to him.

"Will I, Your Majesty?" she addressed him.

"This is a new idea, Lydia."

"But a good one," answered the girl.

"Of course to-day people think any new idea is a good one," began the king. But his daughter interrupted him almost impatiently.

"I've thought it all out, papa. I mean to go merely as Miss Lydia—Miss Lydia Smith."

"May I ask who Miss Lydia Smith is?" ventured her father.

"Couldn't she be an American, Mrs. Hastings?"

Our friend hurriedly appraised the princess—perhaps particularly the sadly cut jacket of gray flannelish stuff.

"No," she delivered judgment, "I don't quite believe she could. Not a New Yorker at any rate."

"Then she is like Bidgy, the daughter of an English clergyman ——"

"Really I protest ——" he began.

"Is Your Royal Highness' English quite good enough?" This from Mrs. Hastings. "The daughters of English clergymen are very very English."

"Couldn't my father have—well, couldn't he have married a Frenchwoman and died when I was quite young, and suppose I'd been brought up on the Continent?"

"Really, my child, for one so young you show an astonishing facility for deception—not to call it lying."

"I don't quite understand ——" began Mrs. Hastings.

"My daughter thinks she's tired of being a princess. She wants to see a little of the world; she wants to see whether she can't enjoy the world on her own merits."

Mrs. Hastings' eye again rested upon the gray jacket and the knob of yellow hair, in just the wrong place upon the Princess Lydia's head. Her expression was noncommittal as to the probabilities of much enjoyment.

"I'm sure I shall love Delices ——" began Her Royal Highness.

"My dear," said her father, "I have not yet heard Mrs. Hastings agree to take you."

"Agree to take me?" haughtily.

"My dear, I don't think you quite understand. I'm sure our friend has quite a royal position in New York, and New York is much larger than the late Lichtenmont, to say nothing of our present miserable royal abode in the Villa Branchazay. Please remember, too, that you're only Miss Lydia Smith."

"I'll try to remember that I'm Miss Lydia Smith. Indeed I will!" she cried impulsively to her visitor. "Won't you take me, dear Mrs. Hastings?"

"When do you want to go?"

"At once! Especially before this afternoon! Couldn't we start at once in your motor? It wouldn't take me any time at all to get a few clothes packed."

"Clothes!" said Mrs. Hastings rather ominously. "Take nothing but a toothbrush. Thank God there are shops at Delices!"

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands quite as Miss Lydia Smith might have done. "I know my things are awful. And, Mrs. Hastings"—more shyly—"don't you think something could be done about my figure?"

"Something?" cried Mrs. Hastings. "Everything! The female figure, my dear, is entirely a question of—but we must spare your father. There have been times when I've worn them to the knees and I will to the ankles if it ever becomes necessary," she concluded.

"Then you think I could be," shyly began Miss Smith, "just the least bit pretty?"

"I think you can be just as pretty," replied her chaperon, "as we decide it is wise for you to be. That's a matter on which I must get your father's orders. Run along and get ready, Your Royal—that is, my dear Miss Smith. I'll be ready in about ten minutes."

"Papa, give Mrs. Hastings a great deal of money for me. I want to be extravagant."

"That's not for princesses nowadays," she heard him say as she left the room.

"My orders, please, Your Majesty?" she asked, though the tone did not somehow suggest that she was accustomed to obey even royal gentlemen. "And why does she particularly want to go away before this afternoon?"

"She wants to avoid meeting Prince Otto of Hellenos, who is coming this afternoon officially to ask her hand in marriage. Incidentally she is going to marry him of course in due time."

"You want that? And she doesn't?"

Mrs. Hastings got the situation clear before she commented upon it. "Well, I'm not sure that she isn't right and you wrong."

"I still retain my ideas of the parental relation," he said a little stiffly, "and of the position of a princess."

"Yes, I know," insisted his lovely friend. "But—to employ an American phrase—she'd be marrying on a falling market if she marries this Otto. We've thought a good deal about this question at home. When the slump in royalty came—if you'll pardon the brutality of the phrase; I don't really mean it unkindly—a good many bargain hunters thought titles might be picked up cheap. Quite a lot of girls considered George of Greece. And then there was the Crown Prince of Sweden—and Wales. Newport was prepared to take him quite seriously, so they tell me. But in the end it seemed an uncertain investment to what they call conservative buyers. And our own men looked so well in uniform when they came back! Quite a lot of the smartest women are marrying Americans."

"You yourself," he asked lightly, "would of course not consider marrying a title?"

After all the inquiry committed him to nothing.

"Have I ever," she replied, smiling with great sweetness, "said I'd consider marrying anything again?"

When you come to think of it this committed her to nothing either.

There was an instant's silence. He looked at her. She smiled, but she cast her eyes down demurely, as perhaps one should before a king.

"Yes, of course, of course," he almost muttered. And then in quite a different, brisker voice, "Well, we were to talk about Miss Smith. I want her to have a good time; to sow just one tiny little wild oat; to see a little life; to meet a few young men if you can find them for her."

"I can only try, Your Majesty. I sometimes do find young men."

"Yes, yes, naturally. I'd like her to be able to compare them with Prince Otto when she does meet him. I think he can stand it."

"You'd think it safe to let her fall in love?"

"The least trifle perhaps—and then be disappointed. I don't know. What do you think? Of course it's not really hard on a girl that she can't marry her first love."

"It isn't always possible." She seemed to meditate and her eyes shone—with tenderness perhaps, he thought. "I was only fourteen when it happened to me—and he drove a milk cart. Anyway, your girl shan't have a serious love affair. I'll nip it in the bud somehow. I'll do something. I promise."

"Your promise is all I want. She'll be safe with you."

He took her hand. And then somehow he swayed just a trifle toward her. She looked quickly at him.

"I've some excellent rules of conduct which I shall teach Your Majesty's daughter." And as he did not release her hand—"For example, I never permit gentlemen to kiss me before lunch."

"Would you perhaps stay to lunch," he asked, "and go on to Delices afterward?"

But it appeared there would not be time.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

New, Sanitary, Most-for-the-Money Way for Children to buy *BALLOONS*

THE FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGE provides a new and better way to put into your child's hands *clean* balloons which have not been touched from factory to child. **How much safer and more sanitary this method of buying balloons is for your child.**

Furthermore, the child gets more balloons and better balloons for his money in the FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGE. **If bought separately, the balloons in these packages would cost considerably more than the price of the package. Therefore, the child should be sure to ask for and get the FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGE, as illustrated below.**

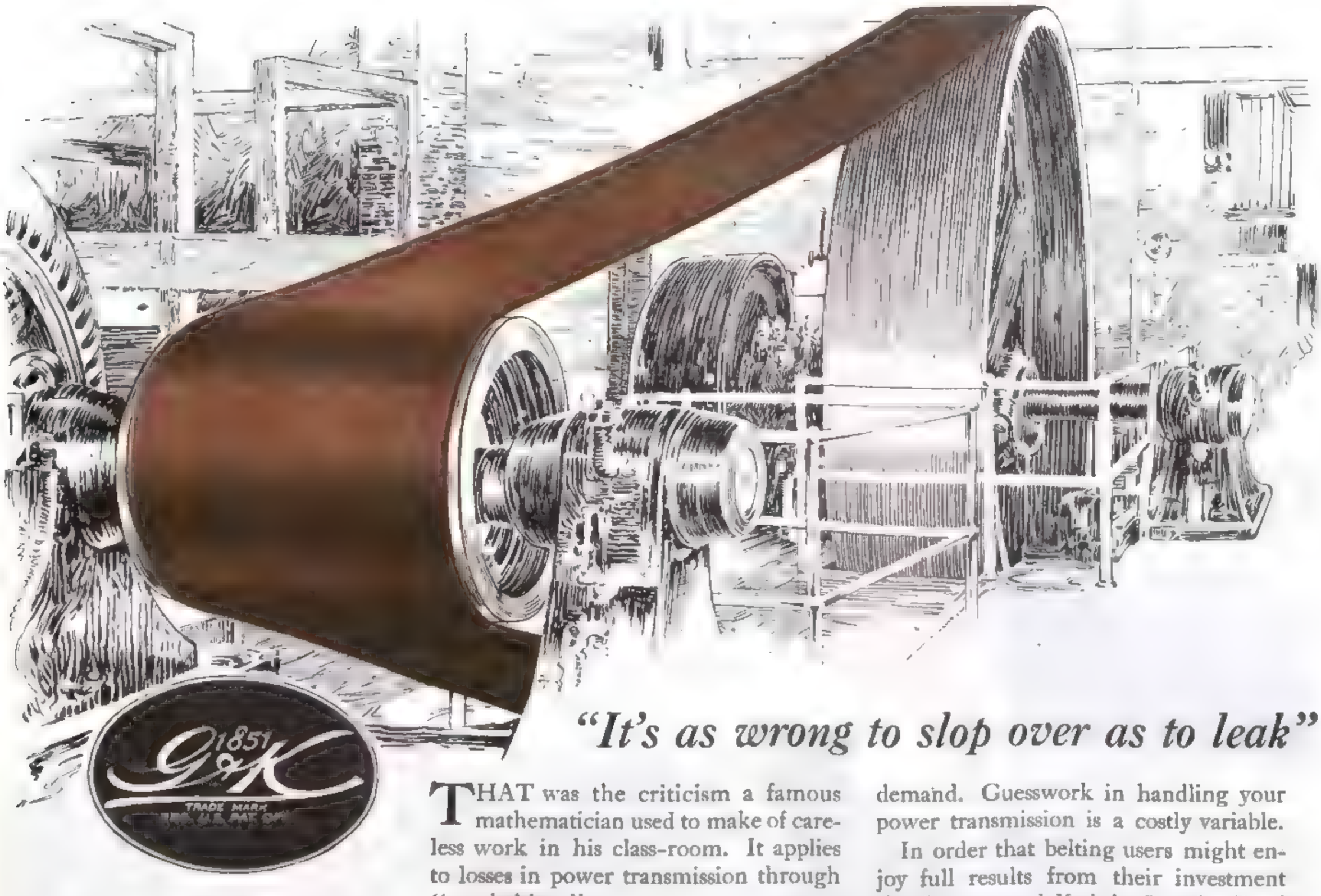
Faultless Toy Balloons are recognized everywhere as establishing and maintaining highest quality standards. The toy and novelty trades know them as the best balloons obtainable anywhere. They are made in an assortment of brilliant, fast, non-poisonous colors. Faultless Patented Closing Valves with which many of the balloons in these packages are equipped, greatly increase a child's balloon fun. FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGES with carefully assorted contents retail for 10c and 25c each and are sold by leading merchants and dealers in all lines everywhere.

We also manufacture the Faultless "Wearever" Line of Rubber Goods, which includes the famous No. 40 "Wearever" Water Bottle, No. 24 "Wearever" Fountain Syringe, the FAULTLESS NURSER NIPPLE, and all other Rubber Sundries for household, toilet, nursery and sick room use—sold by all representative druggists and merchants everywhere for the thorough satisfaction they give in actual use.

THE FAULTLESS RUBBER COMPANY
(Ashland Rubber Works) ASHLAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

DEALERS FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGES of Toy Balloons attract the best class of parent and youngster trade and insure for you a better source of profit. Write for full details of this new idea of merchandising fine quality toy balloons.

ACTUAL SIZE OF 10¢ FAULTLESS ENVELOPE PACKAGE



A 30" Neptune Brand Double Leather Belt which has already been in service 10 years in the Thomasville Electric Light Plant, Thomasville, Ga. Neptune is the Pioneer Waterproof Leather Belting. It is made in all plies and widths from strictly first quality center stock oak tanned leather. It is guaranteed to be absolutely impervious to water, and for this reason is recommended for use wherever belting is exposed to dampness or unfavorable climatic conditions.

"It's as wrong to slop over as to leak"

THAT was the criticism a famous mathematician used to make of careless work in his class-room. It applies to losses in power transmission through "overbelting."

Unless your belting is working under specifications laid down by engineering practice it is probably spilling or leaking a part of its power load.

One hundred per cent results can be obtained only through using *the one* right quality and size of belt on each specific drive. The one right belt can be selected only by working out the engineering problem surrounding each drive and harnessing the drive with the belt built to meet that particular transmission demand. Guesswork in handling your power transmission is a costly variable.

In order that belting users might enjoy full results from their investment the Graton and Knight Standardized Series of Leather Belting was built up. It is standardized in its manufacture and in its application. It will supply the right belt to meet every power transmission need.

Graton and Knight Leather Belting quality rests on a sixty-year record in supplying thousands of the best belted plants in America. Graton and Knight expert service aims to make efficient application of belting to power transmission needs.

Write for our book "Standardized Leather Belting."

THE GRATON AND KNIGHT MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.

Oak Leather Tanners, Makers of Leather Belting and Leather Products

Branches and Distributors in All Principal Cities

Graton & Knight
Standardized Series
Leather Belting

Tanned by us for belting use

SELLING THE P. A.

(Continued from Page 11)

man who seemed to think that buying from a pump and tool manufacturer was the best fun he had ever had, and who gave Hemingway an order for gaskets and asked him to come in a few days later and talk valves to him.

"Do you know Brown, of the Hercules Mills, Mr. Bainter?" the manager asked incidentally.

"Brown? Sure! The fellow with the big chest measure? Uh-huh! What's he been doing to you?"

"Nothing yet. But he's going to pay me some money he's going to owe me. Some day I may tell you about it. Are there many purchasing agents as self-important as he is?"

"I suppose so. About as many of his kind in p. a. offices as there are in sales managers' offices, I should say. We're all human, Mr. Hemingway."

"Ouch!" said Hemingway, but he did not explain why to jolly little Mr. Bainter.

An appointment for the third day thereafter, and encouraging indications in an unexpected quarter, carried the zealous manager to his last visit—that on the purchasing agent he was particularly anxious to meet—young Mr. Wiley, of Sunbeam Food Products. This was the man Moulton had said could not be sold. Hemingway expected to find another Mr. Brown, or something worse. To his surprise he entered the purchasing agent's outer office in the big suite occupied by the food company and found himself in the company of two busy stenographers who did not even glance up at him, and facing an open door beyond which, in an inner office, with the door wide open, there sat a snappy-looking young man at a big desk who seemed not to have a care in the world and who was chaffing with a burly salesman whose sample case lay on the desk between them. Hemingway hesitated.

Meeting Mr. Wiley

"Want to see me?" the care-free youth called out at once.

"I want to see Mr. Wiley."

"All right. I'm it. Come on in."

"You're busy, Mr. Wiley. I can wait."

"I'm just wasting time with this typewriter-ribbon robber," Wiley retorted. "Come in."

Hemingway accepted this invitation; was introduced to the robber; was given a cigar by the latter; and stated his line.

"Where's your Mr. Moulton?" Wiley asked at once.

Hemingway colored.

"He's taking a little rest and change."

"He's lucky to be able to do that," Wiley said enviously. "What have you got on your mind, Mr. Hemingway?"

Hemingway took thought of the hospitable open door behind him, of the cordiality of this boyish-looking purchasing agent, of the atmosphere and air of the place, and he decided abruptly that what he wanted most was not to sell goods, or even to offer them.

"I wanted to know whether you could go to dinner with me to-night," he said bluntly.

"To-night? What's on? I might. Yes, I can. But I don't buy while I'm eating—I warn you of that."

"And I don't sell then either, Mr. Wiley," Hemingway responded.

"If I mention my line to you to-night once, I hope they serve me tartare sauce on my fig pudding. But I do promise to ask you a lot of questions."

"I'll do my best to answer them if they're not too personal, Hemingway. I don't pretend to get your idea, but a dinner is a dinner, and when it's free it's sometimes fattening. How would six be, at any place you name?"

Recalling some of the things he had learned as a salesman about this particular line, Hemingway ordered the meal in advance, causing the sensitive and appreciative floor captain to bestow on him adulation and praise for the discrimination he showed.

"It will be a meal, sir—such a meal ——"

"It had better be," Hemingway interrupted briskly. "And also don't put us too near the orchestra. Far enough away, say, so that we can hear My Baby's Arms without actually having them round our necks. See? And give me a waiter whose eye I can catch every time in at least three throws. You have me? *Vôild*, as we say in the Army."

The pro tem salesman for the Geer Machinery Company had observed that Purchasing Agent Wiley was thin and wiry. His experience had taught him that most men of that build, contrary to the accepted doctrine on the point, are hearty diners and men of taste in dining. Before the roast was reached Wiley was almost tender. Hemingway talked golf, music, astronomy, baseball, the Shan-tung provision and presidential possibilities, and Wiley let him talk. At the stage of dessert the purchasing agent was in a mood to vote a relief fund to Germany. It was he who broached the subject of business, voluntarily and without prompting.

"Now that I feel at peace with all the world, Hemingway," he began, letting his belt out a notch, "it would be a favor if you would tell me why you bought me this symphonic poem of a meal. I know it's something I oughtn't to give you, but if you talk fast I may do what I oughtn't. Now shoot!"

"Then answer me the question, why is a purchasing agent?"

Wiley frowned, then laughed.

"What's the matter? Somebody been stepping on your frame?"

"Either that or my foot has slipped."

"You don't get along with the genus p.a., I take it."

"You take it correctly. I'll lay my cards on the table. I'm western manager for the Geer people. One of my salesmen told me that it was impossible for him to sell the purchasing agents on his list. When I came to think about it I realized that we aren't having the success we ought to have in landing any of the big firms in this territory. Most of them have purchasing departments. With a shrewdness that I consider truly remarkable I put two and two together and reached the conclusion that something is wrong with purchasing agents, or else wrong with me and my salesmen. I'm out in the territory as a salesman myself now trying to find the answer. And I may add that I have no particular feelings that you can hurt—I used to umpire amateur baseball."

"I'm glad you told me that, Hemingway. Here is the first jolt. You are about twenty years behind the times."

"Right on the jaw! Come on; I like punishment."

Wiley picked up the cigar offered him.

"Thanks. That is the pink rosebud on the top of the icing of this perfect wedding-cake of a meal! Um-m-m! Three for a dollar? Thought so. Now!"

He leaned back in his chair, looking across at Hemingway straight.

Mutual Confidence

"Business, Mr. Hemingway," he began, "is not the game of wits and tricks that it was twenty years ago, and the man who doesn't recognize that fact is due to go under the auctioneer's hammer. Now we buy and sell on confidence and mutual good will as much as on price and terms and deliveries, or even on quality. We trust each other. And that means that our deals are carried on in a better way than ever before; that prices are fairer; that promises are more scrupulously kept; and that American business and business methods are beginning to reach out all over the world—to stay!

"The reason, as I see it, why the new basis of mutual confidence is better than the old one of driving bargains and skinning the other fellow if you wanted to get your name onto a bank directorate is this: The trusted man is compelled to be trustworthy. If I ask you to send me a carload of burlap or a can-sealing machine without haggling over price or insulting you about quality it is immediately up to you to meet me with a fair price and the best quality and service you have in your bag. On the other hand, if you give me service and fulfill your promises to the letter it is up to me to reciprocate with prompt payment, a decent word and reliance on you and your house as a dependable source of supply. And neither one of us is going to fall down. Isn't that so?"

"It's so with me," Hemingway said, a little puzzled. "And it's the first business principle of the Geer Machinery Company. But I don't see ——"

"Wait a minute and you will. I wanted to start with you on a basis of understanding of essentials. Now, why is a purchasing agent? I know what you think about them, but I'd like to hear you say it. And though I never umpired a baseball game in my life, I once ran for trustee in the small town where I live. Go as far as you like."

"I will. In the first place the purchasing agent holds his job because he can buy at a closer price and on better terms than the head of the firm or a department chief or a foreman could. To make a showing he has to buy right down as near to cost as he can. He is the professional haggler and hawss-trader of business."

A Defence of the P. A.

"Wrong! You'll find, on the contrary, that the successful purchasing agent will more cheerfully pay your price, if it is a fair one, than any amateur buyer. And I mean by amateur buyer a man who buys incidentally instead of making that his profession. The reason why the p. a. appreciates a fair price and is willing to pay it is that there is no one living who knows better than he that price is only one factor in buying. Your average buyer wants a bargain and will go miles out of his way to get one. The professional buyer, knowing the tricks of the trade, stops cold when he hears of a bargain and sniffs a little, because he wonders why the price is cut. He looks a bargain over like a man who has been offered a cheese by a stingy friend. His hunch is that there is something wrong with it. I don't mean to say that the p. a. will refuse a real bargain, but to one purchase he makes because it is cheap there are a thousand he makes at full list price, less trade discounts, because he knows then that he can count on good quality, prompt delivery and a fulfilled contract—things that are often much more important than mere price. Think that over, will you?"

Hemingway had been listening closely; now he nodded.

"You are a fast talker, Mr. Wiley," he said; "and you would have made a good salesman. I haven't much wind left in my sails, but there is still a puff or two."

"Go on and blow."

"All right. Passing the matter of haggling over price, I'll say my second quarrel with the purchasing agent—the professional buyer, as you call him—is that he is a machine. I've always dealt with men I could make friends of. Selling to a purchasing agent seems to me to be like buying from a mail-order catalogue. The purchasing agent stands between the salesman and the firm and takes out all the joy of business. How's that?"

"It's as nearly as possible the direct opposite to the true situation," Wiley said promptly. "That last sentence of yours was a hum-dinger until you came to the last phrase, and that spoiled everything. The purchasing agent does stand between the firm and the salesman, but he's the lad who puts all the joy into business for you. He is your best friend. He is a middleman, as my friend Feagan has it. He is continually engaged in compromising between the dream of the house—to get their raw materials and supplies at cost or less—and the highest ambition of the salesman—to sell his wares at the biggest profit he could take without blushing. The purchasing agent knows that goods can't be sold at cost; he also knows they can't be bought at a fancy profit to the seller.

"His job is to bring the two extremes together in a fair bargain. That is his business, but some of the p.a.'s I know make an art of it."

"I hadn't thought of that viewpoint."

"I notice you haven't. But here's more to think about: I say that the purchasing agent is your best friend, and I mean it. I'll admit that there are professional buyers who don't realize the true value of business friendships, but you will find out that the purchasing agent with the most friends among salesmen is the most successful in his line, and the one is part of the reason for the other. From your end of the game the most important point in this connection is that the purchasing agent reduces your job of selling to its simplest and most elemental form—simply does the bulk of your work for you. And yet you would like to eliminate him!"

(Continued on Page 134)

Vulcanize Your Tube Punctures In 5 Minutes

Over 1,000,000 motorists carry the simple SHALER Vulcanizer for emergency use in making quick, permanently vulcanized tube repairs anywhere—at home or on the road—in wind or storm.

It's easy and inexpensive. The SHALER works automatically—and without fail. Just touch a match to the chemical fuel. In five minutes the cut or puncture is repaired—a permanent, heat vulcanized repair that will not come off—stronger than the tube itself. No gasoline, cement or flame. Carry the SHALER in your car. So simple—anyone can use it.

Saves Repair Bills

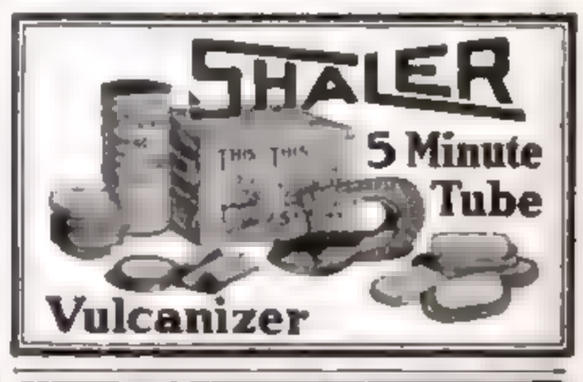
Stop the wasteful habit of carrying $2 to $15 worth of spare tubes that deteriorate quickly, and of scrapping perfectly good inner tubes that only have a cut or puncture, which you can permanently vulcanize quicker than you can insert a new tube. The SHALER also repairs rubbers, rubber boots, hot water bottles, etc.

Complete Outfit $1.50

The outfit includes—the Shaler Vulcanizer—12 Patch-&-Heat Units and complete instructions. Extra Patch-&-Heat Units 75 cents a dozen. Prices slightly higher in Canada and west of the Rockies.

Buy From Any Accessory Dealer

C. A. SHALER COMPANY
1401 Fourth St. Waupun, Wis.



Dennisons

KEY TAGS

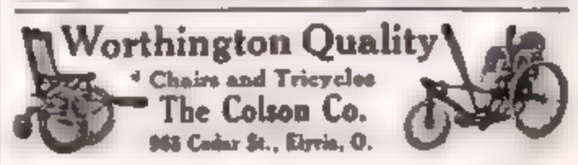
A key in the hand is worth two of them lost. Key Tags tell you "which is which." Wise travelers use them on trips and in store-room.

Write to Dennison, Dept. G Framingham, Mass., for "The Handy Book"

What Next?

PATENTS. WRITE for free illustrated guide book and "EVIDENCE OF CONCEPTION BLANK." Send model or sketch and description of invention for our free opinion of its patentable nature.
Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms.
Victor J. Evans & Co., 727 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

PATENT-SENSE
"The Book for Inventors & Mfrs."
By Return Mail FREE Write
LACEY & LACEY, Dept. W Washington, D.C.



Worthington Quality
Chairs and Tricycles
The Colson Co.
965 Cedar St., Elyria, O.

Craftsmanship — A New England Tradition

STEVENS DURYEA

E treasure the finest products of our old New England craftsmen not so much because they are old as because they are good and beautiful and true.

A clock built by Eli Terry in 1792 is an accurate and constant timekeeper to-day. Every American is proud of that clock because it expresses the spirit of craftsmanship which has become a part of our American tradition.

Craftsmanship, like art, comes into its own when a people has settled down. Craftsmen are "settled-down" individuals themselves. They will not be hurried. They cannot be bullied or propagandized. They are solid citizens who want to be left alone to do their work as well as it can be done.

A New England Tradition

Craftsmanship came to New England only when the period of Indian-fighting, farm-clearing, home-building and violent readjustment had ended.

It remains and thrives here to-day because the native population of New England has been only slightly affected by industrial and social disturbances. No force has entered to uproot the fine old tradition.

Consequently in no part of America has there been greater progress in the manufacture of modern products that require master-workmanship. New England craftsmen make the finest guns in the world. Intricate scientific instruments, watches, machines and machine-tools are made here with the same infinite care and accuracy that characterized the work of the gunsmiths, silversmiths and furniture-makers of the early days.

A Craftsman's Car

So it is not difficult to understand why it takes New England to produce the Stevens-Duryea Motor Car.

New England craftsmen set the standards for Stevens-Duryea construction in the earliest days of the automobile industry. It was as if they were responding to a challenge. America, they said, should have a real craftsman's car—New England would make it.

Thus it comes about that the owner of a Stevens-Duryea to-day is not the owner merely of a motor car—his possession is a beautifully conceived and executed piece of machinery carrying a riding compartment which takes the place of his home while traveling, whether his trip be from his front door to his office or from Boston to Los Angeles. And his car, like his home, has the qualities of utility, permanence, and faultless taste.

STEVENS-DURYEA, INC., CHICOPEE FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Stevens-Duryea

MOTOR CARS

(Continued from Page 131)

"You have a tongue of honey and a fascin..ting manner, Wiley; but that last remark of yours draws awfully hard in my pipe."

"Does, eh? Then listen a minute. What would you think if your company dropped its selling force and sent its workmen out to sell the goods they make? Suppose I suggested to you that the man to sell a lathe is the man in the factory who turned it out?"

"I'd say you were talking through your hat, if you don't mind the expression."

"I am. But when you talk to me about having department heads and members of the firm and shop foremen doing the buying for their establishments you are not only talking through your hat but you are speaking in Esperanto. There isn't a shade of difference between the two propositions. Only it took the business world a long time to discover that buying was just as highly specialized a department as selling, if not more so. The purchasing agent was the result of their final discovery of the truth."

"But I don't see the parallel," Hemingway protested. "Suppose your factory superintendent wants a peach-pitting machine. You'll have to admit that he knows more about peach pitters in a minute than you do."

"I don't admit anything of the kind, and I could give you a hundred illustrations to prove you wrong. I don't know about peach pitters at this precise moment perhaps, but I'll undertake to know about them in an hour if I have to. And one of the people I would depend on for my information would be the factory superintendent—or better, one of the girls working in our cannery at stoning peaches. When I had the facts I would have more than the foreman or superintendent could possibly have, because I know, for instance, that right now all steel machinery is cheaper than it has been for a long time but quite considerably higher than it will be in a few months. From the manager I could find out how many tons of peaches we will can this season. From the field men I could find out how the peach crop in California is going to be this year, and how it will probably be next year. With these and a lot of other factors of the problem before me I could decide whether we need a peach-pitting machine now, or whether we wouldn't save money by waiting—even at the cost of a few thousand cases of peaches in our output. You see what I mean about professional buying perhaps."

"Yes; but that keeps me out of a sale instead of making me one."

Centralized Buying

"Oh, rot! You wouldn't sell me a peach pitter as you might sell one to the superintendent who was fool enough to buy it. But you could get busy then and sell me something that was wanted in another department. The whole point is that the purchasing agent brings together into one office all the complex and multiplied needs of a score of departments and bureaus and sections and divisions of a business, just as you bring together in your selling all the skill and work and experience and materials a thousand men have contributed to make your goods. If I want a carton-filling machine I don't send for a special carton-filling machine salesman; I send for you. But on the same trip you can sell me a gross of twine needles instead of my having to send over for the man who sells them. I buy anything you have through you instead of through forty-odd specialists. You sell through me anything that my whole establishment needs. Do you see the parallel now?"

"Yes; you're so dog-gone plausible."

"No; I'm so dog-gone right. And there's another way in which the p.a. simplifies your job. Take my company, with twenty different departments, scattered over the whole coast in nine different cities. Imagine what a task it would be to sell to a different man in each of these departments and in each of these cities. You would be facing a hundred men with a hundred different temperaments, a hundred different buying policies, a hundred different ideas of value, a hundred methods of safeguarding the future as to stocks, and so on. Everybody's business would just be nobody's business. From the standpoint of the firm it would be ruinous. A housewife who would run her business on such a basis would be in the divorce court in a month—and serve her right."

"I can see your value to your firm," Hemingway admitted. "But how does that help me?"

"The same way. If twenty department heads bought from you direct instead of through my office you would have at least twenty men to satisfy, to make friends with, to study and understand. You would have to call on twenty, give time to twenty, squeeze in appointments with twenty. Lord, man, where do you get the idea that a purchasing agent is an obstacle to an effective selling system? Wake up! Didn't I tell you you were twenty years behind the times?"

"You did, and though I hate to admit it, I begin to believe you. And I see now why you said what you did at first about the new way of doing business. If I understand you, mutual confidence and a friendship can be built up between salesmen and a purchasing agent that would make things better for both of them."

"If they will both see what honesty, directness, fairness and friendliness can do for them they are jake, as the boys say. If they don't they had both better shut up shop."

Hemingway smiled.

"Do you happen to know a purchasing agent named Brown—Hercules Mills?"

The Matter With Moulton

"I do." Wiley looked up. Then he laughed. "You're wondering where the Brown methods get off, eh? What did he do to you? Tell me about it."

Hemingway told. He went further and outlined his program for getting even—an additional one hundred dollars on the price of the pump unit for every time Brown made him feel like a street beggar. Wiley roared.

"Maybe I oughtn't to tell you," he said; "but you have hit on the right way to handle old grouchy P. J. And I'll tell you another secret—I think you may land him at about the eighth or tenth visit. Make a note of that and tell how the thing works out. If you succeed I'll let the story mature a while and then I'll pass it round, and between us we may break Mr. Brown of his one vicious habit."

"I'd call that worth doing," Hemingway said. "And now will you answer me one more question? It's about Sam Moulton, my salesman. Understand that I like Sam and that I think he is a good man in the field. But what is wrong with his slant?"

"He carries a chip on his shoulder for purchasing agents, that's all. He starts with a prejudice against the men he needs most in his business. And do you know whose fault that is?"

"I do. It's his own. After to-night——"

"It isn't! It's yours!" Wiley interrupted.

"Mine? But I'm not a salesman any more. Until to-day I didn't know two of our customers."

"Of course not. But what have you just been telling me about your feeling concerning the p. a.'s? That you didn't like them or trust them or want to have any truck with them. You're a fine, cheerful sort of a sales manager, you are! 'Here's a sample case and a price book and some order blanks,' you say to your field man. 'Go out and try to land a few purchasing agents, but remember that they are all crooks; so leave your watch and loose change in the safe as you start.' Do you seem to get me?"

"I seem to, yes. Are my ears red? They feel it."

"That's a good symptom," Wiley laughed. "Get a new angle on purchasing agents and all other buyers. As far as Moulton is concerned, his only other difficulty is that he doesn't like to be asked personal questions about his line. His idea seems to be to shove a catalogue picture under your nose and take an order in the sign language—sign here. The live purchasing agent wants a salesman to teach him at least one new thing a day. I ask Moulton questions and he is hurt and offended. Instead of that he ought to come back at me fast with information on some subject that will make me a better buyer. And I'll promise to do as much for him from my experience with salesmen. Moulton is mentally lazy. Now you have my diagnosis."

"I also have a slight headache from trying to take a four years' course in one evening," Hemingway said, reaching for the dinner check. "I'm going to stay in the field for a while. I don't think purchasing agents are so perfect as you make them out to be, but I'm not quick enough in the cerebellum, or wherever it is, to call you. There is one thing as certain as prohibition—I have that new angle on the p. a. you were talking about, and I owe you a lot for that. Shall we go? I'll have brain fever if I listen much longer. I was thinking of a show for the extremely tired business man. Does that sound reasonable to you?"

It did.

Hemingway started on the second lap of his investigation of purchasing agents in a considerably improved frame of mind. Wiley had made him a convert to the purchasing-agent idea, and the manager of the Geer Company's western offices was surprised to find how right the Sunbeam Food Products man had been. But he was to learn by bitter experience that Wiley had been talking about ideal conditions and the finer type of purchasing agent. His experience really began with P. J. Brown, the old grouch, but it carried him up against several other types with failings peculiar to themselves. Covering that month that he stayed in the field and really put the Geer Machinery Company on the map and the year or so that followed his return to his desk, his education was liberal. In the end he framed a set of rules for purchasing agents from the viewpoint of the salesman, and when he showed it to Wiley the latter grabbed it for use at the annual meeting of the purchasing agents' association.

"It is the last word on the subject, Hemingway," he said delightedly. "We ought to make you an honorary member for giving it to us. And if it doesn't do a world of good, then I'll quit boosting the purchasing-agent system and go out with a soap box and be an anarchist."

The rules were seven:

1. Be courteous, thoughtful and fair. Politeness is an asset.

2. Never call a salesman a liar, even by inference. If he is one cut him off your list.

3. Build up business friendship with your salesmen.

4. Be broad-minded. Bigotry and prejudice come high and there are no discounts on them to the trade.

5. Don't be a haggler over price. Price is but one factor in buying, and in many ways it is the least important one.

6. Don't be a fault-finder. The man who can see nothing but petty flaws in salesmen or their goods usually has plenty of his own, and is likely to be caught with them on him.

7. Don't take advantage of a salesman's mistakes. Then he will be prompted to save you from making them yourself.

"The first rule is addressed to Friend Brown, of the Hercules Mills, and his kind," Hemingway explained. "Do you remember about him?"

"Yes. What happened in that deal, by the way?" Wiley asked.

Getting Even With Brown

"I believe you said I would sell him in about eight visits. It took ten. Every time he was mean, nasty and insulting—until the last. Even then he couldn't be quite decent. Each call I made resulted in an addition of one hundred dollars to the price of that pump unit that I had been ready to offer him first at two thousand. I asked him about the matter every time I saw him, but I always refused to name a price until he signified an intention to deal. On the tenth visit he was almost affable, and I plumped the price of three thousand at him. That made him nasty. But I saw I had him weakening—his people were simply clamoring for that machinery. So I added calmly that he would not only have to pay three thousand but that he would have to pay it f.o.b. the up-state town where I had it stored. The whole unit cost him round thirty-one hundred."

Wiley lay back and roared.

"I haven't heard anything so good since they cut freight rates!" he exploded. "Wait until I pass the story round! If P. J. Brown doesn't get religion he will have to get out of the field. He will be laughed to death!"

As a matter of fact, Brown refused to be converted, and within a few months word came that he had resigned and gone back to New England to conduct a small business in the town of his youth. And thereafter all a salesman had to do when a purchasing agent was brusque or rough was to call him P. J., and the disease was stamped out instantly.

Meantime Wiley went on with the seven commandments to purchasing agents. Hemingway was ready.

"I framed that second rule -the one about calling salesmen liars—after an experience I heard of. John Radcliff, of the Whitestone Glass Company, made a call one day on a new purchasing agent here—a fellow who had just come out from the East with a reputation. John told him in a friendly way that glass was going up presently and suggested that he lay in a supply of fruit jars for a season's run."

"Oh, I know that story!" Wiley interrupted. "Tied up the Perry Fruit Company's canneries for a while, didn't it?"

"It did. This new purchasing agent sneered when Radcliff told him that he was giving him a friendly tip.

"'That's a very old gag, Mr. Radcliff,' this bird said. 'Back East it was discarded years ago. You may think you can rush an order out of me with a cock-and-bull story like that, but I'm wise. No jars to-day, thanks, nor yet to-morrow!'

"John walked out. Sixty days later, if you remember, glass of all kinds went soaring. The foxy purchasing agent tried to cover, and couldn't—not at the old price or at the new one or at any price. Three big canneries were tied up before the season was half over, and I suppose the Perry people lost a hundred thousand cold because a suspicious purchasing agent thought he was being lied to."

Inside Information

"And the sequel," Wiley interposed, "was that Mister Purchasing Agent was shortly going east on a fast train, back where the tricks of the trade were all stereotyped. Name was Dickens or Dickenson or something. Well, he played the Dickens anyway. Go on, Professor Hemingway! What about business friendships?"

Hemingway colored.

"I'll have to tell you this one under the seal of the confessional," he said. "I suppose it was unethical—what I did—but I'd stretch a point farther than I did for little Tommy Bainter. He surely made a business friend of me right from the gun!"

"Oh, it was Bainter, eh? What happened?"

"Do you remember the steel strike? Well, my people had some sort of advance and inside information on it, and when our Mr. Henry Geer was out here on the coast he told me in strict confidence that it was coming on. He said that a great effort was going to be made to sidetrack it, and that this effort would be useless if the word went round that there was anything on. So I promised to keep it dark.

"But after that I got to worrying about Bainter. He had been my friend from the minute I hit the field last year, just as you were. And I knew that his firm was going to build a new plant and install practically a complete new factory equipment. Their plans were all made—they had to go ahead. So I went to Bainter finally and told him what I had heard. He bought two hundred thousand dollars' worth of machinery in the next ten days—worked day and night. His stuff was on the cars and rolling before the strike broke, but if he had waited another six weeks I don't suppose he could have bought a soldering iron. What do you think of my ethics now?"

"Did Bainter buy his whole bill from you?"

"As it happened I didn't carry what he needed—I doubt if he spent ten thousand dollars with the Geer Company."

"Well, then I think your ethics suits me down to the ground. That's how strong I go. And I'm just thinking of the other side of your rule about business friendships; I know of a case where the p. a. didn't have a business friend in the world, and it cost him his job.

"I won't tell you his name, but he was buying for an electrical manufacturing company. He was the most unreasonable and disagreeable man I've ever known in business. Also, he was a snob. He belonged to a country club and thought business was beneath him. Maybe it was, and he ought to have been an earl or a poet or something. At any rate during the war his people got a big government order. It threatened to swamp them. They had to have raw materials and they had to have them quick. But my man couldn't get them. The rest of us were keeping our heads above water with difficulty, pulling every wire we could lay hands on, relying on our friends in the selling line and even dragging in the influential men we knew

(Concluded on Page 137)

RIT

REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

Cake, Flaked and Powdered

IT is so easy to use RIT. Simply wash the article with RIT and it is colored at the same time.

For your most delicate silks and sheer crêpes Flaked RIT will delight you. Flaked RIT dissolves instantly and without possible injury washes and "Rit"-s your daintiest garments.

Powdered RIT—for boiling—is used for heavier garments or when permanent colors are wanted.

Everyone will wear "color" this Spring

WONDERFUL indeed the wealth of color RIT has made possible. Not one of the glowing tints that Dame Fashion demands this Spring but what is offered for our enjoyment with RIT.

Little did we dream, awhile back, of color—soft and alluring—in underwear, corsets, stockings, waists, draperies and numerous other dainty washable things. But now we simply "RIT" them with RIT and love them more than when new.

Besides, RIT is such a comfort, for there is no fear of injury to the finest fabric or any staining of hands or washbowl. No matter whether it be cotton, silk or wool, RIT will "RIT" it satisfactorily and instantly.

It is so convenient to keep an assortment of RIT colors in the house. And, when you wish to enliven the color of a cherished waist or a bit of lingerie, to brighten a silken drapery, or to radiantly color a faded summer frock, you have RIT ready for instant use.

RIT
for all washable materials

Black	*Light Blue*	*Yellow*	*Light Gray*
Pink	*Dark Blue*	*Flesh*	*Battleship Gray*
Rose	*Orange*	*Tangerine*	*Chartreuse*
Old Rose	*Tan*	*Canary Yellow*	*Taupe*
Salmon Pink	*Brown*	*Light Green*	*Mustard*
Red	*Emerald Green*	*Golden Yellow*	*Lavender*

FLAKED RIT
for sheer washable materials

Navy Blue	*Light Green*
Dark Green	*Old Rose*
Pink	*Light Blue*
Red	*Light Gray*
Yellow	*Dark Blue*

POWDERED RIT
for heavy materials

Black	*Purple*
Navy Blue	*Copenhagen Blue*
Dark Brown	*Royal Green*
Royal Blue	*Brown*
Dark Green	*Scarlet*
Yellow	*Cardinal*

SUNBEAM CHEMICAL COMPANY, *Chicago*
(A Corporation)

LOS ANGELES CABLE, WIS. NEW YORK PARIS LONDON

Makers of OZOL — the Superior Antiseptic, Disinfectant and Deodorant

Never say "dye"—say "RIT"

TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE

DIXIE CARROLL
Famous sportsman and writer on life in the great outdoors puts it about P. A. like this.
"I hate like fury to have my tongue burned, baked and blistered in the woods. Besides liking the taste o' Prince Albert, it never nips my tongue, and I smoke pipeful after pipeful while fishing"

P. A. puts spring frolics into your old jimmy pipe!

What you've been angling for in smokes you'll hook for fair on the first strike when you make a cast in the Prince Albert pool-of-pleasure! You'll land a whale of a prize that will furnish you with yard-long-knee-deep smoketales you'll never tire of telling at sport experience sessions!

You won't have to jot it down in your 1920 memo book as to how and when you got thick with a jimmy pipe! Bet you the day's catch you'll call the date you flushed Prince Albert quite a long spell after you've passed up counting birthdays!

For, P. A. makes a deep dent on your smokedisposition with its refreshing flavor, fragrance and coolness—*and*—its freedom from bite and parch *which our exclusive patented process cuts out!* Why, you fire away on P. A. like your name was Neverstop *without fussing your tongue!*

Talk about big game! The classiest sport you ever waded into is a pet-pal-pipe when it's packed with Prince Albert! Money can't buy tackle and bait that will bring home a whopper catch like a joy'us jimmy and a tidy red tin of P. A!

Toppy red bags, tiny red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Copyright 1920 by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

(Concluded from Page 134)

in politics to help us. The electrical factory p. a. didn't have any friends. All he had was a choice and democratic list of consistent little enemies. The man who broke his back was an ex-salesman who had known him and his ways a long time before, but who by some freak of fate was given an influential advisory position in Washington. As a last resort the disagreeable p. a. went to Washington to get a preference-delivery order. He ran afoul of the ex-salesman. Is that sufficient?"

"It is!" Hemingway laughed. "I guess I know the ex-salesman all right, because he helped me a lot. But the other poor devil ——"

"Poor devil, nothing! He got what was coming to him. Haven't I been telling you for a year that business is done on a basis of mutual understanding and confidence? The poor devil didn't believe this. Now he's a shipping clerk and beginning to be quite affable. I have hopes for him yet—because he's working in our factory and I'm keeping an eye on him."

"That sounds like you, Wiley," Hemingway said admiringly. "Always doing something for some ——"

"Come on, here—this is business!" Wiley interrupted briskly. "I notice the fourth rule is 'Be broad-minded.' Am I?"

"You are the man my next story is about. Remember those tea cartons?"

Wiley frowned.

"Where did you hear that?"

"I never have heard the whole yarn. But I know you finally made your people go back to the Page & Haskall company for cartons. You had been off them for years, hadn't you?"

Wiley grinned.

"That isn't a bad incident for your purposes," he said. "I'll make it short. When Food Products was first organized they bought their paper boxes and cartons from Page & Haskall and never had a complaint to register. Then about eight years ago they had some trouble with tea. Retailers claimed that it was coming back to them from the consumer. Business fell off. The officials of the company spent a good deal of money to discover what was wrong—the tea had a peculiar odor and a slightly foreign taste. Finally it developed that in a big carton order Page & Haskall had used an animal-base glue instead of one with a vegetable base. It was a slip—nothing more. Page & Haskall did everything they could to make amends, but our people were implacable. The order was issued from above never to buy another dollar's worth of paper or paper goods from the local firm. The business all went east. Years passed."

A High-Priced Grudge

"Then I came over and took charge. About the first order I gave of any size was for a carload of paper cartons from Page & Haskall. The higher-ups told me to rescind the order. I stood pat, because I had heard this idiotic story. I finally converted every man in the firm except an old Scotchman who could hold a grudge as long as he could a ten-cent piece. He made an issue of it—either I would cancel that order or quit. So I went into the auditing department and got them to dig up all our orders and bills for paper and paper products covering that six-year period that Page & Haskall had been on our black list. With those compiled I went to Page & Haskall and got them to figure what the same goods would have cost if bought from them. The difference ran up to thirty thousand dollars.

"'That is a pretty fancy price to pay for the privilege of holding an old grudge, isn't it, Mr. McPherson?' I asked.

"I thought he was going to have apoplexy—instead he had a good laugh.

"'You're a canny lad,' he said. 'I'm no a collector-r of gr-rudges thot r-run into five figur-res. Buy fr-rom anybody you please, lad, and dinna fash me!'

"I think that covers broad-mindedness, eh, Hemingway? Now Number Five—price squeezing."

"I think we are pretty well agreed on Number Five," Hemingway replied, laughing. "I have had all sorts of experiences on that head, but generally speaking I have found that most purchasing agents take the view you do. The other day, for example, I sold half a carload of machinery to Sessions, of the Acme Die and Tool Company, without his asking the price once. That is an exceptional case, of course, but it shows that there are other factors in buying. I think my oddest experience, though, was with the buyer for a four-million-dollar corporation the other day.

"He had been trying to buy extra-large jute sacks from me, but he wanted to shave the price down to bedrock. Finally I quoted him thirty-four cents. A little later he telephoned to say he had asked some other purchasing agent what he was paying and that this man had said thirty-one cents. We talked back and forth for a while and I finally said that I could touch thirty-two if he would take enough sacks to make it worth while. What do you think he said?"

"That he was going to buy somewhere else?"

"No; he wanted my sacks. He wanted one hundred of them!"

Wiley stared.

"You don't mean that? You're talking about Finney, of the Atlas-Brea Oil Company, aren't you? I thought so. I'm the man he telephoned to to ask what I paid. I told him to get rid of him."

"I'm not kicking," Hemingway said, smiling. "But can you imagine a four-million-dollar concern spending that time and energy to save a cent apiece on a hundred jute sacks? One dollar! One bone—and you can't buy a pair of socks for that nowadays! I claim that lad is the blue-ribbon price haggler of the world."

A Wholesome Lesson

"I wouldn't even enter against him!" Wiley agreed. "And when that story gets round there will be another sick purchasing agent. This is going to be a great lesson to all of us—this set of rules of yours."

"Well, there ought not to be much argument about this price matter. Any salesman knows what happens when a man shows that he is a close bargainer. We simply put up the price at the jump-off, and then take our chances on being able to come down slowly enough to save our skins. Sometimes we make a sale at better than list; more often the hawss trader keeps hammering us down until we quit from sheer exhaustion. But you may believe me that none of us ever forgets a man like that, and if we catch him in the door we have sweet revenge and plenty of it."

"You must have got this next hunch from me, Hemingway," Wiley observed. "The one about fault-finding is the one I mean."

"No, I got it from observation and experience. But what made you say what you did?"

"Because I have the top story along that line. You are hitting at the business-trouble hunter—the man who can find a fly in every pot of ointment he buys. It's an easy thing to do if you're built that way. All factories are human things, and all shipping clerks are something less. Mistakes will happen and breakages will occur. The big man makes his damage claim or his complaint decently and drops it. The chronic fault-finder grabs at a mistake or a shipping error or a slip in billing or anything else he can find and shakes it like a rat. There is one man in this town who never receives a bill of goods without coming back on somebody for damages or a rebate. And not only that, which is bad enough, but when he can't find actual damage or a mistake of some sort he invents a few and tries to bluff it through and get something for it. It's habit with him. And you may believe me that he doesn't let the salesman forget about it either.

"This bird is getting his right now, and getting it good. Whether it will reform him or not is another question—I doubt it. But the story is that about sixty days ago he had a brilliant hunch that a certain grade of paper his house uses was going up. I'll give him his due—he is a hard man to beat at guessing markets. He sent for several salesmen, and after indulging in his usual tirade about how lax their respective houses were he gave one of them an order for a full carload, which is a lot of paper. Ten days later that paper went out of sight in the clouds. We were all of us caught short except the fault-finder.

"The salesman who had taken the order was a friend of mine—I'd been dealing with him for years. He often compared my way of buying and receiving deliveries with that of the grumbler, and we had joked about it a good deal. When the paper market was all shot to pieces and I was beginning to worry about where our next delivery was to come from, Nixon, the salesman, dropped in on me.

"'Do you want to join a pool to take on a carload of medium-weight catalogue paper at about half the present prices, Wiley?' he asked.

"I said that I had a bad heart and that disappointments weren't good for me.

"'I'm not joking,' he said. 'Eight of the boys are in and I have come to give you a chance. If you want to buy with them sign here.'

"I knew Nixon; I signed without reading. But I was disappointed when he walked out without telling me another word. Two weeks more passed and a truck backed up to our stock-room platform loaded down with catalogue paper that I almost wept for joy over; and in a few days Nixon blew in, trying to keep his face straight.

"'Take a look at that, will you?' he said.

"What he handed me was an insulting letter from the fault-finding p. a. complaining that he had been stung in the contract he had signed for the catalogue paper; that he had found afterward he could have got it for less money; and that the first delivery he had received was faulty stock. It was his usual letter—probably written through force of habit.

"'What next?' I asked, still mystified.

"Then Nixon told me the whole story. He said that when he received that letter he was mad enough to bite a tungsten bar and that he had first thought of going over and giving the man a good, sound, old-fashioned thrashing just for luck, even if it cost him his job. However, he had had what he considered a better idea—and I'll tell the world it was all of that! He wrote an impudent note to the fault-finder, calling him a liar almost in so many words and telling him that he was going to hold him to that paper contract as it stood or sue him immediately. The grouch came back, and in his usual blackguardly language told Nixon he needn't ever come into the place again and that he could take this paper and his contract and all his business and jump off a pier with them. Nixon quietly canceled the contract, stopped deliveries and put the goods in a warehouse, and then had the consummate nerve to send to the fault-finder's stock room and with the old man's letter as authority to take away the paper already delivered. He moved so fast that the grumbler didn't know about it."

The Case of Greene

"That was where the rest of us came in. Nixon made up the pool in a day or so and sold us the paper we would have been willing to pay for in lacs of rupees at a price just a shade higher than the old one at which the grouch had contracted it. We kissed Nixon on both cheeks, and about that time the fault-finder woke up. You can see he didn't have a chance in the world. Nixon had his letter telling him to take his old paper and keep it. On the strength of that, supposing the man to be in earnest, you see, he had resold to others. When it comes to guileless and childlike innocence and blandness the heathen Chinee has nothing on Billy Nixon but his laundry bill! The fault-finder tried more bluffing, but he was just plain out of luck. And I hear he is walking very softly these days and that when a salesman comes into the room he stands until the salesman is seated."

"I hit it there then," Hemingway commented exultantly. "Too bad I didn't run into that trouble-shooter myself in my early days. Then I would have had a fine idea of your profession! Well, we can't have everything. And here's the last rule of a sales manager for the guidance of purchasing agents: 'Don't take advantage of a salesman's mistakes.' I was lucky enough not to get caught myself, but I heard of number of purchasing agents who are always on the alert to catch a salesman napping. When I had their number I went to them suspicious, unfriendly, guarded. We never got together on a proper basis. And one of them I simply cut off my list—never would call on him and have never asked my salesmen to visit him. I don't mind telling you his name—he's Greene, of the South American Navigation and Steamship Company. I think he ought to be in jail instead of in a purchasing department."

"Yes," Wiley said, "I know Greene, and so do the rest of the members of our association, and I think he will probably be kicked out with a loud noise in the next few weeks. We have had a lot of complaints about him. Our grievance committee has been investigating him. The salesmen say he alters contracts and does all sorts of weird things."

"That's the man, and if you want evidence I'll get salesmen who will go up and swear his life away. The worst case I have heard of us is that of little Bob Sanders, of the Electrical Appliance outfit. You know Bobby—he wouldn't harm a gnat and he's as square as a corner stone. Well, he had the misfortune to land this fellow Greene for some electrical outfit or other that came to twelve hundred dollars. A little while after the sale it was discovered that Bobby had forgotten to charge Greene one hundred and seventy-five dollars for the motor that went with it—a separate item but usually included in the list price. Bobby went to Greene and Greene laughed at him. Told him he had bought the outfit and paid for it, and that as he did about twenty thousand dollars' worth of business a year with the appliance concern he didn't think they would care to press for payment so long as he had paid the price as quoted him by Bob. Bobby almost went, but Greene wouldn't stir a step for him."

Sharp Practice

"Some of us found out the truth afterward. Bobby's people were pretty sharp about the error, and he isn't the kind to make a fight for himself. He paid that one hundred and seventy-five, and about ten days later a new baby came to his house and there was an operation, and then he got sick—well, you know what I mean about Greene now. If the purchasing agents' association doesn't do something a committee in white with red masks is going to do it, and Mr. Greene will be billed with a bucket of warm, sticky tar and half a bedful of feathers. I am for hanging, myself, but some of the boys oppose capital punishment."

Wiley laughed at the angry sales manager, then he sobered.

"I rather string with you for hanging," he said, "but maybe you'll let it ride until the purchasing agents' association has a whirl at it. Perhaps there is something we can think of that will be worse than death for Greene—something like running him out of this field for good, say."

"Suit yourself, Wiley," Hemingway said.

Wiley stood up, stretching.

"I suppose you know you've taken about an hour of very expensive time for me, don't you?" he asked. "All right, I don't mind. We've got somewhere in the search for the halfway ground between purchasing agents and salesmen at any rate, and that's a job worth doing. When I write my book on professional buying I'll get you to collaborate with me. And in the meantime, how's Moulton doing these days?"

"Sam Moulton?" Hemingway echoed. "He's the greatest little salesman in the West, and his specialty and favorite meat is purchasing agents! They sit up and beg for him, and roll over and stand on their heads; and next year, if nothing happens to the Geer company, he is to be general sales manager for the territory west of the Mississippi. It's a job I should have had myself, only I made the mistake of finding out too much about selling and then telling it all to Sam. You see what you did?"

"Sure," Wiley said cheerfully. "Didn't I tell you from the first that the purchasing agent was the best friend of the salesman? I didn't say sales manager, did I, you glutton?"

"Why glutton?" Hemingway asked aggrievedly.

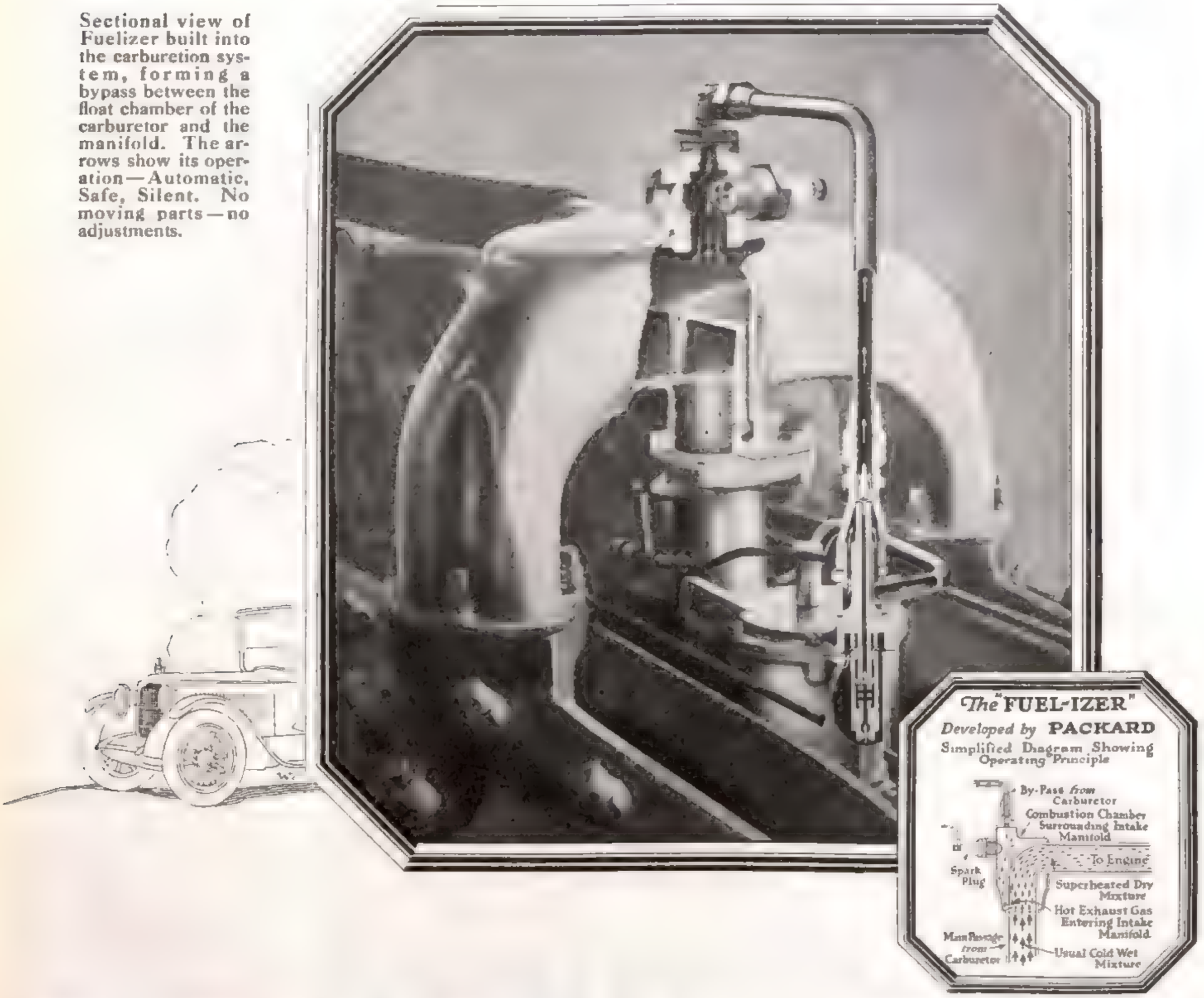
"Oh, go on with you!" Wiley said. "Moulton beat you to it with the news. He was in day before yesterday and told me you were going back to Pittsburgh as a vice president. 'Youngest vice president in the concern!' he said, and you would have thought he was telling me he was going to be married, he was that pleased!"

Packard scores another

The "FUEL-IZER"

Makes Any Gasoline a Perfect Fuel

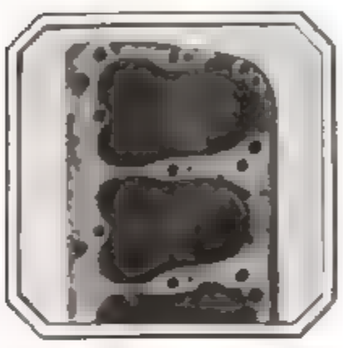
Sectional view of Fuelizer built into the carburetion system, forming a bypass between the float chamber of the carburetor and the manifold. The arrows show its operation—Automatic, Safe, Silent. No moving parts—no adjustments.



PACKARD MOTOR CAR

Engineering Triumph

This Marvelous Achievement Standard Equipment on every new Packard Car - Simple, Positive, Automatic - Gives Packard owners Freedom from Carbon troubles, Spark Plug fouling, Cold Weather Starting troubles - and Protects Oil from dangerous dilution.



Part of cylinder head — motor without Fuelizer. The best designed motors known show such carbonizing in a few thousand miles.

Part of cylinder head. Motor equipped with Fuelizer. Mirror surface of cylinder head unchanged after 5000 miles.

Motor completely packed with snow. Temperature of air was 11° above zero. Seldom is a motor in actual service so thoroughly chilled.

Motor started instantaneously. The Fuelizer rapidly thawed its way through snow. Perfect response to throttle attained in 10 seconds

WITH the development and perfecting of the "Fuelizer"—Packard Engineering again demonstrates its faculty for going to the heart of a problem and getting *practical results.*

The Fuelizer achieves *perfect combustion* of all grades of gasoline.

It makes starting as quick and sure in winter as in summer.

It makes available the power in any grade fuel more quickly.

It does away with carbon fouling of combustion chamber, crankcase, valves and spark plugs.

It does away with the dilution of lubricating oil in the crankcase—removing the main cause of premature wear on engine bearings and scoring of cylinder walls, and preventing sticky valve guides and valve stems.

* * *

Small wonder that the Fuelizer proved the sensation of the recent annual meeting of the Society of Automotive Engineers!

Every motor engineer had known for years that the proper application of *heat* will break up "wet" mixture.

How to apply the heat has always been the problem—now solved by the Fuelizer.

The Packard Fuelizer not only applies the *right degree* of heat at the *right place*—

But more important still—it applies the heat at the *right time*—when the *engine* is *cold* at starting; and maintains an ideal heat—*not overheat*—under all running conditions.

* * *

These illustrations tell, better than many words, how the Fuelizer does its wonderful work.

A small part of the mixture is drawn into the Fuelizer and exploded into *hot gas* by the spark plug.

This hot gas is drawn down through the Fuelizer heating manifold into the "wet" mixture in the main manifold. It heats up and breaks the "wet" mixture into a dry vapor, which explodes *completely* in the cylinders.

No time lost in "warming up!"

The Fuelizer has raised the manifold temperature from 33° to an ideal temperature (120° or over) in less than forty-three seconds—2° a second!

Tests made last winter at 5° below Zero showed that the engine is able to pull on *high gear* almost immediately.

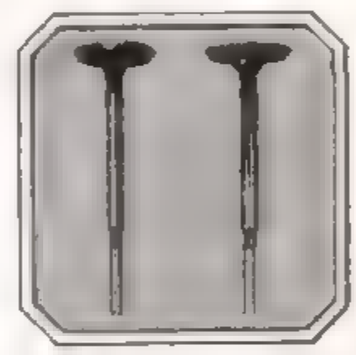
During the months of testing after the perfecting of the Fuelizer, not one single case developed of foul spark-plug or valve, combustion chamber wall or piston rings. Nor was there any dilution of oil.

Winter or *summer*, the Fuelizer revolutionizes motoring—reducing repair bills—lengthening the useful life of a motor.

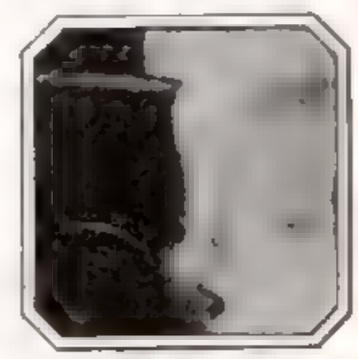
A Packard achievement. *Exclusively* Packard—now *standard equipment* with every new Packard Car.

In every way a development worthy of the long established Packard tradition of *practical transportation service* to the owner of a Packard Car.

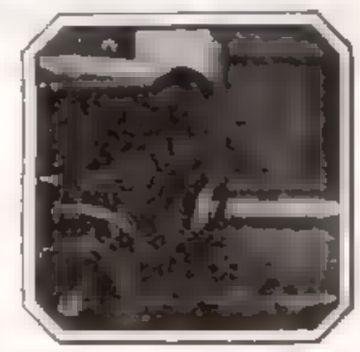
Oil tests without Fuelizer showed lubricating oil diluted with over 7 ounces deposit of kerosene in 4 hours of idling. With Fuelizer, no dilution.



Left—Valve from Fuelizer-equipped motor after 6200 miles. *Right*—Typical carbonized valve from motor without Fuelizer. Note burning of metal.



Any car without Fuelizer if started after idling exhausts mist of unburned gasoline and wasted oil.



Packard Car with Fuelizer starts instantaneously. Invisible exhaust after idling or when starting indicates perfect combustion

"Ask the Man *Who Owns One"*

COMPANY, Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

Accuracy

IN Fairbanks Branch Houses there are service shops where Fairbanks scales, after years of use, are re-built and re-adjusted to their original accuracy. The pains taken to keep our weighing machines true are no less than the care with which they were set at the factory.

The same high standards are back of "FAIRBANKS O. K." wherever it appears—on Fairbanks scales, trucks, wheelbarrows, valves, gas engines, pumps, power transmission, machine tools, electric motors.

Whether your need be for a hack-saw or a diaphragm-pump, a dozen shovels or a complete factory equipment, you will find the nearest Fairbanks Branch House ready to serve you. Its own stocks, and those of twenty-one other Branches, form a nation-wide reserve against your needs.

Before your plans reach the "order" stage, talk with a Fairbanks salesman. His experience will ensure fitness of every item to its task.

THE FAIRBANKS COMPANY

Administrative Offices

NEW YORK

BRANCH HOUSES:

Albany	New Orleans
Baltimore	New York
Birmingham	Philadelphia
Boston	Pittsburgh
Bridgeport	Providence
Buffalo	Rochester
Chicago	Scranton
Cleveland	St. Louis
Detroit	Syracuse
Hartford	Utica
Newark	Washington

HAVANA, CUBA
LONDON, ENGLAND
BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND
PARIS, FRANCE

Make the most of Fairbanks Service to keep your weighing equipment always accurate.

FAIRBANKS O.K.

THE DEAR ECCENTRIC

(Continued from Page 25)

"He did it only for my sake," Martha moaned. "But you are right, Dick, and you do believe in me, don't you?"

"Of course I do," I answered impatiently. "Tell me something else. What actually are these guests of Malluc's?"

"They are ex-convicts, Dick. Malluc keeps a prison calendar of when they are due to be discharged. Just before that time he visits them in prison and talks to them and invites them here immediately on their getting out, to rest and get themselves adjusted as much as possible before trying to pick up the lost threads of their wretched lives. Many of them are people who have been prominent socially and who have been abandoned by their friends and families. He gives them a sort of moral treatment to try to bring back their hope."

"The old lady with the silver hair?"

"She has served eighteen years in the penitentiary. It was a life sentence commuted. She shot a man who was going to foreclose the mortgage on her little farm. He offered her the choice between that and dishonor. She had a tuberculous husband and two delicate children."

"And the tall man with the ashen face?"

"Manslaughter—fratricide. He killed his brother in a quarrel over a woman. He's been in prison since he was twenty-three. The stout man who wears that old-fashioned blazer which was laid away a quarter of a century ago did something rather worse—I can't tell you what. The pretty woman with the tragic eyes poisoned her cook."

"If she'd done that nowadays," I said with unpardonable flippancy, "no jury would have convicted her."

"Don't joke, Dick, it's too terrible. Her cook was a young Swedish girl with whom this woman's husband was behaving disgracefully. Mrs. Smith's defense was that the girl tried to poison her first by putting prussic acid in her sherry, but that she detected the odor and poured the stuff into a medicine bottle in the girl's room. She was known to be insanely jealous and they sent her to Matteawan. There's a surgeon who got himself mixed up with the law. His plea to Malluc was that what he did was not for money but to save an old friend's family from disgrace. Even the servants are ex-convicts—the butler and chauffeur and maids. Malluc does it all through sheer humanity. When these people leave here he supplies them with money until they can be found occupations of some sort."

"It would be a splendid charity," I said, "if he did not combine it with cheating the law. Does Suzy know?"

"She knows that their guests are ex-convicts of course. Perhaps she knows more."

"How did you come to get mixed up in it?" I asked.

"By accident. I met this doctor walking on the beach and recognized him as the former chief of a clinic that I was interested in. I knew that he had been in prison and had read of his discharge not long before. He told me about Malluc's charity and begged me to keep it a secret. Malluc was afraid his neighbors might feel uncomfortable at having ex-convicts harbored in the vicinity. I stopped him one day on the road and told him I thought that it was superb."

"Then you knew him before Tess made his acquaintance?"

"Weeks before. Then not long ago a school friend wrote me in great distress. She was always frightfully extravagant and foolish and had run her husband deeply into debt. His father had built up a small trust company and my friend's husband seemed to feel that on that account he had the right to manipulate its funds. It was embezzlement and he was sure to be found out at the next directors' meeting and convicted and sentenced to a long term. I went to see them and he told me that if he could only keep from arrest for a month or six weeks he could manage to replace the money. I persuaded Malluc to hide him here. He was in our house, in the attic room, the day those detectives frightened me so."

I felt a chill go through me.

"Is he at Malluc's now?" I asked.

"Yes. So is Jeannot. This doctor did a plastic operation on his face to change its appearance. Malluc had already suggested doing that for my friend's husband, but he said it would not be necessary. His wife made a clean breast of it to the directors and persuaded them to withhold serving papers on him for two months. They would not agree at first, but did so when he could not be found. She told them they could take their choice between that and standing the loss. The money has been nearly all refunded."

"Did you help refund it, Martha?"

"No, it was not necessary, and they said that I had done enough. But it has saved tragedy and disgrace for my school friend. He would have shot himself if caught."

"So that was the reason you and Malluc smiled after looking at Jeannot's face," I said. "You were thinking how easy it would be to change it."

Martha nodded.

"I gave him the anæsthetic," said she. "I slipped in there after dark by a secret door. They have got a wonderful result—made him really a handsome man. I have been several times to see my friend's husband too. This man Bolton must have been hanging about the place and seen me go in and out."

I shook my head.

"You've been running worse risks than merely criminal ones, Martha," I said. "And the worst of it is, you run them still."

She covered her face with her hands.

"I know it, Dick. I'm afraid I'm done for—finished socially. Sooner or later this Bolton is sure to tell."

"He can't prove anything," I said, feeling very sick at heart.

"Well, you know what people are," Martha murmured hopelessly.

"Yes, I know. If the brute gets away he'll try to blackmail you or mulct Malluc, who would pay for your sake if not his own."

I reflected for a moment while Martha crouched against me almost in a state of collapse.

"Are you in love with him?" I asked abruptly.

"Oh, Dick—I—I don't know. He seems to me a sort of superhuman being, exempt from principles which govern others. And he is so magnificently strong—with a sort of Olympian freshness and vigor. When he pulled that poor wretch out of the sea the other day I could have flung my arms round him. I never thought there could be such a man, but now I'm not so sure. There is something terrible about him, a sort of sublime disregard for what we are all taught to fear and respect, and besides he has never shown by the slightest word or act any feeling toward me but a sort of friendly indulgence. He tried to persuade me not to involve myself in all this."

"I don't think that he is the man for you, Martha," I answered. "In fact he stands rather apart. I wonder where he has taken that unutterable beast. Somehow I can't bear to think of his getting off. It seems like turning loose a mad dog."

"Worse than that," said Martha, "because a mad dog cannot help itself. Listen!"

We were sitting in the black shadow of a pine at the edge of the bank not far from the path which led to the boathouse. The open bay stretched before us in a dark swimming void which dissolved imperceptibly into the murky sky so that there was no horizon. Malluc had headed straight out on a course I estimated roughly at about thirty miles before reaching the opposite shore, which with a speed of nearly twenty miles an hour should take perhaps three hours for him to make the crossing, land his escaping murderer and return.

But now as we listened we could hear far out across the still water the thrum of a motor which we recognized as that of the speed launch, and scarcely an hour had elapsed, for I have described our conversation more briefly than it actually was. Malluc was evidently returning, coming straight in as he had gone straight out. And presently we were able to distinguish a white blotch of foam that glared from the inky surface. The launch rushed rapidly in, reversed, came alongside, stopped, and Malluc stepped out on the float alone.

I think that the same fearful conviction seized us simultaneously. We couldn't speak, could scarcely breathe. Malluc stood for a moment with his back to us staring out to sea, his hands resting lightly on his hips, his feet slightly apart. Suddenly he spat into the water violently, not as one might spit ordinarily but as though to give vent to a profound disgust, a sort of loathing for something somewhere beneath the flat surface—a thing to inspire aversion. Then he turned abruptly and walked with his light springy tread up the gangway and along the path to the house, passing us at a distance of not more than fifty feet. We listened tensely to the attenuated crunch of the gravel under his feet, heard a door close, then silence broken by the tremulous quaver of a screech owl in the woods.

Martha gave a shudder.

"Oh, Dick—Dick!" she whispered, swayed a little, and as I passed my arm about her shoulders she sank limply against my chest.

VII

I DO not think that either of us made the slightest effort to deceive our minds as to what must have happened out there in that dark sinister void. It did not seem worth while to reach for any other supposition than that this self-sufficient fatal personality had taken the dispensation into his own arbitrary hands. He had solved the problem as seemed best to him without regard for any established law or principle and suppressed a dangerous criminal, whose life was already forfeit, with as little compunction—less perhaps than that with which he might have drowned a vicious dog.

Even to me, fresh from the summary retributions of war, Malluc's act was terrible, even though I felt it to be a merited dispensation. But I could easily understand how it must appall this girl, whose whole life and education and habits of thought had moved forward with the smooth rhythm of a train de luxe, never swerving from its rails, scheduled, over its right of way, halting or proceeding in obedience to established signals, protected in its course by established safety devices which had been thoroughly tested and tried by predecessors of its kind.

And now she was in her first collision, hurled over the embankment, polished panels shattered and ablaze. I felt the futility of offering any immediate effort toward getting her back on the roadbed. The very rails were torn and twisted. So I merely held her in my arms, trying to soothe her consecutive paroxysms of shuddering gasps by patting her shoulder or lightly stroking her hair. Our relative positions were suddenly reversed. It was now my part to play the steadfast elder to this tortured, terrified child.

Doing this to the best of my ability I received presently a different slant on a big factor in her spiritual turmoil. It had been natural to assume that her distress was largely due to the conviction that Malluc's principal motive in the deed must have been to remove all danger to her name, but I now discovered that there was another potent factor. She was unconsciously lamenting the blight of a love just about to burgeon. Her first fascination had become an infatuation, and this emotion could only be a transient one in a person of Martha's nature. It would undoubtedly have developed a very great love, but now Malluc's act had shattered this.

I made the discovery through Martha's semiaudible moanings against my chest. At first I thought these to be directed at the late Bolton and in the nature of an epitaph or obituary. The Hobarts were Presbyterians and the Bible had played an important part in the religious instruction of their children, so it was natural that Martha's mutterings should have been quotations from Holy Writ. I caught several incoherent phrases, such about "the avenger of the blood" and that he who slew with the sword should perish by the sword.

Then it was borne in upon me that Malluc, and not Bolton, was the object of these recriminations and that Martha's horror of what he had so ruthlessly done had placed him upon an alien cosmic plane. Such tender sentiment as she might previously have cherished toward him was gone forever. A girl of her precepts and training and traditions could not possibly love a self-appointed executioner, no matter how justified his act.

When presently her manifestations of shock and horror began to abate a little I tried to show her what had happened in a reasonable light.

"You must not judge him too harshly, my dear," I said. "There was really nothing else for him to do. In fact it justifies his other actions in a way. It makes him consistent."

"A consistent murderer?"

"'Executioner' would be a better word when the culprit is himself due to pay the penalty of murder."

"But he had no authority."

"Well," I argued, "neither had he any authority to help fugitives from the law to escape. When a man assumes to be a law unto himself and begins to tamper with the legal criminal conventions of a country he should at least keep within the pale of his own convictions. Malluc knew that this wretch was a low-grade murderer for money gain. Bolton did not even go directly to him and ask for sanctuary. He hung about the place for further plunder, then tried to blackmail him in effecting his escape when he felt the toils to be closing in on him."

"Malluc had no right," Martha muttered.

"Of course not. But no doubt he felt that having acted previously with no right he now found himself face to face with an abhorrent duty which he was bound to discharge."

"One can't right a wrong with an even greater wrong," said Martha.

"No doubt Malluc decided that it would be a greater wrong to leave this menace to society at large than to anticipate the machinery of the law," I answered. "And in so doing he removed a terrible danger to comparatively innocent people."

"And himself."

"I don't believe he would have done it for himself alone. Ethics aside, Bolton was a venomous beast who committed crimes only for his own selfish benefit. He mistook the man with whom he had to deal. He thought that because Malluc helped victims of the law he was either soft of core or himself an enemy of the law. In fact I should be inclined to think so myself if he had let this thug escape."

"Perhaps you are right, Dick," said Martha wearily. "It only goes to show what a fearful position one can get into when one begins to break the laws of society—any of them. But here—in this peaceful place! Oh, why did he ever come here with his frightful theories and their awful application?"

She began to shudder again and cling to me like a child, a terrified little girl such as I had seen among the refugees in France. This second fit of trembling was worse than the first, because there were no tears to relieve the tension. I held her closely to me, stroked her hair, treated her in fact as though she were the child which she had formerly seen fit to assume *me* to be. In those moments our relations were entirely reversed, never to be changed back again. I found myself suddenly, and I must say not uncomfortably, in the position of the protecting male. I still tried to defend Malluc and to point out the strong sense of justice by which he must have been actuated. But I knew that nothing that he or I could ever say and do again would change the peculiar terror in which Martha now held him.

Her growing passion for the man was gone forever, and I could not help but feel glad. It had troubled me profoundly, because I knew that he was no mate for her, whatever his talents and virtues. Besides I did not think that he would ever have responded to it. He would neither have married her nor taken advantage of his power over her, because he was not that kind of a man. One could not help but feel that he was a profoundly good man, for all his self-sufficiency, and that his acts were disinterested and directed toward the welfare of others. It was as though he had conferred upon himself a sort of apotheosis which placed him beyond the scope of mortal obligations. I said all of this and a good deal more to Martha.

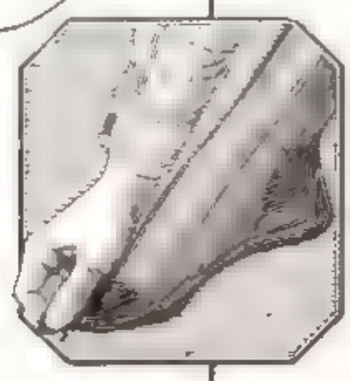
"Do you know, Dick," said she presently, "you are a good deal like him in some ways, but humanly so. You seem to have grown up suddenly." She took me by both shoulders and held me at arm's length. "What has become of my little boy?"

"And where is my serene, superior big sister?" I asked.

(Continued on Page 144)

Monito

Full-Size Knitting



SOCKS

Full-Size Knitting

New Sock Comfort and Wear for You

OF the high-class socks on the market today, compare, for example, six leading brands. Frankly, they all *look* pretty much alike.

And yet it is continually reported to us that trim, snug-fitting Monito Socks enjoy an outstanding reputation for long wear. The secret lies in Monito Full-Size Knitting.

For this exclusive knitting method imparts to Monito Socks extra toe-room and thus longer wear. And this is important. Only in socks knit the Full-Size way can you secure the combination of extra toe-room and snug trim ankle fit so essential to style.

Further! • Full-Size Knitting removes heel strain and puts a generous top on Monito Socks, which insures welcome garter comfort.

Ask your dealer for Monito Full-Size Socks—the same size you now wear. We suggest that you let Style 522—a sock of *real* silk—silk-worm silk—serve as a pleasant means of making acquaintance.

Moorhead Knitting Co., INC.
Harrisburg, Pa.

MAKERS OF
MEN'S SOCKS *and* WOMEN'S STOCKINGS

New York Offices:
Fifth Avenue Building
200 Fifth Avenue

© 1920 M. K. C. Inc.

Why Extra Toe-Room?

A sock that fits too snugly on the foot strains the fabric from heel to garter. This not only starts "runs" very quickly but causes holes at the toes. Monito Full-Size Knitting prevents this, giving more comfort and wear. Your sock should have a foot long enough to allow you easily to grasp the fabric at the toes between your thumb and forefinger.

WHEN you say "that's a fine-looking car", your eye takes in the whole outfit, top and all. If the top were shabby or droopy, you wouldn't say it.

A style top must have style material in it. Motor car manufacturers realize this through past experience and a very great majority of makers of fine cars use Neverleek Top Material exclusively.

Neverleek is a double-texture material with a beautiful, rich surface. It tailors well—holds plate glass windows without sagging. It is thoroughly guaranteed.

Full information about Neverleek and samples furnished to manufacturers, top-makers and car owners on request.

F. S. CARR COMPANY

31 Beach Street, Boston 969 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

Partial List of Cars on which Neverleek Top Material is Regular Equipment

American	Crawford	Grant	Kline	Moore	Roamer
Bell	Cunningham	Hatfield	Lexington	National	Standard
Biddle	Daniels	Haynes	Liberty	Nelson	Stearns-Knight
Bour Davis	Dorris	H C S.	Marmon	Owen-Magnetic	Stephens
Chandler	Elgin	Holmes	McFarlan	Paige	Stutz
Cleveland	Elcar	Hupmobile	Maibohm	Pan American	Templar
Clyde	Franklin	Jordan	Mitchell	Peerless	Velie
Comet	Glide	King	Moon	Piedmont	Westcott

Full information and samples of Neverleek showing various finishes will be furnished on request

NEVERLEEK

TOP MATERIAL

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from Page 141)

"I don't think I was ever quite that," she answered. "I never thought of you as a little brother. You were more my cavalier."

"Well, I'm that still," I answered, and rising to my feet offered her both hands. "Come, let's get the dogs and go back."

So back we went through the woods to find those lovable police dogs crouching there quiet as mice and good as gold and not having made the slightest effort to free themselves, though one chop of their strong jaws would have cut the flat leather leash. They greeted us with wriggles but no betraying whimper, and we started back by the path through the woods.

VIII

I HAD expected to take my swim alone the next morning, but just as I reached the dunes there came a call behind me which sounded like the fluting of the plover flying overhead. I turned and saw Martha breasting the fresh sea breeze that had sprung up with the dawn and that whipped her white peignoir against her splendid figure so that she looked like the Winged Victory, but very beautifully restored as to her head. Drawing near, she stooped to pull up her stocking over a round dimpled knee, and as I caught sight of her rosy face I was surprised and relieved to see that it showed no traces of the nervous strain of the night before.

"Good morning," I said. "How did you sleep?"

"Sleep is scarcely the word," said she. "I floated away to some very beautiful place and rested every fiber. It seems impossible that I should have behaved like such an idiot last night."

This rather astonished me, as I had expected that it might take a number of days for her to get over the shock of what had happened; not only that of the act itself, but a sudden revulsion of her sentiment for Malluc as a result of it. Then it struck me that this might have been its own antidote and that her horror had been less of the deed than that Malluc should have done it. But this being the case, it had broken the spell of his fascination for her so that she suddenly found herself emancipated, once more mistress of her emotions, and it was this sense of freedom that infused her with a sort of fetterless exhilaration. We none of us actually bother much about what happens between people to whom we are not held by some strong tie. A fatal accident, a deed of violence, a crime, even a murder, when personally witnessed may produce an ugly shock, but unless our personal interest is involved rather strongly this is not a lasting one, whereas the reading of such an occurrence in the newspaper does not affect us at all, unless we are hypersensitive.

And Martha was not hypersensitive. She was too gloriously healthy and not cursed with too much imagination. Malluc's previous attraction for her had been upsetting rather than stimulating—kept her in a state of restless discomfort. This had been roughly stripped away and now she was restored to her previous serenity. Malluc as a man was too strong a stimulant for any but a woman of extreme nature or a very phlegmatic one, and Martha was neither. She was just a sound, sane, highly vital, full-natured girl of normal instincts and ideas. She was glad to be her own mistress again and now expressed this unconsciously.

"After all, Dick," said she, "I don't know that it matters particularly to us what Malluc chooses to do. Now if it had been you or Len I could never, never get over it."

"It's nice of you to include me," I said. "Why do you?"

"Because you are a dear, and I—I ——" She stopped suddenly and the color flowed into her face.

"Yesterday morning you would have said it," I observed. "Why don't you now?" She looked confused.

"Well, you seem to have grown up since then. You were a great comfort to me, Dick—more than I realized at the time. I had a very bad time."

"Of course you did," I answered. "I wonder what he'll say when he returns your pearls!"

Martha was looking down the beach. Her face lost a little of its color.

"We'll soon know," said she. "Here he comes now."

I turned and saw Malluc walking toward us along high-water mark. Evidently he knew that we were in the habit of taking an early-morning dip and had taken this opportunity of restoring the necklace before its absence could be discovered. I was surprised that he should care to do this in my presence, but thought that he disliked the idea of arranging a clandestine meeting. Malluc had impressed me as a man who preferred to be frank and open where this was possible.

He approached us now with his light springy stride and as he drew near I could not detect any sign of disturbance on his pleasing, handsome face.

"Good morning," said he. "Please excuse the interruption, but there's something I ought to give you right away. Did you know that your house was entered last night by a burglar?"

"I thought I heard a noise," I answered. "I got up and went downstairs, but the gentleman must have left."

"Well," said Malluc, "I was taking a breath of air before turning in and came on a man lurking by the hedge. He did not account for himself to my satisfaction, so I laid him down and went through him. I found these"—and he handed the pearls to Martha. "He admitted he had been to your house."

Martha's slight pallor as she took the pearls was quite in keeping with his news.

"How very extraordinary!" she murmured. "What have you done with the thief?"

He gave her a steady look.

"I'd rather you shouldn't ask," said he. "You know my repugnance to jails. I'd better not say anything at all, because to do so would be to make you both accessory after the fact."

"But we're that already—in the case of Jeannot," I said.

"Ah, but that's different! You both assisted at his rescue. Besides he was the victim of what he couldn't help—overpowering sleepiness. This other was quite a different case. Perhaps I acted wrongly according to some lights, but I did what was right according to my own. Please let's not say anything more about it. A good swim to you—and don't take any chances with this beach. It is like some of the rest of us."

"A law unto itself?" Martha asked.

He laughed.

"Not quite that, but unamenable to the laws of man. King Canute proved that. There's nothing free from some sort of a law. If you don't mind I'd rather you wouldn't say anything about the necklace at all." He looked at Martha. "Perhaps I ought to tell you both that some of my servants are ex-convicts whom I am giving a chance to reconstruct their lives, so you see I can't afford to have anything like this get out. Now I mustn't keep you longer—good-by."

He lifted his hat with a smile, and turning on his heel walked off down the beach.

"Now what are you going to do with a man like that?" I asked Martha.

"Let him alone, I think," she answered. "Come on, Dick."

We romped round in the sparkling water, then came out and slipped on our peignoirs and started back.

When we had gone a little way I said: "You don't intend to have anything more to do with Malluc, do you?"

"No more than I can decently help," Martha answered. "But, of course, I am always under an obligation to him for having protected the husband of my friend. I have given up any attempt to judge him, Dick. The problem is beyond me. His charity to these poor people is magnificent, just as what he did last night was terrible."

"Would you care to have Len marry Suzy?" I asked.

Martha raised her chin.

"I don't think there's much danger of that," said she. "It seems to me that you are in a fair way to cut him out. I did not miss the way she looked at you yesterday. Then you walked home with her. Why did you do that?"

"Well, I thought somebody ought to walk home with her," I answered, "and Len was in a drip and had just time for a shower and a change to receive your friends. Besides I wanted to tell her that our challenge was off."

"What challenge?"

"Oh, just foolishness! While I was waiting to see her father the other night we had a little skirmish—got giving dares."

"I understand," said Martha coldly. "Len was right. He warned me that you

(Continued on Page 147)

Collegian Clothes

THEY KEEP YOU LOOKING YOUR BEST

The Rodney

SINGLE-BREASTED suits are among the favorites for Spring. Simple, graceful lines, with coats a bit longer. One, two or three buttons. Not always do you find such pleasing patterns, such lasting style and such skillful tailoring as in this Rodney model. Nor such value, either.

All Collegian Clothes wear well and last long, being made of good all-wool fabrics. They hold their style, because it is tailored in. *You save when buying them, for our profit is purposely kept low.* Thus the price is less than you'd usually pay even if you got such good clothes.

You ought to have Collegian Clothes. Smart styles for every man of 17 to 70.

Tailored in Milwaukee since 1849 by

David Adler & Sons Company

Wadsworth Cases

FOR FINE WATCHES

Delicate chasings of fine gold lend exquisite artistry to this Octagon case. It is worn with a silk cord as a wristlet.

This 12 size model is a case that men admire. It is an artful combination of refinement, a graceful line and proportion that has no need of other decoration.

A border of floral chasing adds to the finer hand chasing and lends harmony and beauty to this Cushion Square Case.

Who designed the case on your watch?

NOT the movement maker, probably; for watch movements and cases are seldom made by the same manufacturer.

If the case is not well designed, your watch may be a good timekeeper but a poor advertisement of your taste.

Should the case not wear well, the years of service you get will be shortened, and think how much of watch service and satisfaction depends upon the proper casing of the movement.

For 30 years Wadsworth has been making cases for the watch movements of the leading American movement manufacturers and importers.

Many of the new ideas in watch models are Wadsworth creations.

When you buy a watch, select any standard movement that your jeweler recommends and have him "dress" it in a Wadsworth case. The name Wadsworth in a watch case is your guarantee of correctness and beauty of design—of highest quality materials and best workmanship.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO

Factories: Dayton, Ky.

(Continued from Page 144)

would flirt with a mother superior, and Suzy is scarcely that. I must say, it strikes me as not very loyal to Len."

"Oh, come, Martha," I answered. "It was not a serious encounter—just badinage."

"I am not surprised," said Martha. "I had a feeling that she was a flirt."

"Then she's a harmless one," I answered, "and she has her serious side. I found out more about her yesterday. She's really a fine girl and a devoted daughter. She wanted to stay for tea the worst way, but went back to entertain her father's unfortunate guests. She seemed to warm to me because she thought I was like her father."

"Well, so you are," Martha answered. "It struck me once or twice. You don't look like him, but you've got the same voice and walk and you appear to have the same sort of inhuman strength. Look at this."

She stopped and pushed down her stocking. Just above the top of her swimming shoe were three livid finger marks.

"That's where you grabbed me when I was going out with the undertow. It ached all night so that I thought the bone must be bruised. I'm not a cave girl like your Suzy."

I expressed my remorse, but Martha did not appear to be listening.

"Come to think of it, I'm not sure but that you and Suzy might be excellently suited to each other. Your lives seem to have been a good deal the same, and no doubt your tastes would be mutual. You'd fight, of course, but then you would probably do that with anybody to oppose your arbitrary will."

"It seems to me that you are trying to start a fight yourself."

"Oh, no, I can't fight! You'd find me a very tame antagonist. I am merely a little hurt that when you professed yourself to be my knight you should have immediately begun philandering with a strange girl."

"Well, you said that you were warned that I was a flirt," I retorted, "and admitted me to your service notwithstanding. When I tried to be gallant to you I got put in the infant class."

"I thought you belonged there," said Martha, "but I see I was mistaken. I also thought that Len had slandered you."

"Every living creature flirts," I said. "Birds and beasts ——"

"Yes, and reptiles," Martha snapped. "I abominate flirting."

"Well, it cheers things up," I said. "So I suppose they'll soon pass a law against it in this country."

"Do you think it good taste for a guest of this country to rap its institutions?" she asked.

"I'm not," I answered. "I'm defending them. American girls are acknowledged flirts."

"There you go again—another dig! All right, go on flirting, but please spare me."

"It's better than fighting," I ventured to say.

"No, it's not! Fighting is open and aboveboard. You know where you stand."

"Well then, go ahead and fight," I said. "But please spare me. I'd rather flirt."

She turned her head and gave me a puzzled, angry look.

"What's made you so horrid all of a sudden?" she asked.

"I'd rather not say," I answered. "I don't want to make you accessory before the fact."

Perhaps unconsciously I mimicked Malluc's even, impenetrable tone and deep, resonant voice. If so it was an abominable, unpardonable thing to do and I deserved to be well kicked for it even if I did so unthinkingly.

At any rate the effect on Martha was alarming. She stopped suddenly and turned to me a face from which every particle of color had gone. Her gray eyes had a startled, stricken look and her lips were trembling. For the moment her face was that of a nymph who had turned suddenly to see a wicked faun beside her. There was a sort of piteous appeal, a look of terror and bewilderment and helplessness—as if she had escaped some grave danger only to find herself in the grasp of a worse.

Of course at the moment I could not realize that I had imitated Malluc so perfectly as to conjure him up beside her in my own person. I knew only that in some way I had given her a dreadful shock, and not being a faun or even a young mortal in love with her my first instinct was to efface whatever damage I had done. Her head was tilted back like that of a sprinter gasping for breath at the end of a race, her parted lips looked dry and her delicate little nose with its retroussé tip seemed insufficient to supply the needful air.

"Martha," I cried, shocked and startled, "what is it? What have I said?"

"Oh—your voice—your look!"

"Because I spoke like Malluc?" I said. "I'm terribly sorry. I'm a brute."

And then as she still stared at me in that dumb helpless way, almost as if hypnotized, I did what is the very last thing that I should have done. I stepped close, and facing her put both my arms round her waist and drew her close to me.

"Don't you know that I am just as different from Malluc as it is possible for any human being to be? I wouldn't upset you for anything in the world ——" and as if to prove this I drew her close so that her face was almost against mine.

She did not resist, nor did she yield, but let me hold her so passively, her arms hanging at her sides relaxed and her head back, her eyes staring intently into mine. I do not think that it was because of the temptation, though the parted lips were tempting enough, but because I wanted to break the spell which seemed to envelop her, but I leaned forward and kissed her, not briefly in a brotherly way but a good deal as one might kiss a frightened child, and even this she took passively, almost—I fancied—with a sort of automatic response as if there were nothing else to do.

At any rate it brought the color back in her face again. She raised her hands and laid them on my chest, pushing me away, but not angrily.

"You mustn't do that, Dick," said she. "You mustn't."

"I'm not flirting with you now," I said a little breathlessly. "I want to break the spell this man seems to have put on you."

"If you don't look out you'll make it worse," she muttered.

"Martha," I said desperately, "what shall I do then? Don't you feel that it's I, Dick, and has nothing to do with him at all?"

She raised her hands to her hair and turned a little so that her head came back against my shoulder.

"I don't know," she murmured, "I feel very queer." And she burst into tears.

"It is simply that this thing has overwrought you," I said. "Your life has all been so perfectly balanced. Now pull yourself together and try to get it out of your head."

"I'll try," she said. "Let me go, Dick."

I loosed my hold of her and we walked on back to the house. It seemed to me that this was about the worst thing that had happened yet and I was terribly afraid that it might have some really bad effect on her. But just as on the day of Jeannot's rescue she came to breakfast a couple of hours later entirely self-possessed and as though nothing at all unusual had happened.

IX

LEONARD fulfilled a threat he had been making ever since my arrival, which was to take me for a few days' tour in his fast roadster.

"It's time Dick saw something of the land of his forefathers," said he. "I'm going to spin him through the Berkshires and across to Niagara, then down past the Delaware Water Gap to Washington and back home over the pike. We're going to be two giddy tourists, but if the wagon holds together we shan't be gone long."

The family approved this, so we made our trip and had a thoroughly good time. I was glad to go, because I thought there was less chance of Martha seeing anything of Malluc with Len and myself away, and it seemed to me that she ought to have us both—Malluc and myself, so far the only disturbing elements in her tranquil life—out of the way for a while.

We got back to find everything just the same, and scarcely had Len greeted the family and got a bath and a change than I saw him heading over for his neighbor's. A couple of hours later he came into my room as I was dressing for dinner. I had not yet seen Martha, who had gone to the Parkers for tea and tennis.

"Malluc's at work on a new invention," Len told me.

"For degravitating ponderous matter?" I asked.

"Well, you might call it that. It's a cooling device for airplane motors. Does away with the radiator and a lot of surplus weight. He's got his laboratory equipped

(Continued on Page 151)

True Shape Socks

A Happy Thought

....for you Careful Dressers who know the importance of a sleek, neat ankle in the appearance of a gentleman.

....for you Thrifty Men who consider long wear for yourself, less mending for her.

....for you Comfort-loving Fellows who realize that bodily ease cannot be had without foot ease.

....a happy thought to know that you can have all these by merely mentioning *TRUE SHAPE* Socks to your dealer.

Wherever you are, you'll be sure of hosiery satisfaction if you insist on the TRUE SHAPE diamond on each pair.

TRUE SHAPE

Easy to remember, easier to say, easiest to wear—*TRUE SHAPE* Socks.

Ask for No. 152—a silk sock with built-in sturdiness of toe, heel, sole, and ankle.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct

TRUE SHAPE HOSIERY COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

Self-Starting Remington

The Typewriter that Modernized Business Abroad

Everyone who does business abroad must feel a supreme satisfaction in the prevalence of Remington Typewriters.

He finds the Remington everywhere—literally the new world's business ambassador to the old world.

He recognizes, in the Remington, the all-important factor in carrying present-day business methods to the earth's remotest corners.

Since 1874, when Philo Remington built the first practical writing machine the world had ever seen, Remington Typewriters have carried forward the peaceful propaganda of modern business.

More and more, Remington leadership is winning world recognition.

The simple truth is that Remington today stands first, both in numbers and in service, in its contribution to modernizing the world's business.

Thus, after a steady growth of forty-six years, we are able to record the year 1919 as the greatest in all Remington history.

The practical appreciation, both abroad and at home, which made this wonderful achievement possible, is enhanced with each passing month of Remington service.

More now than ever before, the name Remington expresses to business the highest standard of inventiveness and manufacturing integrity.

The whole energies of the loyal Remington organization are devoted to maintaining that world-wide prestige, by maintaining the splendid Remington standards.

The good name which Remington has enjoyed for nearly half a century, must stand even higher.

That you may fully realize the scope and value of Remington service, we invite you to study Remington history and to try for yourself the merits of Remington Typewriters.

Remington

Key-set Tabulating Remington

The Invention that Revolutionized Business at Home

Remington Typewriters literally laid the foundation for modern business methods.

They actually antedate every other mechanical office equipment in use today.

Remington, in 1874, pointed the way to all the office systems which make big business possible.

For the very first Remington Typewriter embodied every basic principle of the most modern writing machine.

Nearly Half a Century of Advancement

As Remington built the first typewriter, so also has Remington given business invaluable typewriter developments.

Remington built the first *shift-key* typewriter.

Remington modernized form writing with the first *decimal tabulating* typewriter.

Remington gave business the first typewriter with *automatic ribbon* shift.

Remington reconstructed accounting standards with the *first adding and subtracting* typewriter.

Remington's latest exclusive feature is the extraordinarily convenient Self-Starting device. This does away with all hand indenting.

Only the Remington Makes This Great Saving

On the modern Remington, you simply press one of the five red Self-Starting keys, and the carriage is instantly set for name or address, for salutation or paragraph, for date or signature.

The five red Self-Starting keys eliminate an average of 12 hand operations on each letter.

They actually save an average of 48 seconds in the typing of every letter.

Business Pays Tribute to Remington Success

The greater speed, and the greater production, which accurate typists say they get from the Remington, are recognized by the business world.

Business has bought more Remingtons than any other make of typewriter.

Business men endorse enthusiastically, the Remington employment bureaus, and the Remington office management service.

Each year, through its employment bureaus, located in more than 100 cities, Remington furnishes 75,000 typewriter operators to American business.

In public libraries you will find an important and helpful Remington book—"Cutting the Cost of Stenographic Service." The New York Public Library alone circulates 50 copies of this valuable work.

Remington Superiority Is Inescapable

For every class of typing there is a Remington which reduces costs, by increasing production and saving valuable business time.

Accurate operators say the Self-Starting Remington gives greater speed for all correspondence work.

All forms are handled with instant accuracy by the Decimal Tabulating Remington with the almost magic key-set.

The Remington Accounting Machine (Wahl Mechanism) has an incomparable record as a labor and expense reducer in billing, ledger-posting, and all accounting work.

Near your own office there is a Remington Branch, where you can get expert advice and assistance in lowering typing costs.

Any Remington representative can show you how all of the efficient Remington machines will help you.

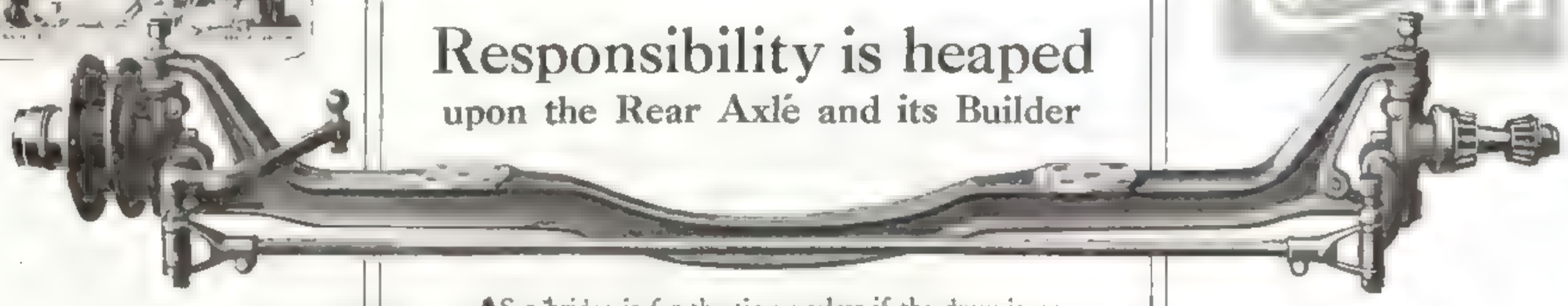
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
Incorporated
374 Broadway, New York. *Branches Everywhere*
Remington Typewriter Company, Ltd.
144 Bay Street, Toronto

Typewriters

COLUMBIA

ONE-PIECE-HOUSING AXLES

Look for "COLUMBIA"



Responsibility is heaped upon the Rear Axle and its Builder

AS a bridge is for the time useless if the draw is up, the motor car engine is merely an idling machine without the rear axle, and the car cannot move.

Think what the rear axle has to do—it must

1. Deliver the power of the motor to the wheels.
2. Support more than half the car's weight.
3. Resist the terrific twisting force of the brakes, and the torque of the motor forward and reverse.
4. Endure the smashing impact of bumps and ruts in the road.
5. Resist thousands of pounds of lateral strain on curves.

With such a task to perform, the rear axle is second in importance to the motor itself.

We who make Columbia Axles realize our responsibility. We believe that every one of our associates here in this great factory is giving the very best that is in him to provide absolute safety, efficiency and durability in Columbia Axles.

We make nothing but axles. Motor car engineers and designers think of us as "axle specialists." That their faith in us seems to be justified is evidenced by the fact that, though manufacturers of nineteen passenger cars and twenty-one trucks have specified our product as standard equipment, we have never been called upon to replace a Columbia One-Piece Housing for any cause whatever.

Columbia Axle Company
Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

THE greater torsional strength of the Columbia One-Piece rear axle Housing is due to the fact that there is only one weld—this is an original Columbia feature. An extra margin of safety is added by over-size brake drums, ring gears and driving shafts.

Columbia Front Axles are equally efficient and reliable.

(Continued from Page 147)

and he says if you care to drop over there this evening he'd like to get your opinion about it, as you're a technical man. All I know about the blooming things is how to fly them. Queer fish, Malluc. He goes from one thing to another without the slightest hitch. When we went away he was studying out something in wave motion. Seems to change the application of his mind the way we change our clothes, and the odd part of it is he gets results."

Going down a few minutes later, I met Martha as she came in and had the odd feeling that I had just arrived at the house for the first time. She was cordial enough, just as she had been then. But there was not the slightest hint in word or manner to indicate the familiarity one might have expected after we had rescued fugitives from justice and tracked a criminal and seen him taken to execution and held each other in our arms and passed generally through enough highly emotional situations to establish some sort of a mutual sympathy. But certainly nothing in Martha's friendly unruffled greeting seemed to indicate that anything unusual had ever happened us, and I concluded that she had determined to erase all of these troubling events from her mind as much as possible. But she did not hesitate to speak about their source.

"Papa's getting quite chummy with Malluc," said she. "He's been over to the laboratory every day, and Malluc and Suzy came for dinner last night."

I noticed that they all referred to him now without the usual prefix of mister, as one might speak of a personality—Edison or Marconi or Clémenceau or Lloyd George. In fact, I had thought of him in this way from the first, because he had impressed me as so uncommon an individual.

"I'm going over there to-night," I said, "to the laboratory after you go to bed. Len's going too, but not to the laboratory."

"How about your dare?"

"You are to forget that with the rest of the unconventional happenings."

"I've been very conventional while you were away. It seems to have lost its charm. One quickly gets the appetite for sensation, I'm afraid."

"I think it's been a latent quality in you," I answered. "If you were really conventional by nature you wouldn't react so well under extraordinary situations."

"Perhaps you're right. I'm afraid I'm not altogether the Evangeline I've always thought myself. Shall we swim to-morrow morning and see if we can get through with it without something outrageous happening?"

"By all means," I answered. "But somehow I feel as if we were in for a sort of turbulent epoch. Sirius must be in the ascendancy and all of us a little mad."

"I feel rather stupidly sane myself," she answered, "but I can't say that I care much for it. Such a tea as I went to this afternoon with a lot of women chattering bores me to tears. I'm sick of women."

It struck me that there was more in this than she realized. No doubt there comes a time in the life of a young woman when her system requires strong masculine influences—about the time when most of her friends are marrying or have married—the dawn of the auntie epoch. From twenty-five to thirty feminine society is apt to pall, especially when the other is available. Anywhere from sixteen on may be the epoch for love, but after twenty-five this is not sufficient. Matrimony is what is needed then.

One may say I was very young to indulge in such feministic theories, but my French reading and associations were not those of an American of my age; also I was ambitious to become a playwright and had dipped into such topics a good deal. I was too young to be a cynical philosopher and not old enough to be a laughing one. My philosophy was tremendously interesting and sincere and that night it was destined to be put under a tremendous strain.

Martha retired early, as a healthy girl should who gets up at six to swim, and a little later Len and I strolled over on the path to Malluc's, he holding on for the house while I turned up the slope where the lights streamed from the windows of the laboratory. The air was very still and warm and from a swale beyond came the diapason of insect orchestra and little frogs and big frogs and the trilling of screech owls and marsh fowl, all blending into a sort of vague nocturnal orchestration such as I suppose one hears in the tropics but not in France. It sounded very strange to me and lent a sort of mysterious atmosphere, which seemed a proper one for the *outré* personality I was on my way to visit.

I was conscious of a sort of exhilaration at the prospect of seeing him again—a pleasant one, because I could not help but feel drawn to the man in spite of his singular and frequently unlawful performances. This was more instinctive than logical, though if I had bothered to reason it out the result must have been the same. After all, it required a very compassionate, humane and unselfish nature in a man of so many absorbing interests to sacrifice so much of his time for the sake of bringing cheer and courage to the poor derelicts of society and sufferers from its imperative laws.

I went up to the laboratory and before I knocked the door swung open and Malluc greeted me, though without offering his hand.

"Glad to see you, lieutenant," said he. "Come in. This is Mr. Smith, one of my guests, who is leaving to-night."

A young man who was sitting by a writing table on which was a shaded electric light rose and bowed, then sat down again. He was a good-looking chap with rather large expressive eyes and trim clean-cut features. I did not remember having seen him before, and I took it for granted that he was one of Malluc's protégés whom he had been sheltering for a brief period and who might now be going out to face the world again with fresh courage and resolution to steer a straight course. There was certainly nothing criminal in his face, which was rather handsome and decidedly intelligent.

"If you'll just excuse me for a moment," Malluc said. "I want to write a letter and then go down to the landing to see my young friend off."

He seated himself at the desk, and taking a sheet of note paper from the rack began to write. I glanced curiously round the laboratory, which was roomy and appeared to be very well equipped, but with electrical rather than chemical apparatus, though there were the usual reagents in their racks and beakers and test tubes and a large bell jar in which some solution was filtering drop by drop to give off an ammoniacal odor. In one corner was a workbench with an iron vise and electric lathe and other mechanical apparatus.

The place was intensely lighted—overlighted to be altogether pleasant for the eye—and it took my own a few moments to get adjusted to it. Then I looked with considerable curiosity at the young man, wondering what his offense had been. He was about of Malluc's size and exceedingly well dressed in a suit which I thought might have been supplied from the wardrobe of his host, as there was a certain cut to Malluc's clothes and a quality of texture which indicated without question the handicraft of a leading tailor.

Yet for some reason I did not feel that this young fellow belonged precisely to the upper class, though he might have been a thoroughbred, to judge from his fine eyes, clean-cut features and ears, which though large were trim and closely set. He glanced at me once or twice as if slightly embarrassed or nervous and I thought that he probably suspected that his position was known to me.

Malluc finished writing his note, blotted it and placed it in an envelope, which he addressed.

"There," said he, "that ought to get you something, my boy. This director is quite a friend of mine and would, I am sure, be glad to do me a favor. Well, I guess we'd better go."

They got up, Mr. Smith bowing to me slightly as he passed, and with a little smile. In fact I seemed to catch a peculiar gleam in his big dark eyes, a curious elated look directed at me as if with a sort of challenge. It seemed to say, "Well, I'll be as good as you are, before long," or something of that sort. At the door Malluc glanced toward me over his shoulder and there was the suggestion of amusement on his face. I wondered if he thought I were inclined to criticize his efforts in behalf of another mistaken member of society.

"Be right back. Just make yourself at home," said he; and they went out.

I got up and examined some of the apparatus, then stepped over to the desk, on which were a few scientific publications. A clipping from a newspaper was hanging from a pigeonhole and its heavy headline caught my eye, though upside down. I drew it out and glanced at it indifferently at first, then with a shock of recognition.

"Drowns trying to escape," it said. "Bill Bolton, murderer and yegg, makes fatal effort to escape police net."

With a rapidly beating heart I read the paragraph through. It had been a Wednesday night when Martha and I had watched Malluc put off in his speed launch with the doomed criminal. Four days later, it appeared, his floating body had been sighted and taken in tow by an incoming mackerel seiner about eighteen miles offshore. Recognition had been made positive by certain tattoo marks and the grossly exaggerated thumb print. The police had traced him down to this corner of the shore and thrown a cordon about it, keeping the water front patrolled, as they were also on the watch for the motion-picture actor, Johnny Jones. It was thought that Bolton, being a strong swimmer, had taken to the water in the desperate hope of being picked up by some fisherman or other passing vessel.

Well, this appeared to leave no longer any doubt, though I had not entertained any. Malluc had suppressed this public enemy as he might have dropped a trapped rat into a rain barrel, and one of the striking features of his act lay in its ease of execution and the impossibility of his ever being made to answer for it. This was characteristic of the man. There was a fatal finality about him. I did not know what he might have done with Jeannot, but I would have bet my whole inheritance that he had placed him beyond the reach of the law.

Malluc came in presently with an apology for having left me. He motioned me to take the seat beside his desk and dropped himself into the swivel chair, tilting back and balancing with his feet.

"I suppose you are wondering what particular kind of bandit this young man might be whom I have just sped on his return to the dangerous jungle of everyday life."

"He did not look like a very desperate brigand," I said. "In fact I thought his face attractive and appealing, with rather the expression of an artist or a poet."

"He is an artist in his line," said Malluc, looking keenly at my face. "Upon my word I believe that you actually failed to recognize him. I thought you might be anxious to reassure me."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

He laughed.

"That was Jeannot."

I bounded up in astonishment.

"Jeannot!" I exclaimed. "Impossible!"

"It's a fact. His face has been remodeled by a very skillful plastic surgeon who formerly made cosmetic facial work his specialty. He got in trouble some time ago and was sentenced to five years, two of which were commuted. I brought him here the day he was discharged, because I take an interest in such cases. Jeannot was a perfect subject for his skill, as the features which made his face grotesque, his nose and ears and inward squint of the left eye, were easily operable. Do you think that I did wrong?"

"No," I answered, "but it's amazing!"

"Jeannot is delighted," said Malluc, "not only for his reprieve but because it enables him to chuck his buffoonery and play the serious romantic rôles that he always longed for in vain and which his clownish face made impossible. I've given him a letter to a theatrical manager of my acquaintance. He wants to make his new début on the speaking stage. Having made good there, it will be easy for him to return to the movies."

"You appear to be a sort of good magician," I said. "Do you do that sort of thing often?"

"No, it is only in extreme cases and when convinced that a person is a victim of circumstance that I help anybody who has not actually expiated his or her offense. But for such as have done so I have a very wide sympathy. I do not believe that any living individual can serve a sentence of more than a year and not be amenable to reconstruction if skillfully treated. I do not occupy myself with a lower class of criminal, because my personal efforts are limited and I prefer to devote them to a few who have suffered terribly from the loss of a previously good social standing."

"Does your daughter know about this?" I asked.

"She does not know that I have ever helped criminals to escape the law," he answered; "only that I help those who have paid its penalty. And I will tell you a secret: Suzy is not my own daughter. I adopted her when she was five years old. Her parents were dear friends of mine, especially her father. They met a tragic death and I undertook the care of Suzy. As soon as some good fellow comes along and wins her heart I shall give her a considerable dot and see her happily married."

"Does Suzy know this?" I asked.

"Yes, but so far she's not very keen over the idea. Like all very young impressionable girls, she is inclined to hero worship, and because I have always treated her with unswerving kindness and devotion she looks upon me as the perfect man and takes me as sort of standard from which to judge all other men. This is unfortunate and unfair, because it is a biased opinion and not a true one. I suppose that I am a good man according to the usual valuation of human virtues. I don't do anybody any harm if I can help it and I try to assist others and pay my bills and don't advance any disturbing theories. But that is because I have not for years been bothered by temptations. I have trained my mental faculties to a point where these no longer obtrude, and I enjoy the sort of mental existence which an intelligent person has always at his command. My pleasure is mostly in research work. I'm rather like the Compleat Scientist—Archimedes or Solon or Pasteur. There are a great many more humble scientists of this sort—and I am one of them. But that's enough about me. I did not bring you here to tell you about myself, or even to show you my invention, but because I wanted to use you as a test for Jeannot's absolute security."

"Well, there's no question but that he's safe enough," I answered, "if only he keeps his mouth shut about it."

"That's his lookout," said Malluc. "If a man's a fool you can't do much for that. Besides it's not as if he had committed a crime. There's no bad-conscience influence at work. Sleep hit him just as a bullet might have done. No sentry ever goes to sleep if he can help it, and it is a crime to shoot one for it. You might as well shoot a man for sneezing when on a trench raid. I've fallen asleep sitting on a mule when going over an Andes trail on the edge of a precipice, and lashed to the wheel of my schooner in a typhoon." He looked at me with a smile. "You would fall asleep in your airplane if they kept you up long enough."

"There can be no question about its being all right to save Jeannot from punishment," I said, "but it's a little hard to tell just where to draw the line."

"It can't be done," Malluc answered promptly. "That was thrust upon me by having saved his life. The only other time I've sheltered a potential victim of the law the man had not yet been served with a warrant. A couple of detectives were after him, but he had not been arrested. But it's unjustified and I have resolved henceforth to confine my refuge work to those who have paid the penalty ordained."

He picked up the newspaper clipping which described the finding of Bolton's corpse.

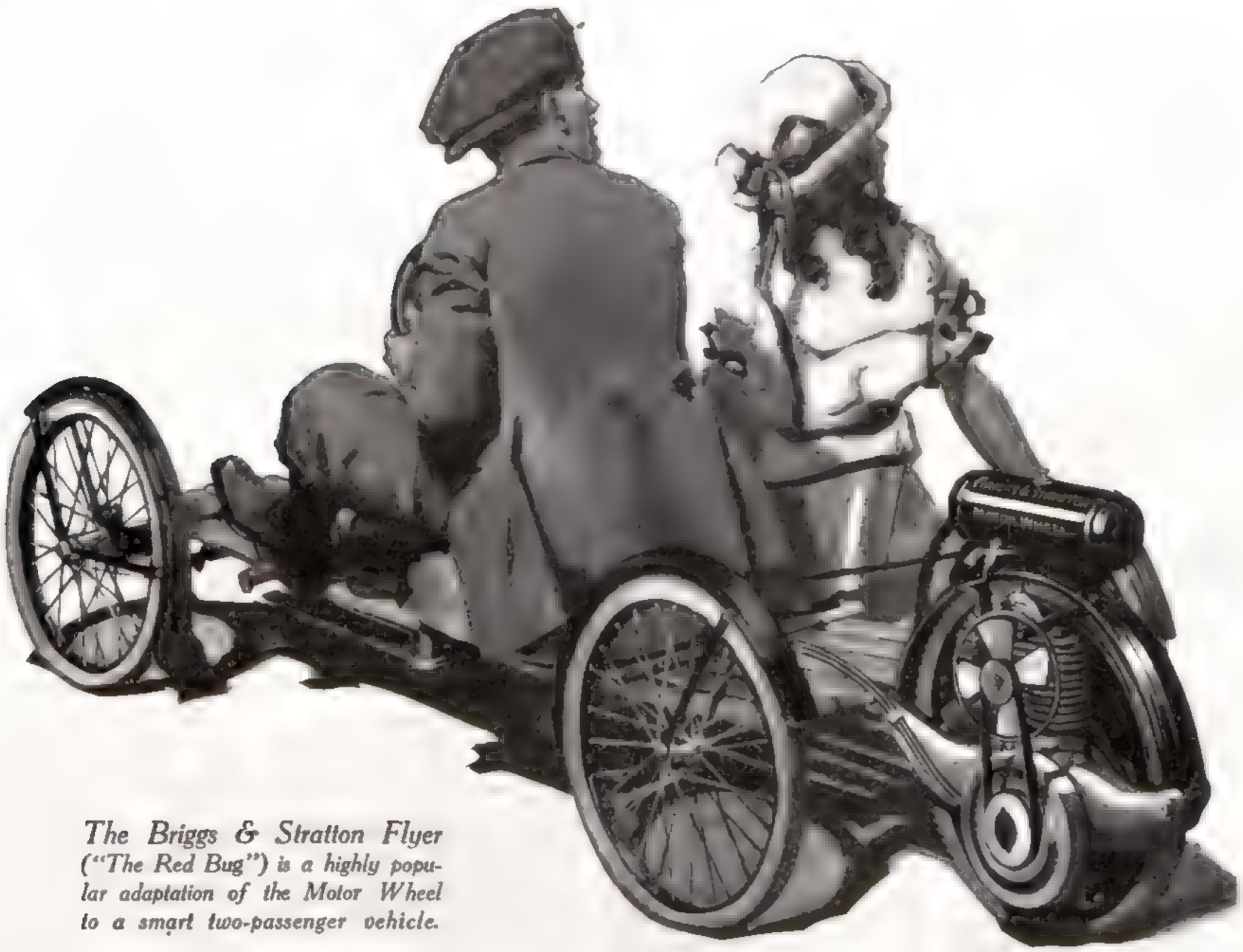
"Here's an example of what monkeying with the law may let you in for. This murderous brute was the one who entered the Hobarts' house and stole the necklace. He had been prowling about here for several days, and in watching my house for a chance to burgle it saw me bring Jeannot here, and recognized him. Apparently he suspected me of running a sort of criminal get-away business, as after opening the Hobarts' safe he came here and demanded that I ferry him across the bay under threat of blackmail."

"You didn't want to tell us about this the other day," I interrupted.

"That was because I was not sure just what had happened to him. He had me in a tight place on Jeannot's account as well as mine. I couldn't let so dangerous a scoundrel go free, and if I'd called the police here he would have told them that Jeannot was in the house. His face was still in bandages and they might have found out who he was, which would have got him nabbed and my doctor sent back to jail and landed me there too perhaps, to say nothing of other catastrophes. I needed a little time, so I decided to run Bolton in to Boston and hand him over to the police there, trusting to get word to the doctor that Jeannot must be ready to pass muster immediately. Bolton did not know,

(Continued on Page 154)

SPORT



The Briggs & Stratton Flyer ("The Red Bug") is a highly popular adaptation of the Motor Wheel to a smart two-passenger vehicle.

IT would be hard to conceive of a more practical and satisfactory "Roadster" for the young folks, since it combines the simplicity of the bicycle with the delights of the motor car.

However, red-blooded youngsters are not alone responsible for its great popularity, for pleasure seeking grown-ups have found this "sporty" form of transportation both delightful and practical, where the services of the high powered motor car were unobtainable or prohibited.

While the day-in-and-day-out performance of the Flyer is admirable, yet it is not remarkable when one considers the Flyer itself, for it is the product of an organization that has acquired a pre-eminent position in the Automotive Industry through a continued observance of the best engineering practices.

The Flyer's real worth, however, can best be told by the manner in which it performs, and you are urged to appraise its qualities by personally driving it. You may feel assured that your dealer will be pleased to arrange for this practical form of inspection.

BRIGGS & STRATTON

BRIGGS & STRATTON COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES AND WORKS

100 Miles per Gallon

Previous to the advent of the Motor Wheel, innumerable attempts were made to motorize the bicycle. Power generating units of various forms and weights were attached to, or suspended from, the bicycle frame. But, as lightness was a sought-for quality in standard frame design, direct power application proved impractical because of breakage through crystallization at stress-receiving points.

Then came the motorized third wheel — the realization of power application permissible with the use of the finely balanced standard bicycle.

On this rudimentary form the Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel has been developed and it requires but brief enumeration to define the broad practicability of the motorized third wheel principle.

——The motor wheel sustains its own weight, the contact with the frame being indirect —relieving it of all dead weight.

——The full power of the engine is driven directly forward to the pivot joint—the indirect point of contact with the bicycle.

——Road shock and vibration are confined within the Motor Wheel itself and are absorbed by the cushion of air contained in the pneumatic tire.

——Its position at the left side and back of the rear bicycle wheel produces the natural balance of the tripod, supplies three points of traction and aids the rider in keeping his equilibrium.

——It requires but a few minutes' time to attach the Briggs & Stratton Motor Wheel; accessories or alterations of any kind being unnecessary, since the attaching arms fit any standard bicycle.

——The Motor Wheel being at the rear of the bicycle and wholly away from the rider insures cleanliness. Riding togs are not required.

——The Motor Wheel has created a new standard of economy in the operation of motorized vehicles. There is no lost motion, as every atom of propulsion force is utilized; making possible the remarkable accomplishment——

100 Miles per Gallon

Your copy of the booklet, "Motor Wheel and Flyer", S. P. Edition, which conclusively explains many interesting facts and the Motor Wheel's broad adaptations, is ready and will be sent gratis. Bicycle, Sporting Goods, Hardware and Implement Dealers without Motor Wheels and Flyers available are urged to specify their requirements promptly.

MOTOR WHEEL

MOTOR WHEEL DIVISION
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

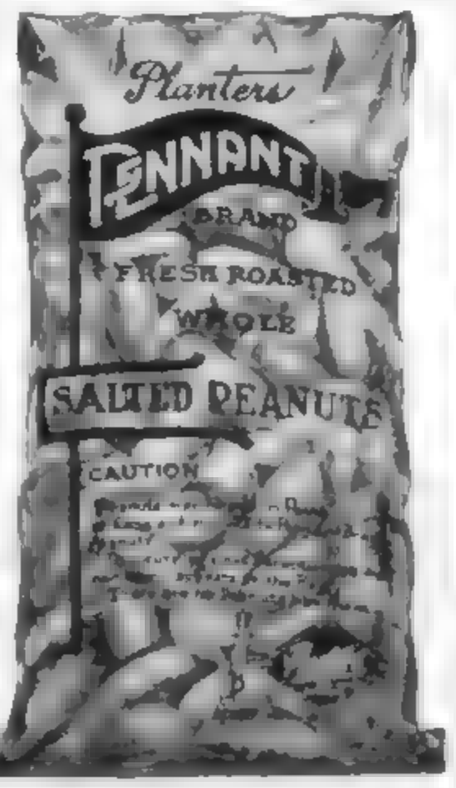
For that Hungry Feeling

Here's an appetizing and economical way of satisfying the hunger that comes between meals. PLANTERS PENNANT SALTED PEANUTS are as wholesome as they are delicious, and easily digested too.

Planters PENNANT —BRAND— PEANUTS

"THE NATIONAL SALTED PEANUT"

have a tantalizing flavor that can't be resisted. Open a box or jar of PENNANTS, and see with what zest they are enjoyed. Clean, free from skins, and whole roasted. In the glass jar they are guaranteed to be fresh and crisp if the lid is on tight, regardless of how long they have been on the dealer's shelves or in your possession. No other salted peanuts are packed by the vacuum process—the only way to keep them ALWAYS fresh and crisp.



Sold everywhere in familiar 5c glassine bags with "THE RED PENNANT." Do not accept peanuts offered in any other bag —they are not PENNANTS.

10-oz. jar, 50c 6-oz. jar, 35c
Glassine bag, 5c
(In the Eastern Section)

TO DEALERS—If you are unable to obtain PLANTERS PENNANT PEANUTS write to us at once, giving name and address of your jobber and we will advise you how to obtain them promptly.

PLANTERS
NUT & CHOCOLATE CO.
WILKES-BARRE, PA.
SUFFOLK, VA.

(Continued from Page 151)

of course, that we had altered Jeannot's looks, so there wasn't a chance in a thousand of his being recognized if warned. There were other equally serious considerations, but I counted on being able to meet them too."

"I wonder you didn't take the brute well offshore and chuck him overboard," I said.

"Well, I'll admit being sorely tempted to do just that. But it does not fall within my scheme of things to impede the progress of any soul, however low in its evolution. My whole effort is directed toward helping forward the retarded ones. Bolton was pretty sure of capital punishment, but he might have got off with a life sentence, and in any case he would have had a little time to prepare himself. He needed punishment. I don't extend my interference to hindering this when deserved."

"Then what happened?" I asked.

"We got aboard my speed launch and started out. I sent Bolton up in the bow. Off Cohasset I altered my course for Hull. Bolton had been a sailor and he must have guessed that he had made a fatal error in thinking he could blackmail me into running him across to Cape Ann. We were only about a mile offshore just then, and apparently he decided that his best chance was to slip overboard and swim for it. I was squeezing down the grease cups and when I looked up he was gone. We were traveling about twenty an hour and I couldn't have heard the splash, but the sea was a flat calm and there was an old moon so that I should have seen him if he had been swimming when I turned and went back slowly in my wake. He may have dived to let the boat pass over him and got hit by my patent log, which works under the keel. Anyhow, he seemed gone for good, and I must say I did not feel like crying about it. Five days later I saw this article and felt tremendously relieved, as there was always the off chance of his having got ashore. I saved the clipping to show to you and Miss Hobart."

For a moment I was tempted to tell him what Martha and I had seen and thought, but felt that I should not do so without consulting her. Malluc frowned as if finding the reminiscence intensely disagreeable.

"I was never more disgusted in my life than when I got back and thought of all that might have happened if the animal had not removed himself," said he, and I remembered how he had spat into Bolton's fluid shroud. "It taught me a tremendous lesson, which is not to juggle with the law. Well, I suppose I might as well show you the plans for this airplane motor device of mine."

He got up and crossed the laboratory. But I had lost all interest in his invention, for at that moment my eyes happened to fall on his blotter, which was spotlessly clean except for the reversed impression of the letter he had just written for Jeannot.

Now as I glanced idly at the imprint of this I was struck by the large round straight-up-and-down signature from its resemblance to my own, the sort taught in English schools and modified by personality; and then I received a sudden shock, for except that the final *e* was reversed the signature might indeed have been mine. C-u-l-l-a-m, it read.

I cannot describe just how the truth broke in upon me. It was a rapid process, and yet a detailed one, like a succession of blows upon my brain centers, each succeeding one more violent than that before.

"Cullam," an unusual name—as was Malluc also. Its bearer an eccentric, an inventor, handsome, magnetic, willful, self-sufficient, of overpowering and impossible personality for an intimate relation with such an ultraconventional woman as my mother—or Martha, who in this respect had strongly reminded me of her. Malluc's personal history flashed through my brain: a Heidelberg degree and two years subsequently in France and Italy, which was practically all that I knew about my father, and this learned from an old friend, as mother would never so much as mention his name. Then Suzy's remark about my resemblance to him. I remembered his lack of surprise and approving words, "I rather thought you could do that," when I straightened the fifty-cent piece he had bent, and last of all Martha's overpowering emotion when I had mimicked his voice, followed by her passive nonresistance as I drew her close and kissed her.

I sank back in my chair, dazed, staggered, overcome, not with emotion but astonishment. He had gone over in a corner of the laboratory and I could hear him setting out some apparatus and talking as he did so, but there was not the slightest reaction in my brain to what he said and his words reached me in a confused babel.

At that moment I was thinking less about the fact of our relationship than what my attitude toward him should be.

Malluc must then have noticed my curious abstraction. I had leaned back in the chair and raised my hands to my temples, in which the pulse was pounding. He stepped quickly across to where I sat.

"I say, what's the matter?" he asked solicitously.

"A sort of giddiness," I answered. "A vertigo. I'll be all right in a minute."

"It must be that stuff I'm filtering," he said. "It's an azo compound. Does it affect your vision?"

"A little," I answered—"that or the intense light. There, I'm all right now."

"You're white as a sheet," he said. "It is close in here. I shut the windows because my screens are not made yet. Let's go outside."

"Oh, never mind," I answered. "I don't think it's the atmosphere. Just a bit of liver. I've had no exercise to speak of for the last ten days and the trepidation of the car has probably stirred me up. Or it might be the lobster we had for dinner. There, it's all right now."

He went to an ice cooler and I heard him drawing a glass of water. I was seized with a sort of panic lest he guess at my discovery. The inkwell was standing on the blotter and I reached out and deliberately capsized it as if in a clumsy effort to lay hold of something in rising to my feet.

"Confound it!" I said. "I've spilled your ink."

"Oh, hang the ink!" said Malluc. "Step outside and take a few deep breaths. That always fixes me when I get muggy."

I did so, and quickly pulled myself together. I had not the slightest intention of telling him what I had found out then or at any subsequent time. This was not through anger or resentment, but because I felt that if he had wished to assert his parenthood he would have done so long ago. The chances were, I thought, that he had known of our relationship the moment he laid eyes on me.

Malluc brought me a glass of water, which I drank, and we were standing there in the soft night air when we heard the murmur of voices and caught the gleam of a white figure and beside it a darker one coming toward the laboratory. Then Suzy and Len came within the zone of light streaming from the open door.

"We thought we'd come and see what our French expert thinks of the invention," said Len.

"I haven't seen it yet," I answered. "I was talking with Mr. Malluc and suddenly got an attack of blind staggers. Too much lobster."

"It's the car," said Len. "I get that way sometimes running over the road. Eyes, I guess, or else shaking up your liver. A bit of tennis will fix you all right."

Suzy stepped inside.

"Phew!" said she. "It's that ammonia smell. The other day it was hydrogen sulphide. I thought papa must be experimenting with a process for redeeming rotten eggs."

"Well," said Malluc, "suppose we let the invention wait. Let's go up to the house."

"I must say," said Suzy, that evening, "that you don't seem to be pushing your campaign for Len with any amount of vigor."

"From the speed with which he got over here the moment we arrived I should say that he did not need much support," I replied.

"You might infuse him with a little of your dash though," Suzy suggested.

"You flatter me, Suzy," I answered sadly. "Did you really miss him when he was gone?"

"Why, yes, Dick," she admitted. "I was considerably surprised to find out how much. In fact I'm almost afraid that if he were to make a vigorous assault this garrison might possibly have to surrender."

She looked down at her feet, a very shy and happy little girl.

"That is splendid, Suzy," I said. "You see, Len is the best soldier after all. He goes steadily ahead through the barbed-wire entanglements." I drew her toward me and kissed her on the cheek. "Mine are the tactics of Joffre, you see. I nibble at them."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A New Beauty Now Makes a Chalmers Doubly Charming

The case for Chalmers has rested itself for several years on its power rhythm, its rare ability to utilize the last ounce of power nature stored away in gasoline, and to provide gentle, steady power that was throbless.

Now comes a new body—a new coach—to make this car doubly charming.

To see it is to want a Chalmers, for it is so simple in line, so engaging as a result of its simplicity.

You can add the final touch to this choice if you will but ride in one a short distance. Hot Spot and Ram's-horn, those two ingenious devices that fertile minds invented to "digest" the raw, inferior gasoline of the day, will win you.

They wring out the power in the gasoline, feed each cylinder without favoritism, and supply a rhythm of action that is very engaging.

Also they take out the uneven throb, and once you experience this sensation you, too, will say Chalmers is one of the few great cars of the world.

CHALMERS MOTOR CAR CO., DETROIT

CHALMERS MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONTARIO
MAXWELL MOTOR SALES CORP., EXPORT DIVISION, 1808 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

CHALMERS

With HOT SPOT
& RAM'S-HORN

Pride In Achievement

THERE is a sense of utmost satisfaction in the attainment of an ideal. This pride in achievement makes for progress. It has brought better automobiles—and developed better tires.

And this pride in achievement has brought the Ajax Cord.

Performance records of the Ajax Cord have been most carefully measured. So have the sales records in the thousands of Ajax dealers' stores. The findings are that the Ajax Cord marks distinct advancement in *mileage*, in *service* and in *value*. Increases in its sale to motorists—the one sure reflection of public confidence in the product—have been amazing.

Special Construction Features

Ajax Cord Tires are built by selected experts. Ply upon ply they build, always laying the cords gently in place—*they never stretch them.*

Thus the full resiliency is preserved.

That's why the Ajax Cord rides so smoothly and gives as it should with each shock of the road.

The Ajax Cord is reinforced by Ajax Shoulders of Strength. And it has the Cleated Tread—*it holds* like the cleats on an athlete's shoes.

Your nearest Ajax Sales and Service Depot is headquarters for the Ajax Cord, the Ajax Road King (fabric) and Ajax H. Q. (High Quality) Tire Accessories.

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Factories: Trenton, N. J. *Branches in Leading Cities*

AJAX CORD

THE CAMEL'S BACK

Continued from Page 17)

A solution flashed upon Perry.

"You got a date to-night?"

"Oh, I couldn't possibly "

"Oh, come on," said Perry encouragingly. "Sure you can! Here! Be a good sport and climb into these hind legs."

With difficulty he located them and extended their yawning depths ingratiatingly. But Mrs. Nolak seemed loath. She backed perversely away.

"Oh, no ——"

"C'm on! Why, you can be the front if you want to. Or we'll flip a coin."

"Oh, no ——"

"Make it worth your while."

Mrs. Nolak set her lips firmly together.

"Now you just stop!" she said with no coyness implied. "None of the gentlemen ever acted up this way before. My husband ——"

"You got a husband?" demanded Perry. "Where is he?"

"He's home."

"Wha's telephone number?"

After considerable parley he obtained the telephone number pertaining to the Nolak penates and got into communication with that small, weary voice he had heard once before that day. But Mr. Nolak, though taken off his guard and somewhat confused by Perry's brilliant flow of logic, stuck staunchly to his point. He refused firmly but with dignity to help out Mr. Parkhurst in the capacity of back part of a camel.

Having rung off, or rather having been rung off on, Perry sat down on a three-legged stool to think it over. He named over to himself those friends on whom he might call, and then his mind paused as Betty Medill's name hazily and sorrowfully occurred to him. He had a sentimental thought. He would ask her. Their love affair was over, but she could not refuse this last request. Surely it was not much to ask—to help him keep up his end of social obligation for one short night. And if she insisted she could be the front part of the camel and he would go as the back. His magnanimity pleased him. His mind even turned to rosy-colored dreams of a tender reconciliation inside the camel—there hidden away from all the world.

"Now you'd better decide right off."

The bourgeois voice of Mrs. Nolak broke in upon his mellow fancies and roused him to action. He went to the phone and called up the Medill house. Miss Betty was out; had gone out to dinner.

Then, when all seemed lost, the camel's back wandered curiously into the store. He was a dilapidated individual with a cold in his head and a general trend about him of downwardness. His cap was pulled down low on his head, and his chin was pulled down low on his chest, his coat hung down to his shoes, he looked run-down, down at the heels, and Salvation Army to the contrary—down and out. He said that he was the taxicab driver that the gentleman had hired at the Clarendon Hotel. He had been instructed to wait outside, but he had waited some time and a suspicion had grown upon him that the gentleman had gone out the back way with purpose to defraud him—gentlemen sometimes did—so he had come in. He sank down onto the three-legged stool.

"Wanta go to a party?" demanded Perry sternly.

"I gotta work," answered the taxi driver lugubriously. "I gotta keep my job."

"It's a very good party."

"'S a very good job."

"Come on!" urged Perry. "Be a good fella. See—it's pretty!" He held the camel up and the taxi driver looked at it cynically.

"Huh!"

Perry searched feverishly among the folds of the cloth.

"See!" he cried enthusiastically, holding up a selection of folds. "This is your part. You don't even have to talk. All you have to do is to walk—and sit down occasionally. You do all the sitting down. Think of it. I'm on my feet all the time and you can sit down some of the time. The only time I can sit down is when we're lying down, and you can sit down when—oh, any time. See?"

"What's 'at thing?" demanded the individual dubiously. "A shroud?"

"Not at all," said Perry hurriedly. "It's a camel."

"Huh?"

Then Perry mentioned a sum of money, and the conversation left the land of grunts and assumed a practical tinge. Perry and the taxi driver tried on the camel in front of the mirror.

"You can't see it," explained Perry, peering anxiously out through the eyeholes, "but honestly, ole man, you look sim'ly great! Honestly!"

A grunt from the hump acknowledged this somewhat dubious compliment.

"Honestly, you look great!" repeated Perry enthusiastically. "Move round a little."

The hind legs moved forward, giving the effect of a huge cat-camel hunching his back preparatory to a spring.

"No; move sideways."

The camel's hips went neatly out of joint; a hula dancer would have writhed in envy.

"Good, isn't it?" demanded Perry, turning to Mrs. Nolak for approval.

"It looks lovely," agreed Mrs. Nolak.

"We'll take it," said Perry.

The bundle was safely stowed under Perry's arm and they left the shop.

"Go to the party!" he commanded as he took his seat in the back.

"What party?"

"Fanzy-dress party."

"Where'bouts is it?"

This presented a new problem. Perry tried to remember, but the names of all those who had given parties during the holidays danced confusedly before his eyes. He could ask Mrs. Nolak, but on looking out the window he saw that the shop was dark. Mrs. Nolak had already faded out, a little black smudge far down the snowy street.

"Drive uptown," directed Perry with fine confidence. "If you see a party, stop. Otherwise I'll tell you when we get there."

He fell into a hazy daydream and his thoughts wandered again to Betty—he imagined vaguely that they had had a disagreement because she refused to go to the party as the back part of the camel. He was just slipping off into a chilly doze when he was wakened by the taxi driver opening the door and shaking him by the arm.

"Here we are, maybe."

Perry looked out sleepily. A striped awning led from the curb up to a spreading gray stone house, from inside which issued the low drummy whine of expensive jazz. He recognized the Howard Tate house.

"Sure," he said emphatically; "'at's it! Tate's party to-night. Sure, everybody's gin'."

"Say," said the individual anxiously after another look at the awning, "you sure these people ain't gonna romp on me for comin' here?"

Perry drew himself up with dignity.

"If anybody says anything to you, just tell 'em you're part of my costume."

The visualization of himself as a thing rather than a person seemed to reassure the individual.

"All right," he said reluctantly.

Perry stepped out under the shelter of the awning and began unrolling the camel.

"Let's go," he commanded.

Several minutes later a melancholy, hungry-looking camel, emitting clouds of smoke from his mouth and from the tip of his noble hump, might have been seen crossing the threshold of the Howard Tate residence, passing a startled footman without so much as a snort, and heading directly for the main stairs that led up to the ballroom. The beast walked with a peculiar gait which varied between an uncertain lockstep and a stampede—but can best be described by the word "halting." The camel had a halting gait—and as he walked he alternately elongated and contracted like a gigantic concertina.

III

THE Howard Tates are, as everyone who lives in Toledo knows, the most formidable people in town. Mrs. Howard Tate was a Chicago Todd before she became a Toledo Tate, and the family generally affect that conscious simplicity which has begun to be the earmark of American aristocracy. The Tates have reached the stage where they talk about pigs and farms and look at you icy-eyed if you are not amused. They have begun to prefer retainers rather than friends as dinner guests, spend a lot of money in a quiet way and, having lost all sense of competition, are in process of growing quite dull.

The dance this evening was for little Millicent Tate, and though there was a scattering of people of all ages present the dancers were mostly from school and college—the younger married crowd was at the Townsends' circus ball up at the Tallyho Club. Mrs. Tate was standing just inside the ballroom, following Millicent round with her eyes and beaming whenever she caught her eye. Beside her were two middle-aged sycophants who were saying what a perfectly exquisite child Millicent was. It was at this moment that Mrs. Tate was grasped firmly by the skirt and her youngest daughter, Emily, aged eleven, hurled herself with an "Oof!" into her mother's arms.

"Why, Emily, what's the trouble?"

"Mamma," said Emily, wild-eyed but voluble, "there's something out on the stairs."

"What?"

"There's a thing out on the stairs, mamma. I think it's a big dog, mamma, but it doesn't look like a dog."

"What do you mean, Emily?"

The sycophants waved their heads and hemmed sympathetically.

"Mamma, it looks like a—like a camel."

Mrs. Tate laughed.

"You saw a mean old shadow, dear, that's all."

"No, I didn't. No, it was some kind of thing, mamma—big. I was going downstairs to see if there were any more people and this dog or something, he was coming upstairs. Kinda funny, mamma, like he was lame. And then he saw me and gave a sort of growl and then he slipped at the top of the landing and I ran."

Mrs. Tate's laugh faded.

"The child must have seen something," she said.

The sycophants agreed that the child must have seen something—and suddenly all three women took an instinctive step away from the door as the sounds of muffled footsteps were audible just outside.

And then three startled gasps rang out as a dark brown form rounded the corner and they saw what was apparently a huge beast looking down at them hungrily.

"Oof!" cried Mrs. Tate.

(Continued on Page 161)

"Julius Caesar," Announced Perry, Turning Round From the Mirror. "Man of Iron Will and Stern 'Termination"

New May Numbers

Columbia

They All Make Records Exclusively for Columbia

Operatic

Baklanoff, Barrientos, Garden, Gordon, Hackett, Lazaro, Macbeth, Mardones, Ponselle, Romain, Rothier, Stracciari.

Concert

Farrar, Gates, Graveure, Lashanska, Maurel, Meader, Nielsen, Seagle.

Instrumentalists

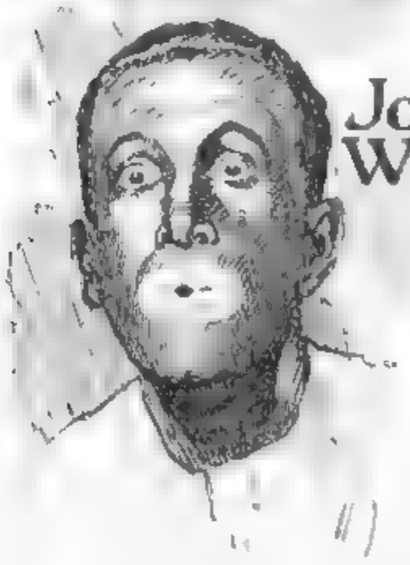
Eddy Brown, Casals, Grainger, Hofmann, Jacobsen, Seidel, Ysaÿe.

Miscellaneous

Harry C. Browne, Guido Deiro, Fisk University Quartette, Yvette Guilbert, Fred Hughes, Marconi Brothers, Paulist Choristers, Frank Tinney, Edna White Trumpet Quartette.

Columbia Grafonola

Now On Sale Records



Jolson's "Swanee" Whistling Song

Al Jolson not only sings but melodiously whistles "Swanee," his latest *Sinbad* hit, that song of longing for the South.

A-2884—85c

Big 6" Saxophones "Buddha-Dardanella"

The Columbia Saxophone Sextette plays this rollicking, fox-trot record punctuated by the popping of the big bass saxophone.

A-2876—85c

Bert Williams Has the Blues

"I'm Sorry I Ain't Got It, You Could Have It If I Had It" is the answer Bert always gets when he tries to make a touch in this side-splitting song of the "Blues."

A-2877—85c

Other Hits On May List

More than ninety per cent of the artists who have made Columbia Records this month make records for Columbia *exclusively*. Yet these are only a few of the many *exclusive* artists who make records for Columbia. The place to look for the latest records by the most popular artists is always the Columbia dealer's store.

Ah! There—Oriental Fox-Trot **Just Another Kiss**—Waltz	Columbia Orchestra Paul Biese Trio	A-2879 85c
Venetian Moon—Fox Trot **Bo-la-Bo**—Egyptian Fox Trot	Kentucky Serenaders Ted Lewis' Jazz Band	A-2895 85c
If You Could Care—Medley Waltz **On Miami Shore**—Medley Waltz	Prince's Orchestra Prince's Dance Orchestra	A-6144 $1.25
Dancing Honeymoon—Fox-Trot **Fee Fi Fo Fum**—One-Step	Art Hickman's Orchestra Art Hickman's Orchestra	A-2880 85c
Afghanistan—Fox Trot **Mohammed**—Fox-Trot	Prince's Dance Orchestra Prince's Dance Orchestra	A-2883 85c
Barbiere di Siviglia—Deaque le Sou	Barrientos and Stracciari	49612 $2.00
La Boheme Selections—Part I **La Boheme Selections—Part II**	Metropolitan Opera House Orch Metropolitan Opera House Orch	A-6143 $1.50
'Cause of You	Riccardo Stracciari	49634 $1.50
Sunrise and You **I'll Think of You When Evening Shadows Fall**	George Meader George Meader	A-2886 85c
Uncle Zed and His Fiddle—Descriptive Monologue **Uncle Zed Buys a Graphophone**—Descriptive Monologue	Charles Ross Taggart Charles Ross Taggart	A-2890 85c
My Mother's Songs **One by One We're Passing Over**	William McEwan William McEwan	A-2881 85c
Christ in Flanders **In Flanders Fields**	Charles Harrison Charles Harrison	A-2892 85c
Goodnight, Angeline **We Must Have a Song to Remember**	Peerless Quartette Peerless Quartette	A-2888 85c
When My Baby Smiles **Daddy, You've Been a Mother to Me**	Henry Burr Lewis James	A-2894 85c
Beautiful Hawaiian Love **Hawaiian Hours With You**	Campbell and Burr Campbell and Burr	A-2893 85c
Peggy **Say It With Flowers**	Charles Harrison Charles Harrison	A-2885 85c
Serenade—Violin Solo **The Old Refrain**—Violin Solo	Eddy Brown Eddy Brown	A-2882 $1.00
Fast Polka—Royal Serbian **Grandmother's Waltz**—Royal Serbian Tambouritza Orchestra	Tambouritza Orchestra	E-4520 85c
First Waltz—Accordion Duet **Selections from Faust**—Accordion Duet	Marconi Brothers Marconi Brothers	A-2891 85c

Get the New Columbia Novelty Record Booklet. Every Columbia Dealer has it

Any Columbia Dealer will play you any Columbia Record.

New Columbia Records on Sale at All Columbia Dealers the 10th and 20th of Every Month

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE CO., New York
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Ponselle's Tragic "Suicidio"

Thrilling and heartrending are the tones of this great dramatic soprano in this tragic aria from *La Gioconda*.

49735—$1.50

Hackett's First English Record

That beautiful love ballad, "I'd Build a World in the Heart of a Rose," is this famous tenor's first English record.

78929—$1.00

Seagle Sings Two Negro Spirituals

Real honest-to-goodness negro revival hymns are Oscar Seagle's "Golden Crown" and "Standin' in de Need o' Prayer."

A-2889—$1.00

Nettleton

THE distinguishing note in Nettleton footwear is a very tangible air of distinction—a character and stability that are peculiarly Nettleton. Shoes so uncommonly good cannot be judged by common *standards*.

Nettleton perfection in style and quality is inwrought by reason of an excess of care and zeal and conscience. Their slightly higher cost is cheerfully paid by thousands of Nettleton wearers who appreciate their greater worth in *greater wear*.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 157)

"O-o-oh!" cried the ladies in a chorus.

The camel suddenly humped his back, and the gasps turned to shrieks.

"Oh—look!"

"What is it?"

The dancing stopped, but the dancers hurrying over got quite a different impression of the invader from that of the ladies by the door; in fact, the young people immediately suspected that it was a stunt, a hired entertainer come to amuse the party. The boys in long trousers looked at it rather disdainfully and sauntered over with their hands in their pockets, feeling that their intelligence was being insulted. But the girls ran over with much handclapping and many little shouts of glee.

"It's a camel!"

"Well, if he isn't the funniest!"

The camel stood there uncertainly, swaying slightly from side to side and seeming to take in the room in a careful, appraising glance; then as if he had come to an abrupt decision he turned and ambled swiftly out the door.

Mr. Howard Tate had just come out of his den on the lower floor and was standing chatting with a good-looking young man in the hall. Suddenly they heard the noise of shouting upstairs and almost immediately a succession of bumping sounds, followed by the precipitous appearance at the foot of the stairway of a large brown beast who seemed to be going somewhere in a great hurry.

"Now what the devil!" said Mr. Tate, starting.

The beast picked itself up with some dignity and affecting an air of extreme nonchalance, as if he had just remembered an important engagement, started at a mixed gait toward the front door. In fact, his front legs began casually to run.

"See here now," said Mr. Tate sternly. "Here! Grab it, Butterfield! Grab it!"

The young man enveloped the rear of the camel in a pair of brawny arms, and evidently realizing that further locomotion was quite impossible the front end submitted to capture and stood resignedly in a state of some agitation. By this time a flood of young people was pouring downstairs, and Mr. Tate, suspecting everything from an ingenious burglar to an escaped lunatic, gave crisp directions to the good-looking young man:

"Hold him! Lead him in here; we'll soon see."

The camel consented to be led into the den, and Mr. Tate, after locking the door, took a revolver from a table drawer and instructed the young man to take the thing's head off. Then he gasped and returned the revolver to its hiding place.

"Well, Perry Parkhurst!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"'M in the wrong pew," said Perry sheepishly. "Got the wrong party, Mr. Tate. Hope I didn't scare you."

"Well—you gave us a thrill, Perry." Realization dawned on him. "Why, of course; you're bound for the Townsends' circus ball."

"That's the general idea."

"Let me introduce Mr. Butterfield, Mr. Parkhurst. Parkhurst is our most famous young bachelor here." Then turning to Perry: "Butterfield is staying with us for a few days."

"I got a little mixed up," mumbled Perry. "I'm very sorry."

"Heavens, it's perfectly all right; most natural mistake in the world. I've got a clown costume and I'm going down there myself after a while. Silly idea for a man of my age." He turned to Butterfield. "Better change your mind and come down with us."

The good-looking young man demurred. He was going to bed.

"Have a drink, Perry?" suggested Mr. Tate.

"Thanks, I will."

"And, say," continued Tate quickly, "I'd forgotten all about your—friend here." He indicated the rear part of the camel. "I didn't mean to seem discourteous. Is it anyone I know? Bring him out."

"It's not a friend," explained Perry hurriedly. "I just rented him."

"Does he drink?"

"Do you?" demanded Perry, twisting himself tortuously round.

There was a faint sound of assent.

"Sure he does!" said Mr. Tate heartily. "A really efficient camel ought to be able to drink enough so it'd last him three days."

"Tell you, sir," said Perry anxiously, "he isn't exactly dressed up enough to come out. If you give me the bottle I can hand it back to him and he can take his inside."

From under the cloth was audible the enthusiastic smacking sound inspired by this suggestion. When a butler had appeared with bottles, glasses and siphon one of the bottles was handed back, and thereafter the silent partner could be heard imbibing long potations at frequent intervals.

Thus passed a peaceful hour. At ten o'clock Mr. Tate decided that they'd better be starting. He donned his clown's costume; Perry replaced the camel's head with a sigh; and side by side they progressed on foot the single block between the Tate house and the Tallyho Club.

The circus ball was in full swing. A great tent fly had been put up inside the ballroom and round the walls had been built rows of booths representing the various attractions of a circus side show, but these were now vacated and on the floor swarmed a shouting, laughing medley of youth and color—clowns, bearded ladies, acrobats, bareback riders, ringmasters, tattooed men and charioteers. The Townsends had determined to assure their party of success, so a great quantity of liquor had been surreptitiously brought over from their house in automobiles and it was flowing freely. A green ribbon ran along the wall completely round the ballroom, with pointing arrows alongside of it and signs which instructed the uninitiated to "Follow the green line!" The green line led down to the bar, where waited pure punch and wicked punch and plain dark-green bottles.

On the wall above the bar was another arrow, red and very wavy, and under it the slogan: "Now follow this!"

But even amid the luxury of costume and high spirits represented there the entrance of the camel created something of a stir, and Perry was immediately surrounded by a curious, laughing crowd who were anxious to penetrate the identity of this beast who stood by the wide doorway eying the dancers with his hungry, melancholy gaze.

And then Perry saw Betty. She was standing in front of a booth talking to a group of clowns, comic policemen and ringmasters. She was dressed in the costume of an Egyptian snake charmer, a costume carried out to the smallest detail. Her tawny hair was braided and drawn through brass rings, the effect crowned with a glittering Oriental tiara. Her fair face was stained to a warm olive glow and on her bare arms and the half moon of her back writhed painted serpents with single eyes of venomous green. Her feet were in sandals and her skirt was slit to the knees, so that when she walked one caught a glimpse of other slim serpents painted just above her bare ankles. Wound about her neck was a huge, glittering, cotton-stuffed cobra, and her bracelets were in the form of tiny garter snakes. Altogether a very charming and beautiful costume—one that made the more nervous among the older women shrink away from her when she passed, and the more troublesome ones to make great talk about "shouldn't be allowed" and "perfectly disgraceful."

But Perry, peering through the uncertain eyes of the camel, saw only her face, radiant, animated and glowing with excitement, and her arms and shoulders, whose mobile, expressive gestures made her always the outstanding figure in any gathering. He was fascinated and his fascination exercised a strangely sobering effect on him. With a growing clarity the events of the day came back—he had lost forever this shimmering princess in emerald green and black. Rage rose within him, and with a half-formed intention of taking her away from the crowd he started toward her—or rather he elongated slightly, for he had neglected to issue the preparatory command necessary to locomotion.

But at this point fickle Kismet, who for a day had played with him bitterly and sardonically, decided to reward him in full for the amusement he had afforded her. Kismet turned the tawny eyes of the snake charmer to the camel. Kismet led her to lean toward the man beside her and say, "Who's that? That camel?"

They all gazed.

"Darned if I know."

But a little man named Warburton, who knew it all, found it necessary to hazard an opinion:

"It came in with Mr. Tate. I think it's probably Warren Butterfield, the architect, who's visiting the Tates."

Something stirred in Betty Medill—that age-old interest of the provincial girl in the visiting man.

"Oh," she said casually after a slight pause.

At the end of the next dance Betty and her partner finished up within a few feet of the camel. With the informal audacity that was the keynote of the evening she reached out and gently rubbed the camel's nose.

"Hello, old camel."

The camel stirred uneasily.

"You 'fraid of me?" said Betty, lifting her eyebrows in mock reproof. "Don't be. You see I'm a snake charmer, but I'm pretty good at camels too."

The camel bowed very low and the groups round laughed and made the obvious remark about the beauty and the beast.

Mrs. Townsend came bustling up.

"Well, Mr. Butterfield," she beamed, "I wouldn't have recognized you."

Perry bowed again and smiled gleefully behind his mask.

"And who is this with you?" she inquired.

"Oh," said Perry in a disguised voice, muffled by the thick cloth and quite unrecognizable, "he isn't a fellow, Mrs. Townsend. He's just part of my costume."

This seemed to get by, for Mrs. Townsend laughed and bustled away. Perry turned again to Betty.

"So," he thought, "this is how much she cares! On the very day of our final rupture she starts a flirtation with another man—an absolute stranger."

On an impulse he gave her a soft nudge with his shoulder and waved his head suggestively toward the hall, making it clear that he desired her to leave her partner and accompany him. Betty seemed quite willing.

"By-by, Bobby," she called laughingly to her partner. "This old camel's got me. Where are we going, Prince of Beasts?"

The noble animal made no rejoinder, but stalked gravely along in the direction of a secluded nook on the side stairs.

There Betty seated herself, and the camel, after some seconds of confusion which included gruff orders and sounds of a heated dispute going on in his interior, placed himself beside her—his hind legs stretching out uncomfortably across two steps.

"Well, camel," said Betty cheerfully, "how do you like our happy party?"

The camel indicated that he liked it by rolling his head ecstatically and executing a gleeful kick with his hoofs.

"This is the first time that I ever had a tête-à-tête with a man's valet round"—she pointed to the hind legs—"or whatever that is."

"Oh," said Perry, "he's deaf and blind. Forget about him."

"That sure is some costume! But I should think you'd feel rather handicapped—you can't very well shimmy, even if you want to."

The camel hung his head lugubriously.

"I wish you'd say something," continued Betty sweetly. "Say you like me, camel. Say you think I'm pretty. Say you'd like to belong to a pretty snake charmer."

The camel would.

"Will you dance with me, camel?"

The camel would try.

Betty devoted half an hour to the camel. She devoted at least half an hour to all visiting men. It was usually sufficient. When she approached a new man the current débutantes were accustomed to scatter right and left like a close column deploying before a machine gun. And so to Perry Parkhurst was awarded the unique privilege of seeing his love as others saw her. He was flirted with violently!

IV

THIS paradise of frail foundation was broken into by the sound of a general ingress to the ballroom; the cotillion was beginning. Betty and the camel joined the crowd, her brown hand resting lightly on his shoulder, defiantly symbolizing her complete adoption of him.

When they entered, the couples were already seating themselves at tables round the walls, and Mrs. Townsend, resplendent as a super bareback rider with rather too rotund calves, was standing in the center with the ringmaster who was in charge of arrangements. At a signal to the band everyone rose and began to dance.

"Isn't it just slick!" breathed Betty.

"You bet!" said the camel.

"Do you think you can possibly dance?"

Perry nodded enthusiastically. He felt suddenly exuberant. After all, he was here incognito talking to his girl—he felt like winking patronizingly at the world.

"I think it's the best idea," cried Betty, "to give a party like this! I don't see how they ever thought of it. Come on, let's dance!"

So Perry danced the cotillion. I say danced, but that is stretching the word far beyond the wildest dreams of the jazziest terpsichorean. He suffered his partner to put her hands on his helpless shoulders and pull him here and there gently over the floor while he hung his huge head docilely over her shoulder and made futile dummy motions with his feet. His hind legs danced in a manner all their own, chiefly by hopping first on one foot and then on the other. Never being sure whether dancing was going on or not, the hind legs played safe by going through a series of steps whenever the music started playing. So the spectacle was frequently presented of the front part of the camel standing at ease and the rear keeping up a constant energetic motion calculated to rouse a sympathetic perspiration in any soft-hearted observer.

He was frequently favored. He danced first with a tall lady covered with straw who announced jovially that she was a bale of hay and coyly begged him not to eat her.

"I'd like to; you're so sweet," said the camel gallantly.

Each time the ringmaster shouted his call of "Men up!" he lumbered ferociously for Betty with the cardboard wienerwurst or the photograph of the bearded lady or whatever the favor chanced to be. Sometimes he reached her first, but usually his rushes were unsuccessful and resulted in intense interior arguments.

"For heaven's sake," Perry would snarl fiercely between his clenched teeth, "get a little pep! I could have gotten her that time if you'd picked your feet up."

"Well, gimme a little warnin'!"

"I did, darn you."

"I can't see a dog-gone thing in here."

"All you have to do is follow me. It's just like dragging a load of sand round to walk with you."

"Maybe you wanta try back here."

"You shut up! If these people found you in this room they'd give you the worst beating you ever had. They'd take your taxi license away from you!"

Perry surprised himself by the ease with which he made this monstrous threat, but it seemed to have a soporific influence on his companion, for he muttered an "aw gwan" and subsided into abashed silence.

The ringmaster mounted to the top of the piano and waved his hand for silence.

"Prizes!" he cried. "Gather round!"

"Yea! Prizes!"

Self-consciously the circle swayed forward. The rather pretty girl who had mustered the nerve to come as a bearded lady trembled with excitement, hoping to be rewarded for an evening's hideousness. The man who had spent the afternoon having tattoo marks painted on him by a sign painter skulked on the edge of the crowd, blushing furiously when anyone told him he was sure to get it.

"Lady and gent performers of the circus," announced the ringmaster jovially, "I am sure we will all agree that a good time has been had by all. We will now bestow honor where honor is due by bestowing the prizes. Mrs. Townsend has asked me to bestow the prizes. Now, fellow performers, the first prize is for that lady who has displayed this evening the most striking, becoming"—at this point the bearded lady sighed resignedly—"and original costume." Here the bale of hay pricked up her ears. "Now I am sure that the decision which has been decided upon will be unanimous with all here present. The first prize goes to Miss Betty Medill, the charming Egyptian snake charmer."

There was a great burst of applause, chiefly masculine, and Miss Betty Medill, blushing beautifully through her olive paint, was passed up to receive her award. With a tender glance the ringmaster handed down to her a huge bouquet of orchids.

"And now," he continued, looking round him, "the other prize is for that man who has the most amusing and original costume. This prize goes without dispute to a guest in our midst, a gentleman who is visiting here but whose stay we all hope will be long and merry—in short to the noble camel who has entertained us all by his hungry look and his brilliant dancing throughout the evening."

He ceased and there was a hearty burst of applause, for it was a popular choice.

(Concluded on Page 165)

HYATT

There's More Than Steel in Hyatt Bearings

TRUE, there's not a part of a Hyatt Roller Bearing that is not made of steel —the highest grade of steel.

And yet in buying Hyatt Roller Bearings you get more than just a mass of processed steel. You get durable, dependable bearing service that results from the years of thought that the Hyatt organization has put into the development of Hyatt Roller Bearings and its skill in applying these modern bearings to mechanism of all kinds.

Even though made of the best steels, carefully heat treated, accurately ground and thoroughly inspected, Hyatt Roller Bearings would be of small value if they were not designed to meet in a practical way the bearing needs of modern farm and factory machinery, motor trucks and automobiles.

As the fundamental design of Hyatt Roller Bearings is correct, they form an integral part of any mechanism and impart to it their in-built stamina and their friction-reducing qualities.

WHEN you buy a Hyatt Roller Bearing equipped motor car, truck, farm tractor, machine tool, loom, conveyor, or crane, you are buying a quality product that will capably perform its functions smoothly and constantly.

Truly, there's more than steel in Hyatt Bearings.

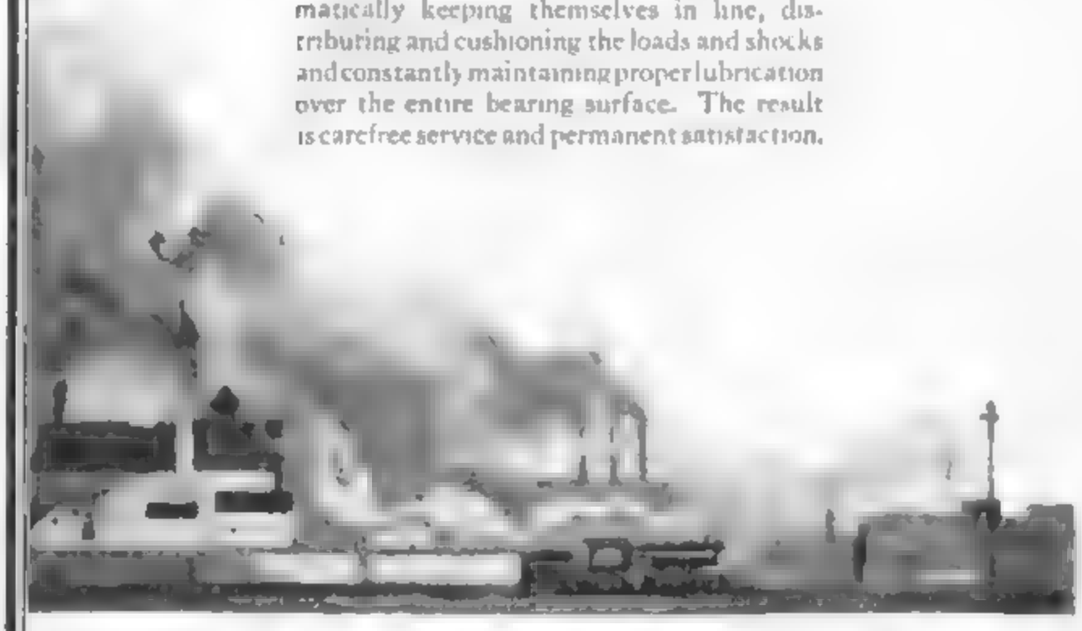
HYATT ROLLER BEARING COMPANY

Tractor Division: CHICAGO
Motor Division: DETROIT
Industrial Division: NEW YORK

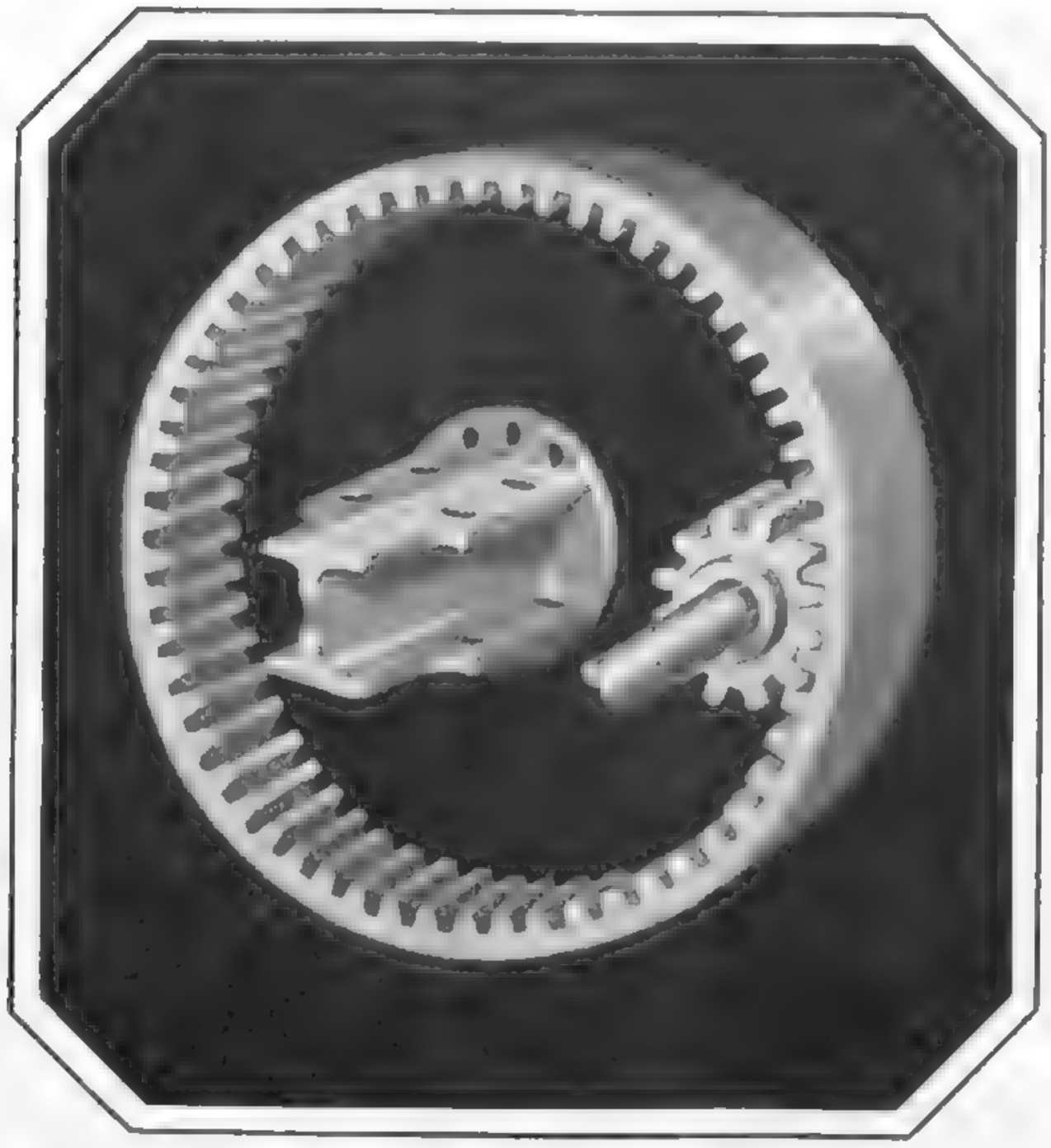
Hyatt Roller Bearings

have all the advantages found in other types of radial bearings, and an additional feature —the Hyatt hollow roller—designed and built after many experiments to determine the most efficient type of roller.

Hyatt Roller Bearings carry the load automatically keeping themselves in line, distributing and cushioning the loads and shocks and constantly maintaining proper lubrication over the entire bearing surface. The result is carefree service and permanent satisfaction.



Roller Bearings



TORBENSEN AXLES

Torbensen Internal Gear Axle actually increases the hauling power of any truck.

This is so, not only because of its scientific principle, but because of the way Torbensen applies that principle.

(Concluded from Page 161)

The prize, a huge box of cigars, was put aside for the camel, as he was anatomically unable to accept it in person.

"And now," continued the ringmaster, "we will wind up the cotillon with the marriage of Mirth to Folly!

"Form for the grand wedding march, the beautiful snake charmer and the noble camel in front!"

Betty skipped forward cheerily and wound an olive arm round the camel's neck. Behind them formed the procession of little boys, little girls, country jakes, policemen, fat ladies, thin men, sword swallowers, wild men of Borneo, armless wonders and charioteers, some of them well in their cups, all of them excited and happy and dazzled by the flow of light and color round them and by the familiar faces strangely unfamiliar under bizarre wigs and barbaric paint. The voluminous chords of the wedding march done in mad syncopation issued in a delirious blend from the saxophones and trombones—and the march began.

"Aren't you glad, camel?" demanded Betty sweetly as they stepped off. "Aren't you glad we're going to be married and you're going to belong to the nice snake charmer ever afterward?"

The camel's front legs pranced, expressing exceeding joy.

"Minister, minister! Where's the minister?" cried voices out of the revel. "Who's going to be the cler-gy-man?"

The head of Jumbo, rotund negro waiter at the Tallyho Club for many years, appeared rashly through a half-opened pantry door.

"Oh, Jumbo!"

"Get old Jumbo. He's the fella!"

"Come on, Jumbo. How 'bout marrying us a couple?"

"Yea!"

Jumbo despite his protestations was seized by four brawny clowns, stripped of his apron and escorted to a raised dais at the head of the ball. There his collar was removed and replaced back side forward to give him a sanctimonious effect. He stood there grinning from ear to ear, evidently not a little pleased, while the parade separated into two lines leaving an aisle for the bride and groom.

"Lawdy, man," chuckled Jumbo, "Ah got ole Bible 'n' ev'ythin', sho nuff."

He produced a battered Bible from a mysterious interior pocket.

"Yea! Old Jumbo's got a Bible!"

"Razor, too, I'll bet!"

"Marry 'em off, Jumbo!"

Together the snake charmer and the camel ascended the cheering aisle and stopped in front of Jumbo, who adopted a grave pontifical air.

"Where's your license, camel?"

"Make it legal, camel."

A man near by prodded Perry.

"Give him a piece of paper, camel. Anything'll do."

Perry fumbled confusedly in his pocket, found a folded paper and pushed it out through the camel's mouth. Holding it upside down Jumbo pretended to scan it earnestly.

"Dis yeah's a special camel's license," he said. "Get you ring ready, camel."

Inside the camel Perry turned round and addressed his worse half.

"Gimme a ring, for Pete's sake!"

"I ain't got none," protested a weary voice.

"You have. I saw it."

"I ain't goin' to take it offen my hand."

"If you don't I'll kill you."

There was a gasp and Perry felt a huge affair of rhinestone and brass inserted into his hand.

Again he was nudged from the outside.

"Speak up!"

"I do!" cried Perry quickly.

He heard Betty's responses given in a laughing debonair tone, and the sound of them even in this burlesque thrilled him.

If it was only real! he thought. If it only was!

Then he had pushed the rhinestone through a tear in the camel's coat and was slipping it on her finger, muttering ancient and historic words after Jumbo. He didn't want anyone to know about this ever. His one idea was to slip away without having to disclose his identity, for Mr. Tate had so far kept his secret well. A dignified young man, Perry—and this might injure his infant law practice.

"Kiss her, camel!"

"Embrace the bride!"

"Unmask, camel, and kiss her!"

Instinctively his heart beat high as Betty turned to him laughingly and began playfully to stroke the cardboard muzzle. He felt his self-control giving away, he longed to seize her in his arms and declare his identity and kiss those scarlet lips that smiled teasingly at him from only a foot away—when suddenly the laughter and applause round them died away and a curious hush fell over the hall. Perry and Betty looked up in surprise. Jumbo had given vent to a huge "Hello!" in such a startled and amazed voice that all eyes were bent on him.

"Hello!" he said again. He had turned round the camel's marriage license, which he had been holding upside down, produced spectacles and was studying it intently.

"Why," he exclaimed, and in the pervading silence his words were heard plainly by everyone in the room, "this yeah's a sho-nuff marriage permit."

"What?"

"Huh?"

"Say it again, Jumbo!"

"Sure you can read?"

Jumbo waved them to silence and Perry's blood burned to fire in his veins as he realized the break he had made.

"Yassuh!" repeated Jumbo. "This yeah's a sho-nuff license, and the pa'ties concerned one of 'em is dis yeah young lady, Miz Betty Medill, and th' other's Mistah Perry Pa'khurst."

There was a general gasp, and a low rumble broke out as all eyes fell on the camel. Betty shrank away from him quickly, her tawny eyes giving out sparks of fury.

"Is you Mistah Pa'khurst, you camel?"

Perry made no answer. The crowd pressed up closer and stared at him as he stood frozen rigid with embarrassment, his cardboard face still hungry and sardonic, regarding the ominous Jumbo.

"You-all bettah speak up!" said Jumbo slowly, "this yeah's a mighty serous mattah. Outside mah duties at this club ah happens to be a sho-nuff minister in the Firs' Cullud Baptis' Church. It done look to me as though you-all is gone an' got married."

V

THE scene that followed will go down forever in the annals of the Tallyho Club. Stout matrons fainted, strong men swore, wild-eyed débutantes babbled in lightning groups instantly formed and instantly dissolved, and a great buzz of chatter, virulent yet oddly subdued, hummed through the chaotic ballroom. Feverish youths swore they would kill Perry or Jumbo or themselves or someone and the Baptis' preacheh was besieged by a tempestuous covey of clamorous amateur lawyers, asking questions, making threats, demanding precedents, ordering the bonds annulled, and especially trying to ferret out any hint or suspicion of prearrangement in what had occurred.

In the corner Mrs. Townsend was crying softly on the shoulder of Mr. Howard Tate, who was trying vainly to comfort her; they were exchanging "all my fault's" volubly and voluminously. Outside on a snow covered walk Mr. Cyrus Medill, the Aluminum Man, was being paced slowly up and down between two brawny charioteers, giving vent now to a grunt, now to a string of unrepeatables, now to wild pleadings that they'd just let him get at Jumbo. He was facetiously attired for the evening as a wild man of Borneo, and the most exacting stage manager after one look at his face would have acknowledged that any improvement in casting the part would have been quite impossible.

Meanwhile the two principals held the real center of the stage. Betty Medill—or was it Betty Parkhurst?—weeping furiously, was surrounded by the plainer girls—the prettier ones were too busy talking about her to pay much attention to her and over on the other side of the hall stood the camel, still intact except for his headpiece, which dangled pathetically on his chest. Perry was earnestly engaged in making protestations of his innocence to a ring of angry, puzzled men. Every few minutes just as he had apparently proved his case someone would mention the marriage certificate, and the inquisition would begin again.

A girl named Marion Cloud, considered the second best belle of Toledo, changed the gist of the situation by a remark she made to Betty.

"Well," she said maliciously, "it'll all blow over, dear. The courts will annul it without question."

Betty's tears dried miraculously in her eyes, her lips shut tightly together, and she flashed a withering glance at Marion. Then she rose and scattering her sympathizers right and left walked directly across the room to Perry, who also rose and stood looking at her in terror. Again silence crept down upon the room.

"Will you have the decency," she said, "to grant me five minutes' conversation—or wasn't that included in your plans?"

He nodded, his mouth unable to form words.

Indicating coldly that he was to follow her she walked out into the hall with her chin uptilted and headed for the privacy of one of the little card rooms.

Perry started after her, but was brought to a jerky halt by the failure of his hind legs to function.

"You stay here!" he commanded savagely.

"I can't," whined a voice from the hump, "unless you get out first and let me get out."

Perry hesitated, but the curious crowd was unbearable, and unable any longer to tolerate eyes he muttered a command and with as much dignity as possible the camel moved carefully out on its four legs.

Betty was waiting for him.

"Well," she began furiously, "you see what you've done! You and that crazy license! I told you you shouldn't have gotten it! I told you!"

"My dear girl, I ——"

"Don't dear-girl me! Save that for your real wife if you ever get one after this disgraceful performance."

"I ——"

"And don't try to pretend it wasn't all arranged. You know you gave that colored waiter money! You know you did! Do you mean to say you didn't try to marry me?"

"No—I mean, yes—of course ——"

"Yes, you'd better admit it! You tried it, and now what are you going to do? Do you know my father's nearly crazy? It'll serve you right if he tries to kill you. He'll take his gun and put some cold steel in you. O-o-oh! Even if this marr—this thing can be annulled it'll hang over me all the rest of my life!"

Perry could not resist quoting softly: "'Oh, camel, wouldn't you like to belong to the pretty snake charmer for all your ——'"

"Shut up!" cried Betty.

There was a pause.

"Betty," said Perry finally with a very faint hopefulness, "there's only one thing to do that will really get us out clear. That's for you to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Yes. Really it's the only ——"

"You shut up! I wouldn't marry you if -if ——"

"I know. If I were the last man on earth. But if you care anything about your reputation ——"

"Reputation!" she cried. "You're a nice one to think about my reputation *now*. Why didn't you think about my reputation before you hired that horrible Jumbo to—to— "

Perry tossed up his hands hopelessly.

"Very well. I'll do anything you want. Lord knows I renounce all claims!"

"But," said a new voice, "I don't."

Perry and Betty started, and she put her hand to her heart.

"For heaven's sake, what was that?"

"It's me," said the camel's back.

In a minute Perry had whipped off the camel's skin, and a lax, limp object, his clothes hanging on him damply, his hand clenched tightly on an almost empty bottle, stood defiantly before them.

"Oh," cried Betty, tears starting again to her eyes, "you brought that object in here to frighten me! You told me he was deaf—that awful person!"

The ex-camel's back sat down on a chair with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Don't talk 'at way about me, lady. I ain't no person. I'm your husband."

"Husband!"

The cry was wrung simultaneously from Betty and Perry.

"Why, sure. I'm as much your husband as that gink is. The smoke didn't marry you to the camel's front. He married you to the whole camel. Why, that's my ring you got on your finger!"

With a little cry she snatched the ring from her finger and flung it passionately at the floor.

"What's all this?" demanded Perry dazedly.

"Jes' that you better fix me an' fix me right. If you don't I'm a-gonna have the same claim you got to bein' married to her!"

"That's bigamy," said Perry, turning gravely to Betty.

Then came the supreme moment of Perry's early life, the ultimate chance on which he risked his fortunes. He rose and looked first at Betty, where she sat weakly, her face aghast at this new complication, and then at the individual who swayed from side to side on his chair, uncertainly yet menacingly.

"Very well," said Perry slowly to the individual, "you can have her. Betty, I'm going to prove to you that as far as I'm concerned our marriage was entirely accidental. I'm going to renounce utterly my rights to have you as my wife, and give you to—to the man whose ring you wear—your lawful husband."

There was a pause and four horror-stricken eyes were turned on him.

"Good-by, Betty," he said brokenly. "Don't forget me in your new-found happiness. I'm going to leave for the Far West on the morning train. Think of me kindly, Betty."

With a last glance at them he turned on his heel and his head bowed on his chest as his hand touched the door knob.

"Good-by," he repeated. He turned the door knob.

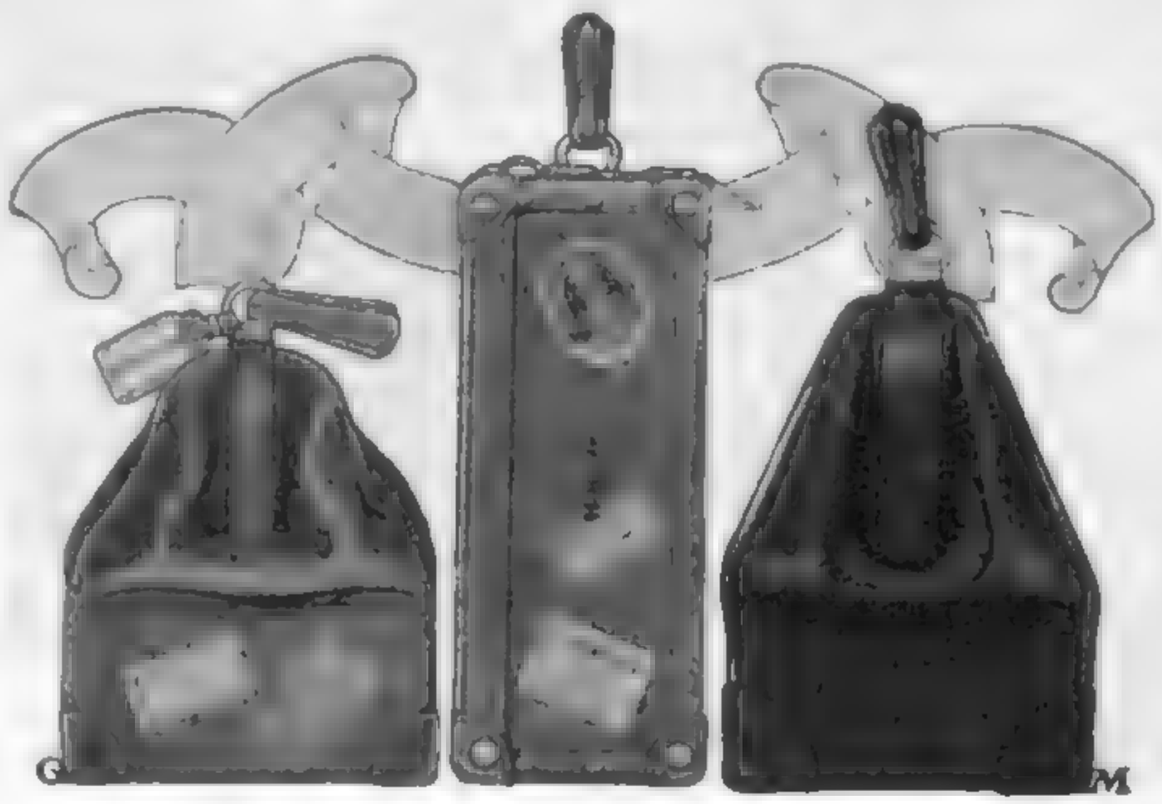
But at these words a flying bundle of snakes and silk and tawny hair hurled itself at him.

"Oh, Perry, don't leave me! I can't face it alone! Perry, Perry, take me with you!"

Her tears rained down in a torrent and flowed damply on his neck. Calmly he folded his arms about her.

"I don't care," she cried tearfully. "I love you and if you can wake up a minister at this hour and have it done over again I'll go West with you."

Over her shoulder the front part of the camel looked at the back part of the camel—and they exchanged a particularly subtle, esoteric sort of wink that only true camels can understand.



HANSEN

EVERY HANSEN model—whether in Glove, Gauntlet or Mitten style—is so correctly designed and built that it satisfies your demand for correctness in taste, with comfort and long wear assured.

In a Hansen you have full hand freedom, conforming to every motion of fingers and wrist. And Hansen builders know how to make gauntlets which protect without bulkiness, and look handsome without conspicuous style.

Hansen leathers are durable as well as beautiful, unrivaled for softness with strength.

Write for the Glove Book—from it select your favorites, then see your dealer

O. C. Hansen Manufacturing Company
100 J Detroit Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

No. 826
Combined demands of motoring and general wear are well answered in this style, unlined, with or without ventilation

GLOVES

No. 1043

Hansen Flexo "Stubby" Cuff Gauntlet

A typical example of Hansen character. Elegant, unobtrusive, it allows the complete wrist-freedom realized usually only in the short glove, with the double value of complete gauntlet protection.

Black, Cape and Horsehide leathers. Ask to see Nos. 1058, 937 and 926 unlined; No. 1043 lined.

The
"Little Barber
in a Box"
One Dollar
$1.00
'Ever-Ready'
Safety Razor
THERE'S no such thing as a tough beard or a tender skin to the "Little Barber in a Box."
Millions of men the world around know the joy of Ever-Ready shaves. Millions of Ever-Ready Razors have individually proven that five times the price cannot buy better shaves.
Make your dollar feel big today by spending it for an Ever-Ready Razor.
Extra Radio Blades 6 for 40c
Sold the World Over
American Safety Razor Corporation
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Makers of the famous Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes
Factories:—New York Brooklyn Toronto
London Paris

How Grover Cleveland Was Nominated and Elected President

(Continued from Page 23)

perhaps no more lonely man ever accepted and exercised supreme authority.

He was plunged at once into a contest with the party in power in the Senate: every act was questioned, every appointment was put down to the desire for spoils; every criticism, fair or unfair, that could be made was indulged, and he was confronted by the most serious financial and fiscal conditions. He chose the best men he could get as advisers, and his success in this respect was even to him a cause for wonder. He had to rely upon senators, members of Congress and political managers in states; he had to resist pressure and adjust differences in his own party, many of them of a local character, that never ought to have come to him; and so he had need for the marvelous physique that at forty-eight was his.

He had not been long in office before he concluded that if he was to remove the country from the old hampering conditions in which it had been living for so many years he must take an entirely new line; the result of this conclusion was the tariff message of 1887. He looked upon this from its inception to its issue as an invitation to defeat; but nothing could change his purpose; no advice, however unselfish, could turn him from his determination to give real life to politics, to bring the American people back to the consideration of live issues—the questions that must be met with courage. Nor is it necessary to enter into particulars about the result of that election. He always insisted that it was due primarily to his own acts, but his friends realized very early that there never was worse management than that seen at 10 West 29th Street, in New York City, in 1888.

It had fallen into the hands of old leaders like Gorman and Barnum, to whom were added amateurs like Calvin S. Brice, then senator from Ohio. In all the history of American politics nothing more ineffective has been seen. There was no system, there was suspicion among those at the top of the policy upon which the campaign was based, and there was personal dislike of the candidate so that the element of devotion was slight. All these things were then especially discouraging because direction in the other party was in the hands of the most efficient managers that could be found. Scruple was something that did not enter into their vocabulary, and methods then recently tried in states were carried into a general election in a way that would have seemed impossible.

Settling Down in New York

The discouraging feature was that the rank and file of his party had been devoted both to Mr. Cleveland's doctrine and to himself. They saw in him a promise of something beyond mere success of either a party or a man. As the rest of my story will show, it was this strong underlying sentiment that was to save the situation in the end and to bring out of serious defeat a most surprising victory.

The term in the presidency closed seven years of the very hardest work that any man, however capable and however well trained, could have undertaken. Here was a man who in November, 1881, had been snatched from absolute obscurity, to find himself on March 4, 1889, with four years of the very highest power and position behind him. He had come up into the leading political position not only of his own country but of the world. At every turn he had to learn his lesson and to feel his way. He could congratulate himself upon his success in this case. In spite of nominal defeat he had behind him the strong underlying support of millions of people, a goodly proportion of whom had helped to vote him out of power.

Though he had never lived in a great city and such an aggregation of people was never to become attractive to him, he concluded that, everything considered, the best place for him was New York. Though he had held great places he had not completed his fifty-second year. He had attained an exacting position and in order to maintain it he had his living to earn and his fortune to make. After a rest of a few weeks he went to New York and entered upon the practice of the law as an associate in a firm of which one of his best friends was the head. Keeping himself out of the hurly-burly of his profession he refused to go into court or to take up routine work.

It was easy enough in theory to pursue this line, but somewhat difficult in reality, because he had hardly left the presidency when there swept over the country a wave of public sentiment which indicated that the American people were in a state of sorrow for what they had done. It had long been a question as to what should be done with ex-Presidents, but in this case the answer was comparatively easy. Few of them had retired so early in life and none who had been defeated had been able to command sentiment looking with anything like favor to a return to the office. Nor was anything like this in Mr. Cleveland's mind. For a long time he would not admit the existence of this sentiment. He could not believe the great populace so changeable in its moods that by any chance he would ever be thought of for the presidency, nor did he himself want to return to it. He knew what the work and responsibility meant, and saw by this time how difficult it was to command anything like a fair support for great ideas.

The People's Schoolmaster

When he finally reached New York there was a formal political reception; some rather formal greetings from members of his profession; the claims of social life—which he always reluctantly recognized—and the busybodies who kowtowed in a way that always disgusted him; but he soon moved into a house in upper Madison Avenue, where it took him a good while fairly to get his bearings. He participated in some centennial celebrations, notably that commemorating the inauguration of Washington, where, in the face of that remarkable service in St. Paul's, and the still more remarkable sermon by Bishop Potter, he attracted more attention even than his successor, who was present.

His speech at the formal celebration was short, with nothing remarkable in it. But he was acclaimed all over the country in a way that surprised him. He had not expected his retirement from the presidency to open a door as an instructor of his countrymen.

He was never a man of fads, had no illusions about applause or enthusiasm, but in spite of his disinclination to accept invitations they came, and came with a force that had never developed during his official days.

He went on during the early days of the summer adjusting himself to the new and strange conditions. He never could feel quite at home, but he tried to measure himself in his surroundings and to find his place as well as he could. He went away for a vacation, pursuing in a mild way the fishing and shooting that had long interested him as diversions, though never as the business of life, and returned to town, rested and ready for whatever might come. As I have already said, he had not calculated upon becoming a schoolmaster to his countrymen, but ere long he discovered that whatever he said attracted attention. There was nothing very remarkable in this, nor was it at any time merely commonplace. What he spoke was just the ordinary sayings an experienced man of strong mind might utter. Nobody was more surprised than he that he found both listeners and readers. Except during emergencies the presidency had not accustomed him to such attention.

But a change was impending when, in November, he was invited by the Merchants' Association of Boston to make an address, about the middle of the coming month. The subject was not fixed, so he felt free to take up any nonparty question that appealed to him. He had already made himself the prophet of sound fiscal policies, tariff reform and civil-service reform. He emphasized these anew, but took up ballot reform as his principal theme. The Australian ballot had long been under discussion. Its progress had been slow and its advocates were discouraged at the prospect. This new proponent proclaimed it

(Continued on Page 170)

It's all plain sailing

when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer. Because the 1900 is the *perfect* washing machine.

Here are the reasons—

First, there's the magic figure 8 movement. The hot soapy water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion, which sends the water through them *four times* as often as the ordinary washer. This figure 8 movement is an exclusive feature.

Then there's the tub—not a part in it to cause wear and tear, or to rip off buttons or tear out button holes. It's the action of the water in the tub that cleanses your clothes, not the movement of any parts inside the tub.

The wringer, too, works electrically and can be swung from washer to rinse water, to blue water and to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer.

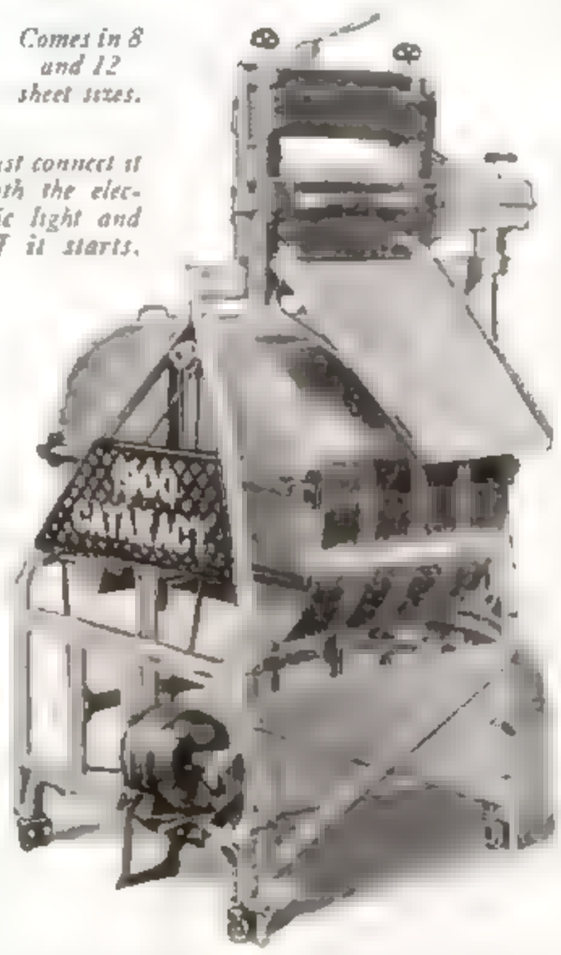
The 1900 runs smoothly and quietly. It washes a tubful of clothes in 8 to 10 minutes—and at a cost of less than 2c an hour for electricity.

And when the clothes are washed your work is finished. There are no heavy parts to be lifted out of the tub and cleaned.

The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.

Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.



Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish, you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

1900 WASHER COMPANY,
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Canadian Factory and Office: **CANADIAN 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge St., Toronto**

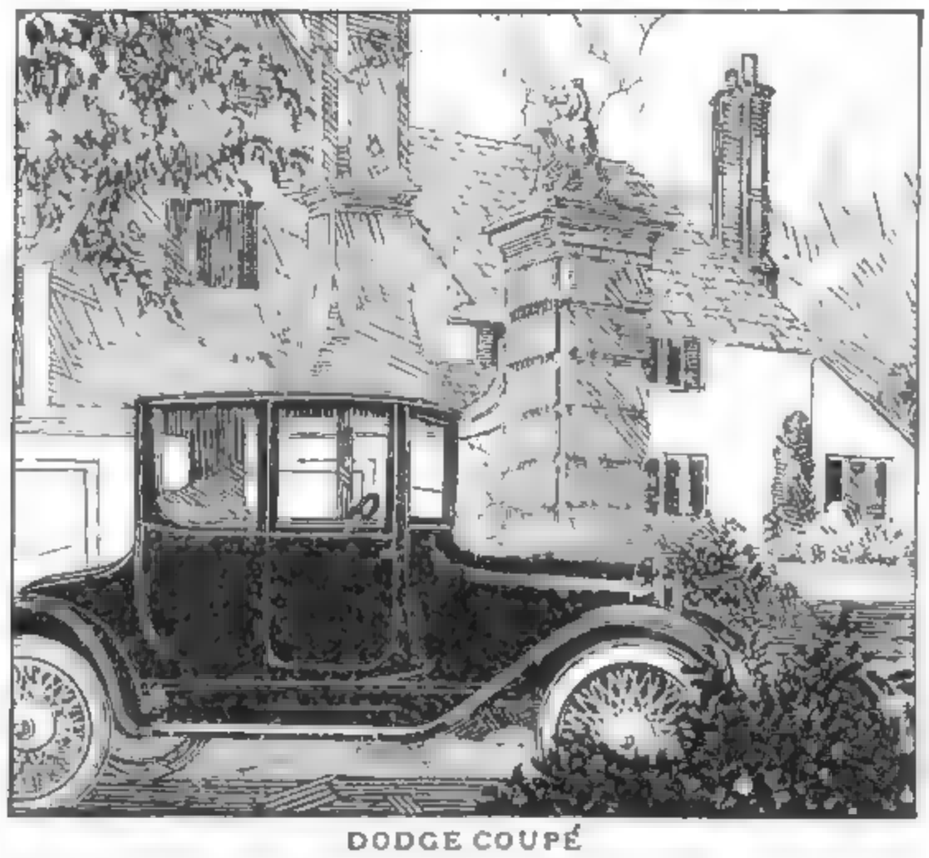
1900 WASHER COMPANY
203 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story, "George Brinton's Wife."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY AND STATE _____



DODGE COUPÉ

—in addition to Dodge,

MULTIBESTOS
BRAKE LINING

is factory equipment on 60% of American motor cars and trucks.

✓ CHECK YOUR CAR ON THIS LIST

PASSENGER CARS
Beggs
Briscoe
Chandler
Cleveland
Columbia
Commonwealth
Crow-Elkhart
Cunningham
Daniels
Detroit Elec.
Dixie
Dorris
Hanson
Haynes
Hupmobile
Jones
Jordan
Liberty
Locomobile
Maibohm
Marmon
Maxwell
McFarlan Six
McLaughlin
Milburn Elec.
Mitchell
Moore
Olympian
Packard
Piedmont
Pierce-Arrow
Premier
R & V. Knight
Saxon
Seneca
Shaw
Simplex
Standard
Stanley
Studebaker
Texan
Velie
Westcott

TRUCKS
Acason
Acme
All Power
Armleder
Atterbury
Autocar
Available
Brockway
Capitol
Clydesdale
Collier
Concord
Dart
Dependable
Diamond T
Dixie
Dodge
Dorris
Douglas
Fageol
Federal
Ford
Gabriel
Garford
G-M-C
H. R. L.
Hahn
Holl
Hendrickson
Hupmobile
Independent
Kalamazoo
Kissel Frughter
Kleiber
Maccar
Master
Maxwell
Menges
Menominee
National
Netco
O-K
Oneida
Packard
Parker
Pierce-Arrow
Rainier
Selden
Seneca
Service
Signal
Standard
Standard Oil Company of Ohio
Sterling
Stewart
Studebaker
Sullivan
Super
Tiffin
Tower
Velie
Watson
Wilcox

TRACTORS
Avery
Baker
Boring
Dauch
Emerson-Brantingham
G-O
Hart-Parr
Illinois Super Drive
Indiana
Liberty
Massey-Harris
Monarch
National
Parrett
Samson
Waterloo Boy

AXLES
Liggett
Peru
Rusel
Salisbury
Standard
Timken
Torbensen
Wisconsin

MOTOR CYCLES
Excelsior
Harley-Davidson

FOLLOW the judgment of America's leading automotive engineers when relining your brakes. Always specify MULTIBESTOS Brake Lining.

The long-lived *interlocking* weave of MULTIBESTOS has made it factory equipment on six out of every ten American motor cars. This overwhelming choice of MULTIBESTOS is the result of laboratory analyses, road tests and carefully tabulated statistics of service. When you ask your repair man to use MULTIBESTOS in relining your brakes, your judgment is endorsed by a sweeping majority of America's foremost automotive engineers.

Send for valuable free booklet
"The Care of Your Brakes"

MULTIBESTOS COMPANY
WALPOLE, MASS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 168)

with a new vigor that made it alive. When in one state after another it was finally adopted the rapidity of the progress could be attributed to the ex-President, who had given it a new standing.

This Boston occasion was not only the first of his formal addresses but for me it had an added interest because I was privileged to be of some volunteer aid to him. Colonel Lamont, who after the close of the first Administration had become absorbed in large business interests in New York, asked me one day if I would not go over and help the "Old Man" as he was affectionately called—to distribute the address to the newspapers. In doing so he said that the President did not know anything about this particular class of work. This was not at all surprising, as the colonel himself had for years been giving his closest attention to it. I had known the President for about four years in a casual way, and for part of this time when I was making the campaign textbook in the White House.

I went to see him, and the first thing he did was to read me the revised copy of his proposed Boston speech and to ask me to give him any suggestions or criticisms that might be in mind. I did this rather hesitatingly because I did not know then his methods of work or how independent he was in such matters. He accepted some of the verbal revisions and refused to make certain changes of ideas that his friends thought were rather radical or drastic. The discussion then fell back upon the methods of distribution. He had somehow an instinctive horror or suspicion not only of newspaper men but of newspapers themselves. He had suffered on one or two occasions where he had not taken the proper precautions, so I had to convince him that he was safe in letting the address go out in the form of advance copies. As the mails then ran I made a stand for seven clear days in order to reach the entire country. He was immovable in his refusal to grant more than five days, insisting that betrayal would come somewhere and his speech would get to the public prematurely. However, I put the perfected copy up into type for a weekly newspaper which I then edited—a sort of cross between the old-fashioned English weekly and the modern reprint organ of public opinion—took the proof to him, when we read it together, had the slips printed from the type as set up for the paper, and sent them on their way.

In Demand as a Speaker

The policy was adopted, from which there was never any departure, of dealing wholly with the press associations, of which there were two—the old Associated Press and the United Press, the predecessor of the organization now bearing that name. As I recall, these had constituents about equal in number, so we sent them together about 450 slips for morning newspapers. Under the conditions then existing evening papers could be trusted to copy speeches and other important matter from those issued in the morning. It was also concluded that the usual policy of sending out individual copies was discriminative as well as risky, and as success crowned our efforts no change was made in it or in the number except as the latter was increased or diminished by the development of new papers or the disappearance of old ones.

The response to this first effort was immediate. At once there came back to Mr. Cleveland, from every part of the country, full reprints of his speech. They were letter perfect down to the last comma. In all these things he was almost meticulous and as this care fitted into my own ideas there were never any differences to be adjusted.

The reception of this speech brought with it almost numberless invitations to Mr. Cleveland from every part of the country to speak on almost every conceivable subject. It was a distinct surprise to him to find that his opinion was valued by so many people and that the country was so responsive to anything that savored of real conviction. Previous Presidents had not thus thrown themselves into contact with the public. This meeting was followed, in due course, by speeches before college societies; by an address on taking the chair at the exercises celebrating the centenary of the Supreme Court; by his first, though not his principal address, on Washington; by addresses on circulating libraries; on the manufacture of musical instruments; on the Adirondack Park; at the annual police dinner in New York; at the Builders Association; at the State Charities Aid Association; at the semicentennial celebration of the German Young Men's Association in Buffalo; at the Commercial Club in Providence; before the New England Society in Brooklyn; the German-American Union at Cooper Union, New York; the Chamber of Commerce in New York; at the Fellowcraft Club; at the unveiling of the statue of Samuel S. Cox; before doctors at the Bellevue alumni meeting, and many others scattered through the years of 1890 and 1891 and part of 1892.

In addition to these there were partisan speeches at the Thurman banquet in Columbus in 1890; before the Reform Club dinner at the banquet hall in Madison Square Garden in celebration of the victory over the McKinley Bill in December, 1890; and still others of a like character in Philadelphia, New York, Buffalo, Boston, Brooklyn and Providence. These were all of a formal character, distributed in the manner described, and printed with the utmost liberality throughout the country, so that any address whatever its topic ceased to be local and became national. The remotest districts seemed to take as much interest in a Cleveland speech in New York or Columbus, Ohio, as if it had been delivered in their own public halls.

New Thoughts of the White House

But if he held unduly modest views about himself his friends did not agree with him. They welcomed with enthusiasm his policy of coming before the public in the large way that was so to become him. He had time and opportunity to study, to look about him and think on large lines, to express his opinions with a satisfactory degree of acceptance, and, while thus looking over the whole country, keep himself wholly free from the suspicion of party or personal seeking. The number of set speeches delivered during the four-year interval was about forty. As each, regardless of its length and seeming importance, was treated with a respect that appeared to give him more influence than when he was in office he was naturally grateful for these opportunities. His mind grew every moment, his views became broader as his actual occupancy of the presidency receded and as the early antagonisms and absence of responsibility became less prominent.

This activity was accompanied by a constant succession of letters in reply to correspondents who had been drawn to address him because of this wonderful activity. These came from everywhere, were answered with system except that no copies were kept, and neither I nor anybody else knew anything about them until they would appear. They seemed to filter down through the newspapers until there was scarcely a week that a paper did not contain something either in the way of a speech or a letter or a reference to what he had said somewhere.

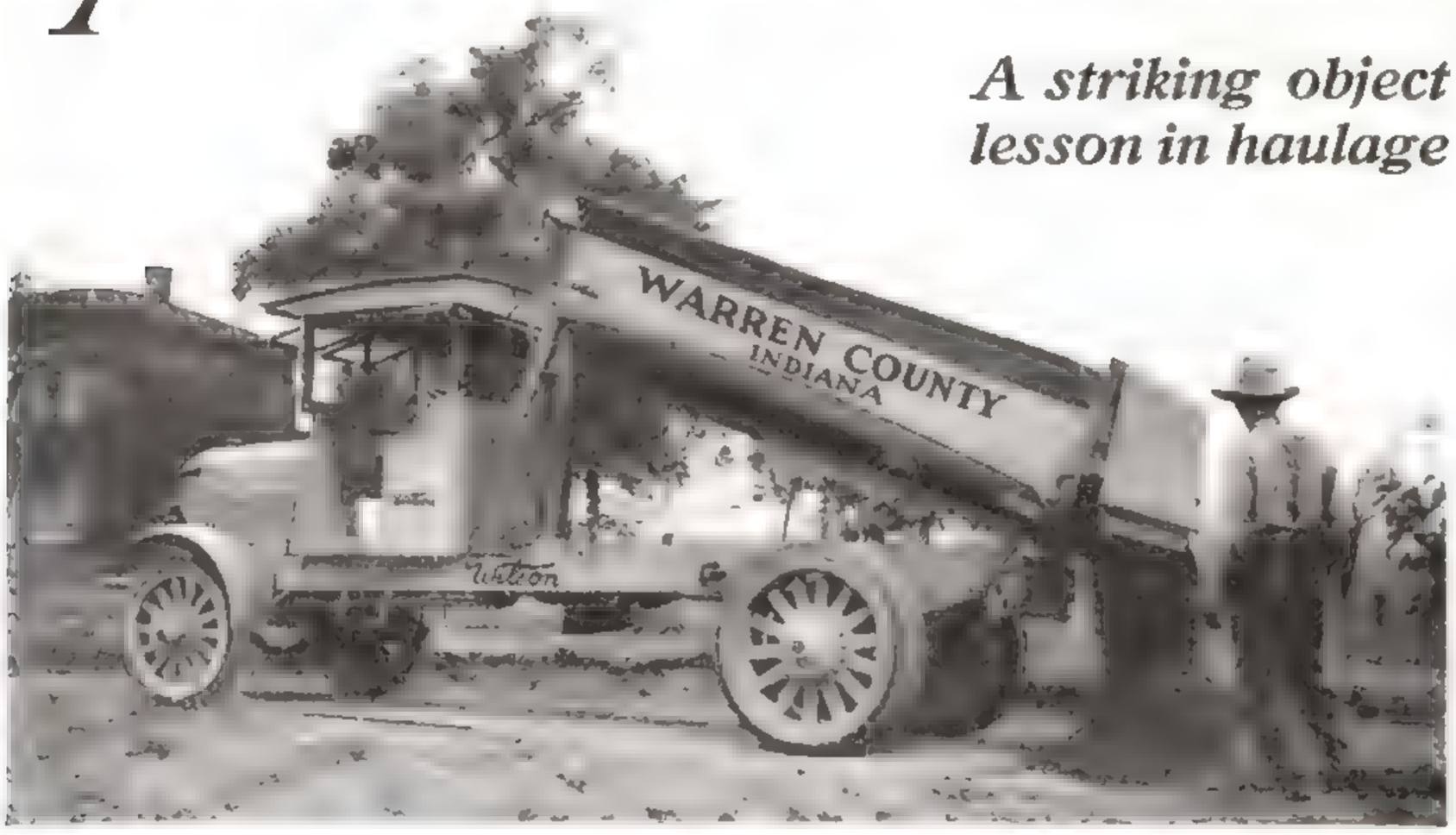
Whatever may have been in my mind or the minds of his friends, none of this activity was entered upon by him with a political purpose. From the beginning he insisted, even in the innermost circle of friends, that he was in no sense a receptive or even a possible candidate for reelection, and he kept to this idea without faltering until well into 1892. He emphasized his conviction that there was no reason why he should seek reëlection, that he had tried to do fairly well and had left office with what appeared to him to be a fair degree of recognition on the part of his countrymen. He expressed the fear that even if he could be nominated and elected it might ruin his reputation and make it difficult for him to carry on, with acceptance, the work that he had come to have in mind to do as a private citizen; but he enjoyed this recognition, he felt that he had in this public response something like a fair reward for the sacrifices he made and the defeat suffered. He continually insisted that the country ought not to worry about ex-Presidents; that they ought to be left to take care of themselves; that to him it was the very highest tribute to our institutions that a man could hold the presidential office for four years, carry on those duties as seemed to him best and then take his place among his fellow citizens.

But Mr. Cleveland did not need to nurse ambitions; if he had only the remotest idea of a return to public life it was different with his friends all over the country. During his short public life of seven years there

(Continued on Page 173)

Wilson dependable MOTOR TRUCKS

Wilson
—That's Haul



A striking object lesson in haulage

—West Lebanon, Ind., Gazette:

Notice to Taxpayers

The undersigned makes this statement for the benefit of the taxpayers of Warren county. I have driven a Wilson truck one hundred and three days in the county and worked in every township in the county but one, and in that time I hauled 1,030 yards of gravel an average distance of 5½ miles. I pulled a road drag 198 miles and the road grader 128 miles. I have kept an account as correctly as possible, and in my judgment it will cost $7 per day to operate a truck, not counting anything for repairs, and in the 103 days we spent 50 cents for fan belt, $2 for two spark plugs, total $2.50. A great many ask if I thought it paid. Well, a truck properly handled and put the push in it will do the work of from 5 to 9 teams, and to bear this statement out, will refer to the men I worked for, Lewis Noles of Pine Village, Harvey McElhoe of Williamsport, Chas. Renville of Pence, Chas. Hickman of Tab, Norma Bartlett of Rossville. The sub-superintendents of the county think that my statement will enable the tax payer to figure out for himself as to whether the truck pays. The county needs one truck in each commission district is my judgment in the matter of trucks.

—Wm. Talbert.

"Does the Work of Five to Nine Teams"

Warren County, Indiana, is inhabited by progressive people. Among other fine things about them they believe in good roads.

They used to build their roads with teams, but the Highway Commissioners finally bought a Wilson heavy duty truck with four-yard steel body and hydraulic hoist.

This power hoist operates mechanically from the driver's seat, utilizing the power of the motor, and will dump the material in one heap, or the endgate can be set to spread it evenly while the truck is moving forward. It is an ideal road-building job.

In order that the taxpayers might know the fine results obtained with this Wilson truck, the Warren County Highway Commissioners had their driver print his experience in the West Lebanon (Ind.) Gazette. He says this truck does the work of five to nine teams at a cost of $7.00 per day. Read the reprint at the left. It's interesting.

Send for free booklet "Money in Motor Trucks"

1½–2½–3½ and 5 Ton–All Worm Drive

Bodies of All Styles

J. C. WILSON COMPANY, DETROIT, U. S. A.

London *Export Office:* 100 Broad Street, New York Paris

37th Year

• COMMERCIAL VEHICLE MANUFACTURERS •

Young America Safety First Club

Bulletin

You members are doing a wonderful work.

□ □ □

You are saving lives!

□ □ □

Your "Safety First" efforts are keeping little bodies from being crippled — and the bigger ones, too.

□ □ □

Keep up the good work! "Safety First" is one of the finest jobs in the world.

□ □ □

Children are being taught how to avoid fires, how to cross streets, how to avoid accidents in general.

□ □ □

One mother writes:—"The Safety First Club has taught my three children more about avoiding accidents than all of my almost daily talks to them about care and caution."

□ □ □

Thousands more are joining. Get a friend to join. Send in the coupon below. Membership is free.

□ □ □

Get the beautiful Club button free.

□ □ □

Help to save lives. It is easy to learn how to practise "Safety First."

□ □ □

Any child old enough to sign the coupon below may become a member. And we want you Fathers and Mothers to join, too.

□ □ □

Mail the coupon today.

□ □ □

Yours for Safety First

Stanley C. Wilson, *President*
Young America Safety First Club

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

J. C. Wilson Company
15th and Warren Avenues
Detroit, Michigan

I hereby apply for free membership in the Young America Safety First Club. Please send me the free button and free pamphlet. It is understood that there is no expense to me in becoming a member. No dues and no fees.

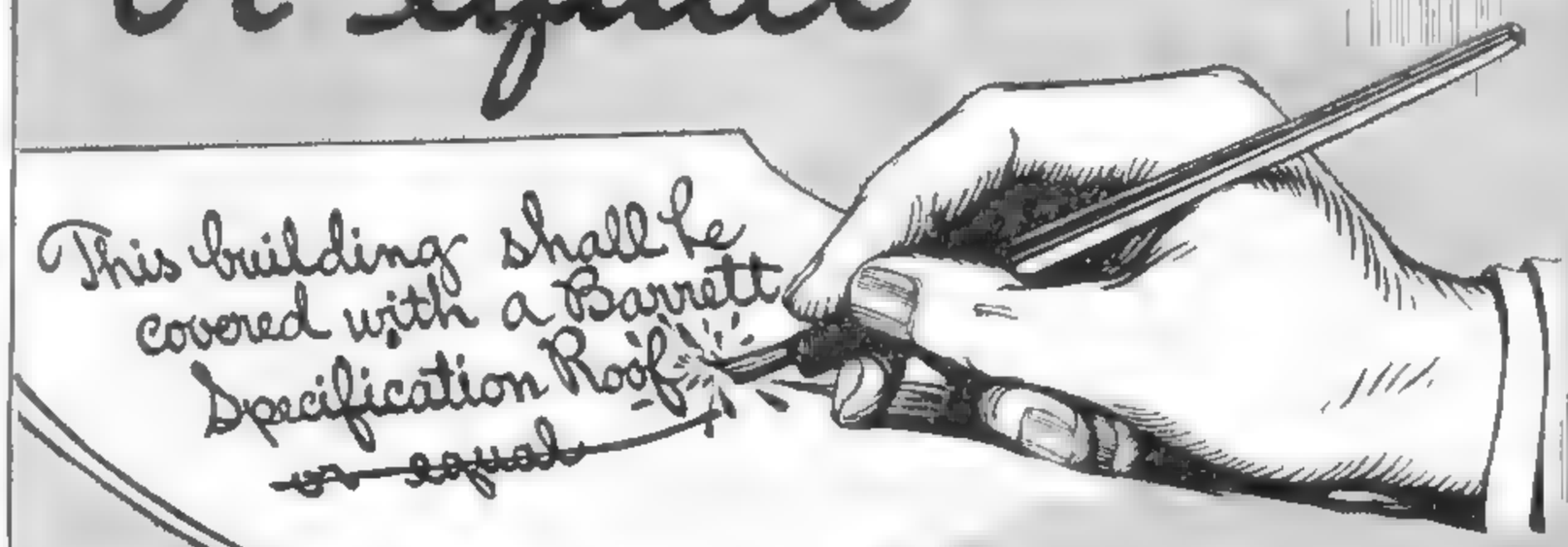
*Name*_____

*Street No*_____

*City*_____

Apl 24 *State*_____

--or equal



SIX years ago, we told architects that they had better "break the pen" before writing "*or equal*" in their roofing specifications.

It was important then but is even more important now, because Barrett Specification Roofs carry a Surety Bond Guarantee.

No "*or equal*" roof dares to give such a bond.

is NEVER equal

IN writing your roofing specifications it is important *not* to add the loophole phrase "*or equal.*"

An "*or equal*" specification puts the honest contractor at a disadvantage and leaves the way open for any less scrupulous bidder to "skin the job" by using inferior materials and construction.

If you will write into your roofing specification simply this—"The roof shall be laid according to the Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, and the roofing contractor shall secure for me the (20- or 10-Year) Surety Bond therein mentioned," you will be assured of several important things—

First—You will have the benefit of competitive bidding, on an equal basis, among roofing contractors.

Second—You will receive the Barrett Inspection Service *without charge.*

Third—You will have a roof that is guaranteed by a Surety Bond to be free from maintenance expenses for the guaranteed period.

Fourth—You will have a roof for which there is positively no "*or equal.*"

The Surety Bond Guarantee

THE Barrett Company is the *only* company that has enough confidence in its roof to put back of it a Surety Bond. In fact, no other concern will guarantee a roof for so long a period, much less furnish a Surety Bond.

The Surety Bond is offered on all Barrett Specification Roofs of fifty squares or more in all cities of 25,000 or over, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.* It is issued by the U. S. Fidelity & Guaranty Company of Baltimore, and exempts the owner from all maintenance expense for the life of the Bond.

Our only stipulations are that the Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed and that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us and his work subject to our inspection.

These roofs take the base rate of insurance and cost less per year of service than any other type of "permanent" roof.

When you have written the details of the Barrett Specification Roof in your contract, *stop there.* You will always be glad you didn't insert "*or equal.*"

Important Notice

The Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof-covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for twenty years only, we can point to many roofs of this type that have been in service over forty years and are still in good condition.

For those who desire a lighter and less expensive roof covering, we recommend the Barrett Specification 10-Year Bonded Roof.

Both roofs are built of the same high-class waterproofing materials, the only difference being the amount used.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of the Barrett Specification sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	PHILADELPHIA	BOSTON
ST. LOUIS	CLEVELAND	CINCINNATI	PITTSBURGH
DETROIT	NEW ORLEANS	BIRMINGHAM	KANSAS CITY
MINNEAPOLIS	NASHVILLE	SALT LAKE CITY	SEATTLE
DALLAS	ATLANTA	DULUTH	PEORIA
BANGOR	WASHINGTON	MILWAUKEE	LEBANON
YOUNGSTOWN	JOHNSTOWN	COLUMBUS	RICHMOND
TOLEDO	BETHLEHEM	ELIZABETH	LATROBE
	BALTIMORE	BUFFALO	SYRACUSE

The BARRETT COMPANY, Limited

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N. B. HALIFAX, N. S. SYDNEY, N. S.

Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years

(Continued from Page 170)

had grown up a distinct type in his party as well as in public life known later as the Cleveland element. Among the older men they were the friends and followers of Seymour, Tilden, Bayard, Thurman and Hendricks, while their natural successors were those who had been drawn to Mr. Cleveland himself by his career and force of character. Among them were a large number of Republicans, drifting out of the Greeley movement, which was then only a few years in the background, and from the later Mugwump movement, which had contributed to his election.

These men, whatever their type or class, whatever their immediate period, were united by their devotion to a higher type of political thought than had been common during the long years succeeding the Civil War. The number was small, but they were united in the belief that the tariff ought to be revised, that it had become a medium of oppression and in many cases corruption; that the abuses of the civil service, which had been inherent in our public life from the beginning, should be corrected; that our silver policy was a peril; and that in order that these abuses might be reached it was necessary to purify the ballot. The minor but strictly party issues did not cut much figure, and yet even on these the differences were very carefully toned down until the mass in this element was strong in what it believed about public questions. The continued series of addresses revealed these questions. Whether they were of a partisan character or dealt with some question upon which there was little room for disagreement, they appealed to this particular type of people.

It was therefore natural that this large element, composing, as it always does when roused, the majority of the people of the country, should look to the man who was continually making these consistent appeals for high ideals. It would not have made much difference whether he had finally consented to become the candidate or not. The feeling was so strong that he would have been forced into the field. The movement looking in this direction took form about the beginning of 1891. From that time forward the leaders of the element herein described began to drift into New York largely for the purpose of getting an idea of their surroundings. By this time, too, the Democratic party machine had begun to take on a different form. Under the Hill régime the old-time antagonisms between the city and state had been so harmonized outwardly that there was a better understanding between them than had been seen for a generation. The fear was everywhere apparent lest the new liberal and Mugwump elements should attain a power that would render them impregnable. Bosses in the various cities, large and small, began to have a better understanding of each other. They seemed to realize almost by intuition that it was necessary that they should stand together lest their power should be broken.

The Movement Gains Power

This was promoted by the fact that, whether as governor or President, Mr. Cleveland had never gone to the trouble of building up a personal state machine. In reality he did not know anything about this particular process. The nomination and election of Roswell P. Flower in 1891 was the outward sign of this. He was not so offensive to the reform element that they could afford to defeat him, but it was the triumph of an element that in other days had dominated New York politics but had been in retirement, except for brief periods, during the Tilden, Robinson and Cleveland periods.

But while this was the case in New York the party organization in other important states was still suspicious of Tammany and its congeners with whom it had to deal in national conventions. In the old Middle States except Maryland, in many of the Western States and some of the Southern, the Cleveland elements, which had come to the front after 1884, were looking earnestly to the future. Their representatives came to New York very often, not to see Mr. Cleveland on political matters, because nobody was close enough to talk to him about them so far as they bore any relations to himself, but to pay their respects to the man who had been their leader, to inquire from their friends here as to the trend of the probabilities, to report progress as to their own states, and to keep generally in touch with public affairs.

But, after all, these were not the men who, when the time came in 1892, were to renominate Mr. Cleveland. Those who finally did this work were, as a rule, men outside the influence of current machine politics. Some had been officeholders under the first Administration whose terms had expired; but they never forgot that both their preferment and their prestige had come through the quiet leader who was living in New York, engaged in the practice of his profession and also in advising his countrymen on the important questions of the day.

Gradually these men from the various states and sections drifted into relations with my little office on Broadway. From my connection with the National Democratic Committee in Indiana in 1880; the state and national committees in Pennsylvania in 1884; with the national committee in charge of the compilation of the campaign textbook in 1888, and transferred in October to the publicity department, I had come to know in an intimate way the leading Democrats in almost every state in the Union. It became a habit with them when they wanted to see Mr. Cleveland or to know about his movements or to invite him to attend a meeting somewhere to come to see me. There no embargo had been proclaimed upon the discussion of politics or nominations, and I was under no obligation to report either information or conclusions to Mr. Cleveland; so in a great many cases he knew next to nothing about the party interest that was growing up everywhere nor did he realize that it would become so strong as to force upon him a nomination whether he wanted it or not.

This went on through the winter of 1890 and 1891 until March, 1892, when the movement had taken on such momentum that it was no longer possible to conceal it even if his friends had desired to do so. By the first of February it was in such shape that probably half the men who were to go as delegates to the convention were insistent upon Mr. Cleveland's nomination. In most cases he did not see these pushing friends, but there was no necessity that he should, because, after all, up to this time it was not his movement—it was the result of demand from every part of the country, except from the machine in New York.

Enemies at Home

In the latter state the sentiment was no less strong. The Reform Club had been organized in 1887 to support the tariff message of that year, and it had gradually grown into a most effective independent body. It drew men from everywhere, not only from New York state and city, but it had contributing or corresponding members in most states. It had an attractive clubhouse on Fifth Avenue, and once in a while it held a general meeting. Perhaps nothing more effective had been seen than its great banquet, given in December, 1890, after the defeat of the McKinley Bill. In it were arrayed before the country Mr. Cleveland and the leading men who supported his policy. It had no direct political object, though among other things we thought of doing was to put forward Horace Boies, then governor of Iowa, as a prospective candidate for vice president; but in the promotion of this object the principal character was not consulted.

This meeting had its echoes all over the country and, as narrated, after it was over the movement began to take formal shape. This done, it was carried along with its own momentum. This, however, was interfered with in the state of New York, where the state machine had become not only a strong anti-Cleveland body but a strong supporter of David B. Hill. From that time forward the cry was heard everywhere that the former could not by any possibility carry New York even if he were nominated by the delegates from the rest of the country.

This whole movement had gathered its momentum in New York almost as quietly as that which had surrounded the Cleveland idea in the country, so that it would have been as impossible, in spite of the really stronger Cleveland sentiment known to exist in the state, to have run up against the machine as it was for the anti-Cleveland elements to make headway in the country at large; so practically the state was given over to its Hill idols. This was finally demonstrated by the fact that the national committee had its usual meeting on Jackson Day in order to call the national convention fixed for Chicago on June twenty-second. On the twenty-sixth of January

"Please, Daddy, Can't We Have a Home Like That?"

EVERY home-loving father and mother ought to answer YES—because—we will show you how to build a Sterling System Home at a price that you can well afford. Building a home means creating a spot around which will center the chief events of your life and the lives of your children.

If you are sincere in your desire to build a home, send 10c today for the 1920 Book De Luxe of Sterling System Homes. This wonderful book will save you money and you are sure to find just the home you have dreamed about at a price that will amaze you. Every page, every paragraph, every illustration has been thought out that it may give the home-builder—either by word or picture—just the information one should have in order to choose an attractive home, economically and staunchly built, at a reasonable price. Send the coupon today.

Sterling System Homes

are scientifically constructed of selected material throughout. This method of construction saves you the most money because it eliminates the high cost of handling lumber and cuts out waste. Erection time is reduced to a minimum, as every house comes packed complete in one shipment. We furnish all necessary material above the foundation to complete your home.

Owing to the tremendous shortage of window frames, sashes and doors and other finishing material, costly delays are often experienced when erecting a house by the old "hand-saw method." The Sterling System eliminates this difficulty because we furnish all construction material complete, as specified, above the foundation.

Send This Coupon Today

Every true American should own his own home. The Sterling System of Home Building is doing its utmost to make this easy and possible. Prices on lumber and building materials are still advancing so nothing is to be gained by waiting. Send coupon today.

International Mill & Timber Co.
Dept. 1814, Bay City, Michigan
Southern Mill in Arkansas

Money-Saving Coupon! International Mill & Timber Co. Dept. 1814 —Bay City, Mich.

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me your 1920 Book De Luxe of Sterling Homes. Please put me on your preferred list and send me any special offer you may make. Also notify me in advance of any increase in prices.

1. When do you expect to buy? this spring ☐ this summer ☐ this fall ☐
2. What is the size of your lot? _____
3. What style home do you prefer? bungalow ☐ story and a half ☐ 2-story ☐

Name _____

Address _____

Eat Slowly

The way we hurry through our meals and keep our minds on business while we eat is the cause of many of the minor forms of indigestion which lead to nervous irritability, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and inability to concentrate.

The routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal will supply the saliva which has not been provided during the meal, and do much toward aiding digestive troubles.

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

the New York state committee met and issued its call for a state convention to be held in Albany on February twenty-second, Washington's Birthday. It had been customary to give about sixty days' notice of conventions to select delegates. As this allowed only about twenty-seven days, and as loud protest had arisen in the intervening time, this at once came to be known as the Snap Convention.

All at once the state was on fire and, strong protest having been made at the Albany convention by a delegation of fifty representative men from all parts of the state, it was decided, when they could get no answer to their protest, that they would issue a call for a rival convention. An address was issued and a convention called to meet in Syracuse on May thirty-first to choose a contesting delegation to the national convention. On the day fixed the Anti-Snap Convention met in Syracuse and adopted a platform recommending Mr. Cleveland as the candidate, choosing delegates from all parts of the state and a full delegation from all congressional districts, and still further organized by the appointment of a rival state committee.

Before this time came the organization was well under way. It had begun its work throughout the whole of New York, finding it perhaps about the easiest task that active men had ever taken up. This committee was able to collect the money necessary for expenses, and in the pursuance of its work it began to inquire about the sentiment of the rest of the country. Representatives from unorganized Cleveland movements down in all the states made their way to New York and Anti-Snap representatives pursued their investigations throughout the whole of the country.

It was then that I, as the hidden agent—if I might be so called—of the movement, got my first help. No money had been available for the task in hand. Nobody was paid and the only costs involved in the whole campaign had been for printing the Cleveland addresses and for postage and other petty cash items. The printing of the speeches was an inexpensive process because so long as I edited my paper, The Globe, I had the slips printed from the types. Mr. Cleveland paid the bill and I myself met any petty outlay. When my paper was no longer available I took the speech or address to some newspaper which was certain to print it in full, and it printed for me the necessary slips. The money cost for the three years' work was about $160, of which about $120 was for printing.

A Great Speech

The Anti-Snappers soon learned that most of the needed outside information had already been gathered at 57 Broadway. When they found that this was the case they gave to me the necessary money to enlarge my work throughout the country. No attention was paid to New York, that being left to the Anti-Snappers, the two movements working separately. In fact this was perhaps almost the last presidential campaign in which the states paid their own way and counted at their best. They did their own work, followed the sentiment of their people, selected their own delegates without interference from outside bosses, and thus fully represented the ideals of our institutions at their best so far as the division of labor was concerned. Not only was this true outwardly but I paid almost no attention to the Anti-Snappers and they gave little more to me than was necessary to pay the requisitions that I made upon them for outside expenses and to get copies of my material. As a result of these divided activities the whole country was covered within two weeks after the adjournment of the Snap Convention.

Apropos of this, it may be of interest to refer to the different activities of the two candidates for President. While Mr. Hill was setting forth before the Albany convention, in what was known as the keynote speech, the principles upon which he would appeal for the nomination in Chicago, Mr. Cleveland was delivering before the law students of the University of Michigan the most elaborate address he had made during this four-year period, on Sentiment in our National Life. This dissertation upon the character and attainments of Washington had no reference to current politics; there was no indication in it anywhere by word or suggestion that a presidential campaign was going forward in which the speaker might again be the principal figure. That the paragraph here printed of his speech seemed to have a far-off pathetic reference to the things of the day can easily be seen:

"You may be chosen to public office. Do not shrink from it, for holding office is also a duty of citizenship. But do not leave your faith behind you. Every public office, small or great, is held in trust for your fellow citizens. They differ in importance, in responsibility and in the labor they impose; but the duties of none of them can be well performed if the mentorship of a good conscience and pure heart be discarded. Of course other equipment is necessary, but without this mentorship all else is insufficient. In times of gravest responsibility it will solve your difficulties; in the most trying hour it will lead you out of perplexities and it will at all times deliver you from temptation."

It must be borne in mind that Mr. Cleveland had never looked upon himself consciously as a candidate. By this time the attitude of Mr. Whitney had finally been determined, though not immediately declared. There had been a good deal of impatience on the part of his old friends in the cabinet and in New York about this hesitancy. He had disagreed with Mr. Cleveland on the policy of the Anderson silver letter a year before, and had dropped out. The personal relations continued good, but there were no meetings other than of an accidental character, though there was never much doubt as to Mr. Whitney's attitude if he should be needed.

Mr. Cleveland's Indifference

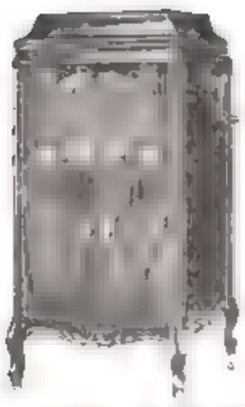
Preparations for larger activities began about the time of the holding of the Snap Convention. The conclusion had been reached by Mr. Cleveland's friends, without asking his consent or coöperation, that he ought to meet a few friends in New York at luncheon, and a few more from the country at large at a dinner on a given day. I did not present this, but asked a friend, Mr. W. J. Gibson, to go to Lakewood and to tell Mr. Cleveland what was in mind as to both methods and ends. He reported that he found Mr. Cleveland living near the hotel in a small frame house standing by itself somewhat remote from the road. He said that after passing the ordinary civilities he told Mr. Cleveland who had asked him to come and what for. A list of names to be included in the invitations was shown, and he looked it over carefully and said he recognized them as his friends. Mr. Gibson said that Mr. Cleveland placed his hand edgewise on the table at which he was sitting and said:

"I would not turn my hand to have the nomination. I have been President and so have had all the honors the position can give and know its responsibilities, anxieties and disappointments. My friends expected me to do things which I should have liked to do, some of which ought to have been done, but I had neither the time nor the strength to do them. Now, to be dragged through the mire and mud of a political campaign and have my family annoyed and attacked—no, I would not turn my hand to have the nomination; but the Democratic Party has honored me far beyond my deserts, and, if, when the time comes, my friends believe that I am the only man they can elect and see fit to nominate me, I will not refuse the nomination, but I will not do anything to get it. I will not write to any of my friends or take any steps to command support."

Mr. Cleveland kept his word about writing to friends or taking any steps that might put him into the field as a consenting candidate. It was not until the ninth of March that, in answering a letter from his old friend and supporter, Gen. Edward S. Bragg, he indicated a willingness even to consider a nomination, and in this he deprecated the pushing of his name before the convention.

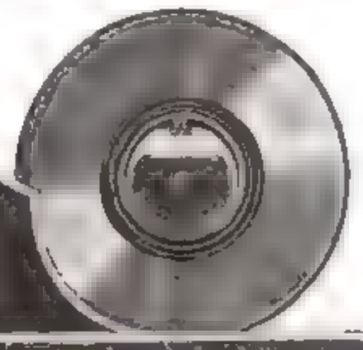
Even after Mr. Whitney's position had become known to a few insiders he made no announcement of his intentions, but the Anti-Snap movement had roused the depths of his nature. He resumed his intimate relations with Mr. Cleveland and his old party friends and when he sailed for Europe, on the twelfth of April, he left behind him a statement which put him into the front of Cleveland advocates; there could be no further doubt about his position. Everybody who knew anything of him realized what he would do. He returned from Europe on the eighteenth of May, his instructions to his friend, Thomas F. Ryan, to look after the political side of affairs

(Continued on Page 177)



Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Remember, Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

Leopold Godowsky

Dorothy Jardon

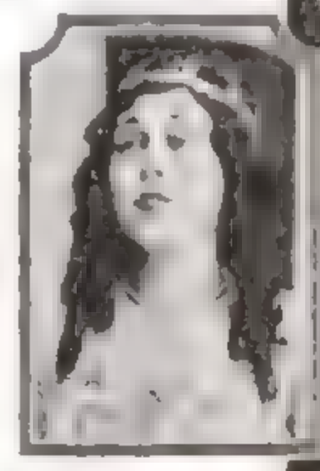
Archer Chamlee

Elias Breeskin

Max Rosen

Irene Pavloska

Theo Karle



Virginia Rea
Coloratura Soprano

A great welcome for Brunswick Records

Music lovers overwhelm us with orders. Tremendous eagerness shown for this latest Brunswick Triumph.

HARDLY had Brunswick Records been announced than orders came in from all parts of the country—an avalanche of orders.

We had planned and made preparations for what we considered a very large production.

But the instant approval and the enormous demand compelled us to greatly increase our production facilities.

This reception of Brunswick Records has created a sensation in the phonograph world. No welcome could be more sincere—nothing could prove more certainly the place of the House of Brunswick in the hearts of the people.

Something different in records

Just as we brought advancements in phonographs when we introduced The Brunswick several years ago, so do we again contribute to better music through improvements in recording.

We come with Brunswick Records at a time when reproduction seems to have reached perfection. But you will quickly appreciate the betterments. We felt, 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

Pictured here are some of our great artists—famous the world over. Their selections on Brunswick Records set new standards. Hitherto hidden qualities are now brought out sympathetically.

Each Brunswick Record is interpreted by a noted director or an accomplished artist technically trained in the art of recording.

Thus we bring that rare charm into Brunswick renditions which you will recognize instantly.

We invite you to join the thousands of critical music lovers now judging Brunswick Records. Hear them. Make comparisons. Note their superiority.

We're sure you'll want to add many Brunswick selections to your collection of records.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623–633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 819 Yonge St., Toronto

Stewart SPEEDOMETER for FORD CARS

Only Speedometer Especially Built to Match Ford Instruments

IN addition to harmonious beauty, you get absolute accuracy with the Stewart—two things to be had in the Stewart Speedometer. Yet its cost is only $15.00, complete.

Has same mechanism as the Stewart Speedometer adopted as *standard equipment* by 95% of all car makers. The magnetic principle, which accounts for its remarkable performance, is an exclusive Stewart patent. No other can be like it.

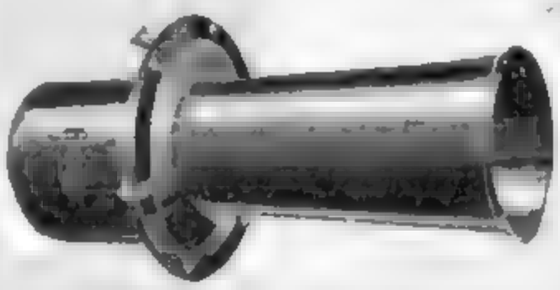
Saves costly speeding fines. Checks gasoline, oil, tires and repair expense. Quickly pays for itself by reducing motoring costs.

Don't fail to complete the equipment of your Ford Car with Stewart Accessories.

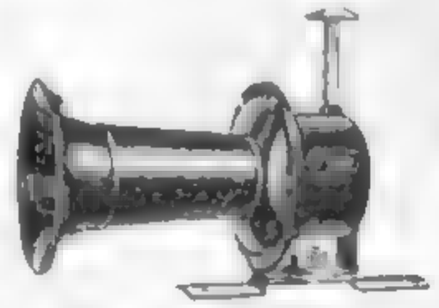
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

$15 West of 100° Meridian $16

Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $5.00
Popular Priced Model

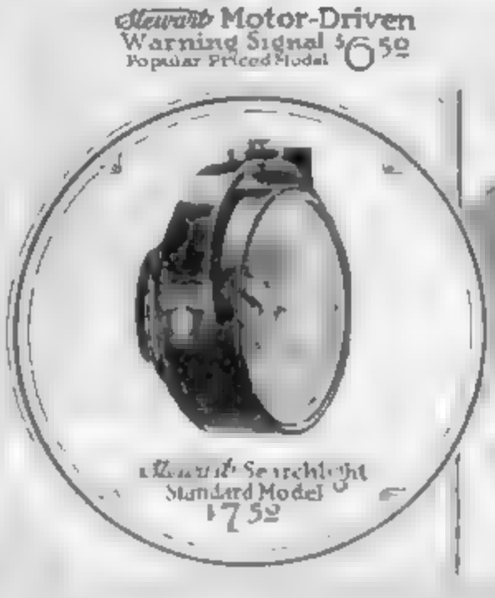


Stewart Motor-Driven Warning Signal $6.50
Popular Priced Model



Stewart Hand Operated Warning Signal $6.00
Standard Model

Prices shown are slightly increased west of 100° Meridian



Stewart Searchlight Standard Model $7.50

Stewart Fenderguard for Ford Cars $10

Stewart Searchlight Popular Priced Model $5.50

"No Ford Complete Without Them"

(Continued from Page 174)

having been carried out during his absence. The work thus enlarged was done with such effect that the Anti-Snap movement in New York soon threatened the Hill party machinery in the state as well as in the nation. Mr. Whitney found that thirty-five state and territorial conventions had been held, of which twenty-four had given binding instructions for Cleveland; seven, though uninstructed, were known to favor him; while only four had either presented other candidates or protested against his nomination.

Upon Mr. Whitney's arrival everything began to move at an accelerated pace in both the state and the country. New York had become a political Mecca. The fear of contagion from association with the Anti-Snappers disappeared when the new leader took active charge. Though the work of each element remained distinct, within three days he had mastered the minutiæ of the campaign. He had seen Mr. Cleveland and a few leading men hurriedly called from near-by states within a week after he had taken in the situation. I carried my budget of information to his residence, where I saw him day after day until he had still further found out who the new leaders were and had strengthened the position all along the line.

It was perfectly natural that everything should then center in the leader. The movement had been mobilized and had found a commander in chief. If money was needed Mr. Whitney was ready to furnish or raise it. The amount required was small, most of it being expended for printing and postage. I should think that the whole of Mr. Whitney's expenditures for the campaign both in New York and for the country during the month that remained before going to Chicago, and in that city, would not have exceeded twelve or fifteen thousand dollars. It would have been impossible to spend money in such a campaign. It had so drawn to its support men new to politics, working for the love of the cause, that, once started, it ran by its own momentum. But it ran all the better for having behind it a real leader who had the confidence of his followers, with tact enough not unduly to antagonize his opponents or to arouse jealousies among his friends; but he never wavered for a moment in his devotion to Mr. Cleveland and he deserves all the credit that has been given him.

A Notable Gathering

On the ninth of June, at the suggestion of Mr. Cleveland, a conference was held at Mr. Whitney's house upon telegraphic invitations which had been sent to twenty-three men scattered all over the country. It was one of those terrible midsummer days that New York sometimes sees when the rain comes down in torrents, but on the day fixed there assembled in this conference at Mr. Whitney's house the following men: Judge William G. Ewing, of Illinois; William F. Harrity, of Pennsylvania; Samuel R. Honey, of Rhode Island; Bradley B. Smalley, of Vermont; Samuel E. Morss, of Indiana; Don M. Dickinson, of Michigan; William F. Vilas, of Wisconsin; William L. Wilson, of West Virginia; John E. Russell, Nathan Matthews and Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts; and Francis Lynde Stetson, of New York. Mr. Whitney presided, and George F. Parker was secretary.

This storm continued throughout the whole day and night. By eleven o'clock all those who had promised to come had arrived. Everyone had been instructed not to register at his hotel, and as all the men knew each other and the conditions to be discussed there was no loss of time. Each made a report for his own state and for others within his knowledge. Perhaps few political conferences of the kind have been so fully and freely advised. There was no inside ring, and no man waiting to cut another's throat. There was only the desire to find out the real conditions.

At that conference everything was settled about the convention. All these members were to meet at the Hotel Richelieu in Chicago on Friday night, June seventeenth. Each was authorized to bring a trusted man from some other state who would know the conditions there. It was settled that the temporary chairman should be William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, that the leading committees should be so organized as to promote the business in hand, and that James E. Campbell, governor of Ohio, should be made president of the convention. One of these plans miscarried, but everything else was done. No mention was made as to a candidacy for vice president.

When the conference held its second meeting in Chicago it had the original members and those whose addition had been authorized. In order to perfect its organization the roll was called. The representatives from outside states had been fully informed of the work already accomplished and of the job in hand and the list was gradually filled up. Neither the meeting which had constituted this conference nor its successors was heard of in the newspapers or in any other public way, until its existence was disclosed in 1909.

This conference from its first meeting to its last was as perfect a specimen of political organization as was ever seen in this country or any other. On each successive night the roll would be called. Mr. Whitney, who did not preside but left this work to General Stevenson—soon to be the candidate for vice president—became excited, almost rude and overbearing, in his insistence upon certainty. He would accept no ifs, ands, perhapses or probabilities. He was silent and grim, his mind centered upon the work of the moment as if life, repute and fortune were at stake. Finally, on Monday night, the fourth meeting, after the roll had been called by the secretary and the returns made up, Mr. Whitney threw himself back in his chair with an obvious sense of relief and said: "Well, that will do. I have no longer a single doubt about the result." This was about one o'clock on Tuesday morning before the meeting of the convention.

Accurate Prediction

A great deal of talk has been repeated in the intervening twenty-eight years that Mr. Whitney was chosen for this work because he had or could command money. Nothing could be more false. There was no need for money; there was no place where it could have been spent, the whole situation being so clear that any suggestion of its use would have been ridiculous.

This certainly was well reflected in the estimates made by those close to the management. The final result of the first ballot, upon which Mr. Cleveland was nominated by more than the necessary two-thirds of the delegates, was 617½. Twenty-one states, mainly the largest in the country, and six territories cast their vote for him solid, while eight states and one territory gave him a majority of their votes on this ballot. The remainder were only entitled to be named among the scattering, the highest numbers having been cast for Governor Hill, of New York, and Governor Boies, of Iowa.

As showing how easy it was to make an estimate of the vote, I am inserting herewith an extract from the New York letter of June 24, 1892, to the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

"A week ago Tuesday, George F. Parker, the editor of The Democratic Campaign Book of 1888, and of the volume of Grover Cleveland's speeches and political letters soon to be published, and the confidential political assistant of Mr. Cleveland and ex-Secretary Whitney, said to your correspondent that Mr. Cleveland would have 638 votes in the Chicago convention. The Ohio state convention had not then been held. On the following Thursday, a week ago to-day, the Ohio convention having then been held, Mr. Parker, just as he was about leaving for Chicago, said that he had revised his figures and that Cleveland would have 616 votes. The ballot which was taken this morning resulted in 617½ votes for the ex-President. Mr. Parker, therefore, was only 1½ votes out of the way in his estimate made one week before the decisive ballot. This shows how accurately the Cleveland canvass was made. Such close figuring as this in a political canvass is extraordinary."

There was nothing remarkable in this estimate; twenty men could have made it. It required no special political prescience. All that was needed was knowledge, and as it had been my business for nearly three years to acquire this knowledge I had only to draw upon the information that had passed into my mind about practically every delegate and his political genealogy and training.

The convention itself was necessarily almost commonplace, as any great body is

Old Mississippi talks

"YOU all know we have the greatest cotton producing region in the world. We reckon pretty strong on our sugar cane and lumber, too. And then, my friends, we've got one other thing you've *all* got—that's the Owl Cigar."

Smokers everywhere have grown to count on Owl Cigars, because their fragrance and mellowness are always the same. A $3,000,000 leaf reserve enables us to make sure that all tobacco which goes into Owl is aged from one to two years.

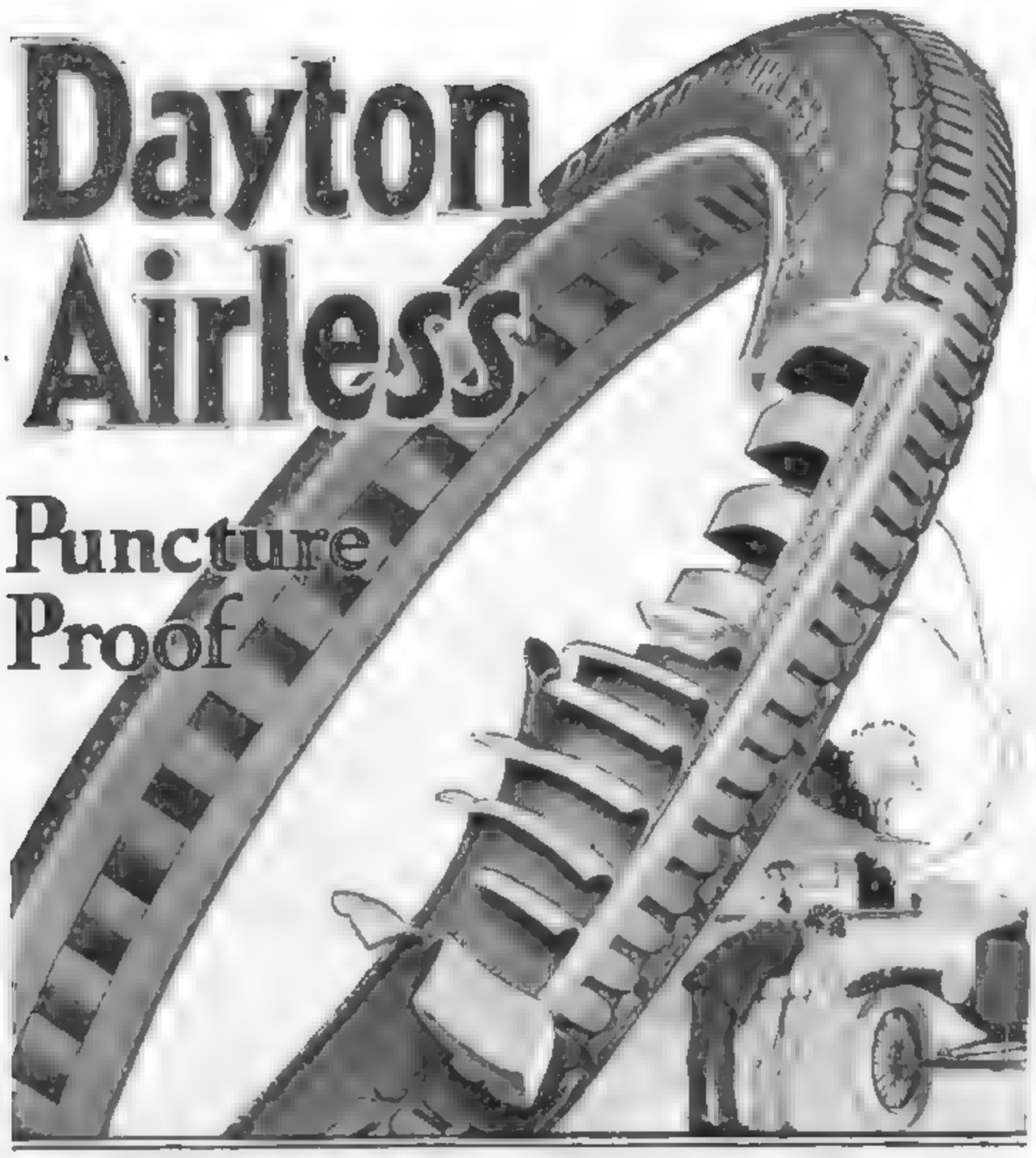
Try an Owl—the Owl Brand with the Brown Band.

DEALERS: If your distributor does not sell the Owl Cigar, write us:

General Cigar Co., INC.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

OWL 8c
2 for 15c
50 in box, $3.50

Dayton Airless Puncture Proof



There's No Uncertainty With These Tires

Dayton Airless Tires give ***dependable*** service. There is no ***chance*** of punctures, no ***possibility*** of blowouts, no ***danger*** of accidents, no ***need*** for worry.

They are rapidly replacing other types of tires on Ford, Maxwell, Chevrolet and other light passenger and delivery cars, using 30 x 3, 30 x 3½ and 31 x 4 inch sizes.

If you want to experience the keen enjoyment that comes with the use of tires that are trustworthy at ***all*** times and under ***all*** conditions, that require no pumping, no patching and no repairs, then try Dayton Airless Tires.

Test them for hard service. 8,000 miles is guaranteed. Records of users show 10,000, 20,000 and 40,000 miles.

Compare them with any other tires for ***easy riding*** qualities. One ride will demonstrate to anyone that they are as easy riding as pneumatics, and that they protect both car and passengers from the jolts and jars of any kind of roads.

For real service, long mileage, freedom from trouble, comfort and lasting economy, Dayton Airless Tires are beyond comparison.

And the difference in price is surprisingly small.

Mail the coupon for price list and booklet.

We will consider applications from substantial business men for distributor's proposition in open territory. Wire or write.

The Dayton Rubber Mfg. Co.
Dept. 195 Dayton, Ohio

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR MORE INFORMATION

The Dayton Rubber Mfg. Co., Dayton, Ohio, Dept. 195

Send me booklet, price list and information as checked below:

passenger car_____ delivery car_____ Dealer's proposition.

Name_____ Address

City_____ County State

where the opposition is reduced to such a minority. Behind this knowledge of the conditions that would show themselves on the first ballot, we all knew that every one of the delegates thus included could be held, and that upon a second call perhaps half of those who had voted for the other probable candidates—so far as this term can be used in relation to so meager a showing—would come to us.

The most interesting scenes and many of the most dramatic incidents to this third Cleveland convention were enacted at the various headquarters of the state delegations. Though the supporters of the opposing candidates were few in number they had developed talking power in large measure; in fact there was little else left for them. As a result the supporters of Hill and Boies went from one headquarters to another putting themselves in close touch even with the delegations opposed to them from the large states and territories. They had no hope of making an impression but they could indulge themselves in all that was left to them—the art of speaking.

The same thing was true in a different way of the Cleveland elements. The convention was filled with so many new men, men of the type I have attempted to describe—zealous, thoroughly believing in their candidate and their cause, but without the experience of old convention hands. As a result of these activities the hotels were a most interesting sight—perhaps the most interesting that had been seen in Chicago since the Republican National Convention of 1880. Among the Cleveland men—most of them not even delegates—there were few star performers, but they made up in earnestness and force what they lacked in experience. The leading men, like Mr. Wilson, of West Virginia, Governor Campbell, of Ohio, Mr. Whitney, Mr. Harrity and Mr. Hensel, of Pennsylvania, and the leading Massachusetts men gave their attention to inside watchfulness at our great headquarters in the Palmer House. These men were always on hand. From whatever district or state a delegate or citizen came with a desire to see the leading managers, they were ready to receive him in succession if necessary and to tell him anything he wanted to know. Mr. Whitney and his associates never lost sight of politeness at its best estate.

The Whitney men made it their business to put themselves constantly into clash with their opponents and especially to meet the persistent and only statement of the Hill people that Mr. Cleveland could not carry New York. Each night when the conference reassembled they would tell their experiences. Many of these were amusing, even ridiculous, but the determination that was shown, the energy that was manifested mainly by these new delegates or friends was one of the marvels of political tactics. It was the reports—never communicated to the press—made by these men from more than thirty delegations, that furnished the information needed for the plans of the succeeding day.

Words and Water Compete

It is almost impossible for an outsider to realize or for an insider to describe the work incumbent upon the managers and the secretary in such a headquarters as we had in Chicago. I recall that in the first three days, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, ten thousand people passed before me and were introduced by my assistant, Mr. E. J. McDermott, of Kentucky, who has since come to deserved recognition, or by his associates. To most of these, especially to the women and children, some kind of a ribbon, badge, button or other souvenir was presented. We went to Chicago without providing for this feature, but soon found it a necessity, and I recall that Mr. Whitney's secretary was kept hustling to get me new supplies. Of the expenses paid by him about two thousand dollars were devoted to this purpose alone.

As I have said, the convention itself was not essentially dramatic. It was held in a great new building called the Wigwam. It began to rain early on the second day and the downfall increased through the afternoon and night, when it fell in torrents, which came through just as if we had sheltered ourselves under a gigantic sieve. The conditions under which fifteen to twenty thousand perspiring people were contributing to the saving of their country can be well imagined. Thousands of umbrellas were raised, and upon the platform hundreds of the most prominent men of the country were seated trying to shelter themselves as well as possible from the downpour. This storm must have reached its height about the middle of the afternoon and grew in intensity while the nominating speeches were going on. It was discouraging to human eloquence to have to deal with such conditions, but nobody faltered and the process continued all through the night session, from probably eight o'clock until after one.

All the candidates had been presented, the seconding speeches had been made, and it seemed as if the flow of words, competing as it did with the flow of water, must soon cease, especially as one ought to have been destructive of the other.

There had been something of a bustle among the New Yorkers, when about one-thirty on Wednesday morning a sort of despairing or futile cry arose from that delegation, the largest in number in the convention. Out of this the long expected came, as W. Bourke Cockran rose, walked up the long aisle through the rain and ascended to the platform in order to make his long expected speech against Mr. Cleveland. This was to be the crowning effort of the week and expectation was aroused in accordance with the promise that had been made.

A Speech That Fell Flat

Mr. Cockran, whom everybody recognized as the most attractive orator that the convention contained, mounted the platform to face perhaps the most hostile audience, outside of a mob, that a public speaker ever saw. He began in the most engaging tones, rather low, but gradually rising so that even in the midst of the storm that great audience could hear every word. Now and again he was interrupted by applause from his own friends or by protests from the Cleveland followers, who knew well how soon they were to be victorious. But he was a miracle of patience. After interruptions he would wait, resuming again and again until he had actually spoken for an hour and a half, his voice rising and falling with a cadence that probably no other man in America, not even Bryan, has equaled. He protested, he indulged in irony and satire, but he was so much in earnest that attempts at wit were strangely few and the whole was lacking in humor; but he never descended for a moment to anything resembling abuse or detraction, so that in the midst of that wild spectacle he was accorded a hearing that might have come from a small, enthusiastic and friendly audience.

As illustrating this keenness to hear, I remember ex-Secretary Fairchild, who with his wife was sitting on the platform within a few feet of the speaker, under a great umbrella, with his hand to his ear, apparently intent on catching Mr. Cockran's every word. He himself, the leader of the Anti-Snappers, had been one of the speakers to whom I have referred as going from delegation to delegation. When I said: "You seem to be very intent upon hearing this speech," "Yes," he said, "I have been trying to find how it would sound upon the thirty-first time of its delivery in Chicago this week."

When Mr. Cockran walked from the platform to his delegation there was only the slight applause that would naturally come from so limited a number of sympathizers, and the much-advertised performance was over. No one rose to reply, no attention was paid to what had been said nor was there a word of comment upon the scene itself. The convention proceeded for about two minutes with some routine motions. These disposed of, Mr. Hensel, one of the leaders of the Cleveland forces, moved that the convention proceed to ballot for candidates for President.

Immediately, without discussion, without further protest, without a sign that there was life in the opposition, the roll call began. When it ended, the nomination of Mr. Cleveland had been made on the first ballot with a considerable number to spare. Never perhaps in any gathering, political or otherwise, has a great declamatory effort been received in this way: It had been heard without protest, even with pleasure, and yet it had made no impression upon the convention itself.

At four-forty in the morning, after these exciting elemental and human scenes, the convention adjourned, the wet and tired delegates marching out to greet the sun as it rose over the lake. When it met later in

(Continued on Page 181)

A day seldom passes without affording beneficial uses for Listerine

A Refreshing Shaving Lotion

Men appreciate the refreshing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Listerine as a lotion for use after shaving.

It removes much of the discomfort experienced by those who have a sensitive skin.

Its rapid evaporation, especially when a hot towel is used, produces an immediate cooling effect.

Its antiseptic properties cleanse the almost imperceptible cuts and skin abrasions which so often occur.

Men who do not shave themselves should have their barbers keep Listerine for their particular use.

The non-poisonous nature of Listerine also makes it a safe and serviceable antiseptic for many uses in the home.

Manufactured only by
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

LISTERINE

the safe antiseptic

All-Clay "TEPECO" Fixtures Plumbing

THE average householder has been unable by appearance to distinguish the difference between All-Clay China and Porcelain plumbing fixtures and other plumbing fixtures on the market—white in color, to be sure, but totally different otherwise.

"Tepeco" fixtures are true china and porcelain, gleaming white, but far more important, sanitary beyond any other material from which plumbing fixtures can be made. The scientific reason for this is because glaze can be fired or baked on clay at such a high degree of temperature. Instead of merely coating the surface it fuses into the body itself, making chipping and peeling an impossibility. This high heat also means a close, impenetrably hard surface which resists the adhesion of soil. "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures are not affected by the action of cleansing preparations, medicine, fruit or ordinary acid stains. A dampened cloth quickly removes any trace of it.

Particular people consider these facts before buying their plumbing fixtures, especially bathtubs, since the body comes in contact with the bathtub surface to a greater extent than other plumbing fixtures. Aside from the prime factor of sanitation "Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures add the virtue of lifelong service, an economic consideration not to be ignored.

Because it is hard for people outside the plumbing trade to distinguish between All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures and other materials, we urge you to insist that the "Tepeco" trademark, the Star within the Circle, be upon your plumbing fixture purchases.

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY, MAIN OFFICE AND PLANTS TRENTON, N. J.

NEW YORK BOSTON SAN FRANCISCO

If you intend to build or renovate your plumbing, write for our instructive book "Bathrooms of Character."

World's largest manufacturers of genuine All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures. Makers of the Silent Si-wel-clo Water Closet.

(Continued from Page 178)

the day, with depleted membership, it had before it only the dull routine work of nominating a candidate for vice president, and the great contest was over.

It was to be my fortune again, eleven years later, to listen to that magnificent voice. This time the scene was in London. It will be recalled that Joseph Chamberlain entered upon a protracted agitation to bring about an abandonment of the English free-trade system. Few movements have been followed more closely or with more excitement. In its conduct the National Liberal Club of London invited the most distinguished English and foreign speakers that could be found. Among them was Mr. Cockran, and again, this time under the most favoring conditions, for an hour and a half he spoke to an enthusiastic, aroused audience. It was to the people of a foreign country in defense of their own peculiar system and methods. In the course of his address he pronounced the most magnificent eulogy upon England, its history, its work and its mission, that I have ever heard. Nothing of its kind could have been finer, nothing more appropriate as a plea for his cause. If that speech could have been circulated during the late war it would have been welcomed as one of the brilliant historical defenses of England, and, as the utterance of an American, might have carried us earlier into the war.

The whole scene now shifts from the preliminary contest that had long gone on behind the scenes and then in the open for more than a year. Probably never in history have our people been so thoroughly prepared for a great political event as for this one.

A Rift in the Lute

The campaign for the election, so far as the Cleveland candidacy was concerned, was interesting throughout, but it never became exciting. Public sentiment was too plainly foreshadowed to permit that, but it was here that the really effective work was done.

The meeting of the national and state committees and the final selection of officials were matters of routine. At once every man in the party turned to Mr. Whitney with the assumption that nobody else would be thought of as chairman of the national committee. Our associates all over the country insisted that this should be the case; but the leader knew too well where lay his greatest capacity for work, so, upon his recommendation, Mr. Cleveland chose William F. Harrity, of Pennsylvania, to be chairman, with Don M. Dickinson, who had been his Postmaster-General in the first Administration, as chairman of the campaign committee. Of the latter Mr. Whitney became an adviser, but he had no fixed place at headquarters and seemed to take very little part or interest.

The organization that was chosen to carry on the work at the headquarters, 139 Fifth Avenue, was perhaps the smallest but the most efficient seen in recent national campaigns. As a rule these bodies are filled up with political heelers, useless men from everywhere pushing themselves into salaried places and filling space that was really more wasted with them than without them; but the committee of 1892 never had a staff of more than ninety, many of whom were either traveling or working in other parts of the country. No deadheads needed to apply. Mr. Harrity himself was an excellent organizer, determined that every man should do the work assigned him. The same was true of Mr. Dickinson and of Mr. Whitney, who, though behind the scenes, was perhaps the most rigid of all.

As soon as the convention was over Mr. Whitney made a visit to Gray Gables to report to the candidate, and it was then that the whole campaign was blocked out. This was even long before the chairman or secretary or any other official had been chosen. At this meeting there were differences as to policy between the candidate and his lieutenant, but they never rose to the dignity of misunderstandings. Each occupied his own relation to the campaign and had his own way of looking at his responsibilities and achievements. Once nominated for the third time, Mr. Cleveland became what he had never before presumed to be—a real political manager. He naturally felt by this time that he knew the game, and his personal interest was stronger than that of anybody else. Without seeking, almost without consent, he had been renominated, and if it lay within his power he was determined that he would not be again defeated. So he would allow nothing to interfere that would drive away faithful friends in both parties. Mr. Whitney believed in the system of Thorough. He attached far more importance to the machine in politics, but with these divergencies in point of view the two men never came to anything more than this friendly difference as to methods.

The campaign was not entirely free from the jealousies usual in politics, and nobody who has not played the game knows how deep and pervading these are. As I have already explained, Mr. Whitney assumed no authority round the headquarters and yet he dropped in daily from house or office to look about and take such cognizance as he might of current events. He assumed no routine direction and was considerate of the opinions and feelings of everybody in a responsible position.

I had been closely associated with Mr. Harrity in Philadelphia and so knew him better than anyone else round headquarters. One day he confided to me that Mr. Whitney was so interfering with the conduct of the campaign as to encroach in some way, never quite clear to me, upon the authority of the chairman. I was perfectly sure that this was not meant because I had seen every movement of both men during the preceding weeks, but naturally the revelation of such a suspicion was disquieting.

I reassured the chairman as well as I could, but somehow felt that I had failed. On the way home that night the conviction flashed upon me that there was only one thing to do—that was to lay the matter before Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Whitney knew nothing about it, and I doubt whether he ever heard of its existence.

Next morning I started for Gray Gables, notifying Mr. Cleveland of my coming, and laid the whole matter before him with a fullness of detail not necessary to repeat here. I emphasized the conclusion that there was only one thing for him to do and I wanted him to do it at once. He was a man who graciously received such advice from those entitled to give it.

What I prescribed was that he should return to New York with me, take up the whole of the campaign with the chairman without allusion to the suspicions that had been roused, and settle it at once. He followed me the next day, coming late at night. I met him, went further into the matter, and at midnight knocked at his door, introduced the chairman without any mention of the matter, and left the two men together.

He afterward told me that he went over the whole campaign with Mr. Harrity for three or four hours, consulted him in every detail, and gave his own opinion when asked. When they parted my original advice had been so followed that all differences had been smoothed over. From then until the end of the campaign no further friction rose and even until now nobody has known how near there came to being an explosion in that wonderfully organized body—The National Democratic Committee of 1892. It seems to me that the result was creditable to the two principal parties, who thus trusted each other and were able to overcome all difficulties.

Courage and Fairness

Another time during the campaign a delegation from the New York state committee visited Gray Gables. Its purpose was to insist that the state campaign should be put more distinctly into the hands of the machine than it had seemed to be. They were courteously received, their protests or suggestions heard, and when they had gone Mr. Cleveland said to his friend Dr. Samuel Ward, of Albany, who was staying in the house: "I wonder if these fellows have an idea that a man who has been nominated and elected President of the United States, has been nominated again and been defeated for the presidency, and then nominated a third time with every prospect of a triumphant election, knows nothing whatever about the game of politics!"

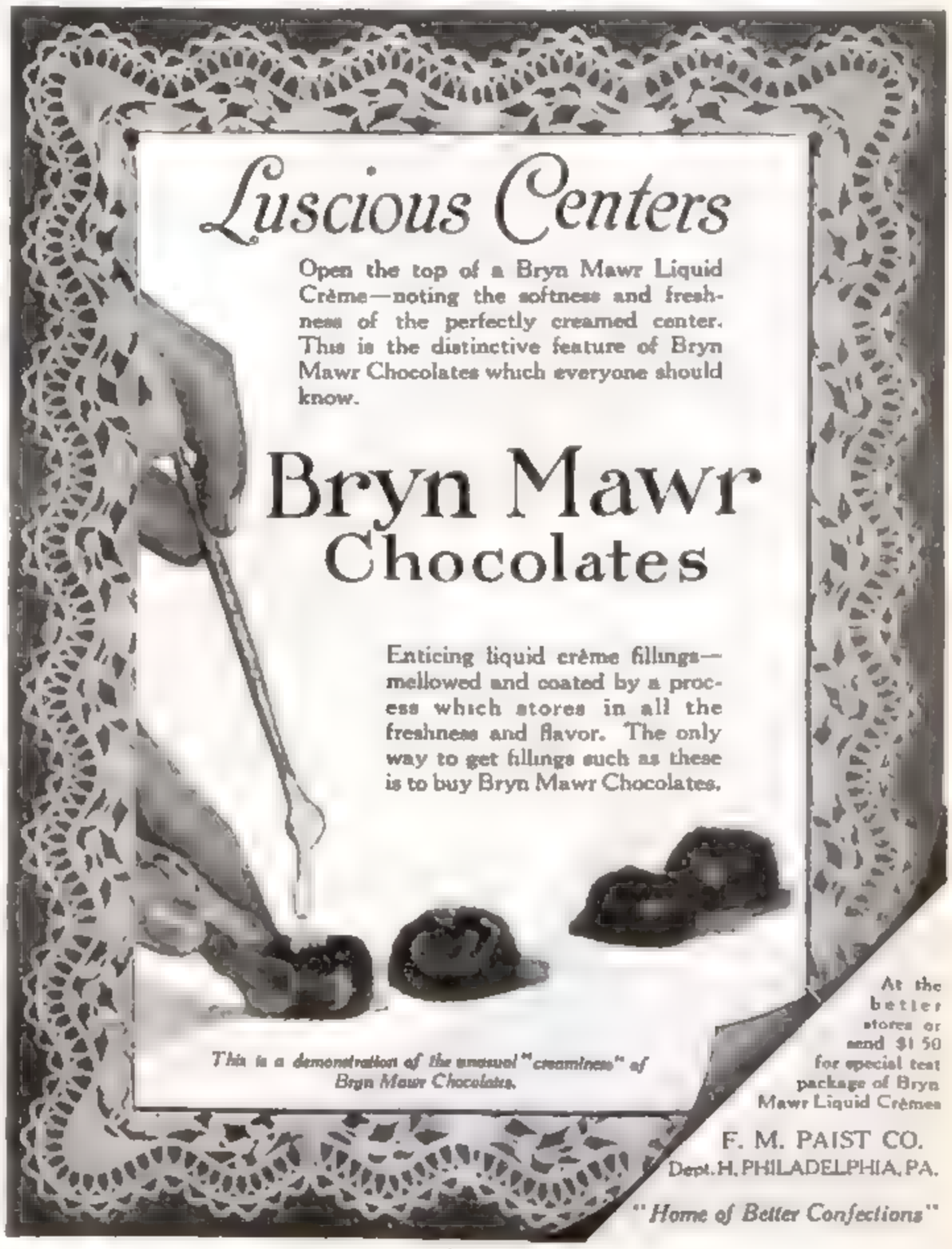
The truth was that the organization in New York had been made so distinctly a machine body that Mr. Cleveland protested with the utmost earnestness. I have still many of his confidential letters, in which this feeling constantly came out, but he would always say: "I shall not interfere, whatever happens." He could say this because he knew that his friends here

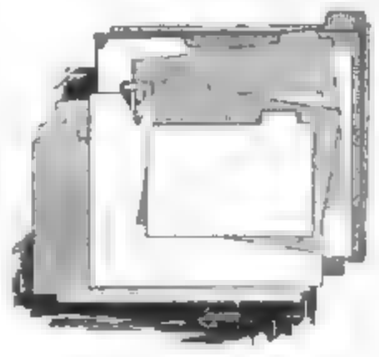
TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE
OF THE HIGHEST STANDARD

SUPERIOR SERVICE BY MAIL

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK


Luscious Centers
Open the top of a Bryn Mawr Liquid Crème—noting the softness and freshness of the perfectly creamed center. This is the distinctive feature of Bryn Mawr Chocolates which everyone should know.
Bryn Mawr Chocolates
Enticing liquid crème fillings—mellowed and coated by a process which stores in all the freshness and flavor. The only way to get fillings such as these is to buy Bryn Mawr Chocolates.
This is a demonstration of the unusual "creaminess" of Bryn Mawr Chocolates.
At the better stores or send $1.50 for special test package of Bryn Mawr Liquid Crèmes
F. M. PAIST CO.
Dept. H, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
"Home of Better Confections"



With plenty of room for lettering, these card index guides make filing easy. They are tough and durable, too.

Helping business men do business

You know more about your own business than anybody else; but there are lots of new ways of systematizing business and making its operations more efficient, that you might not know about if somebody didn't tell you.

Our business is to help you do business with the highest efficiency equipment.

It doesn't cost anything to get our help; we give it willingly, it is part of our service to you.

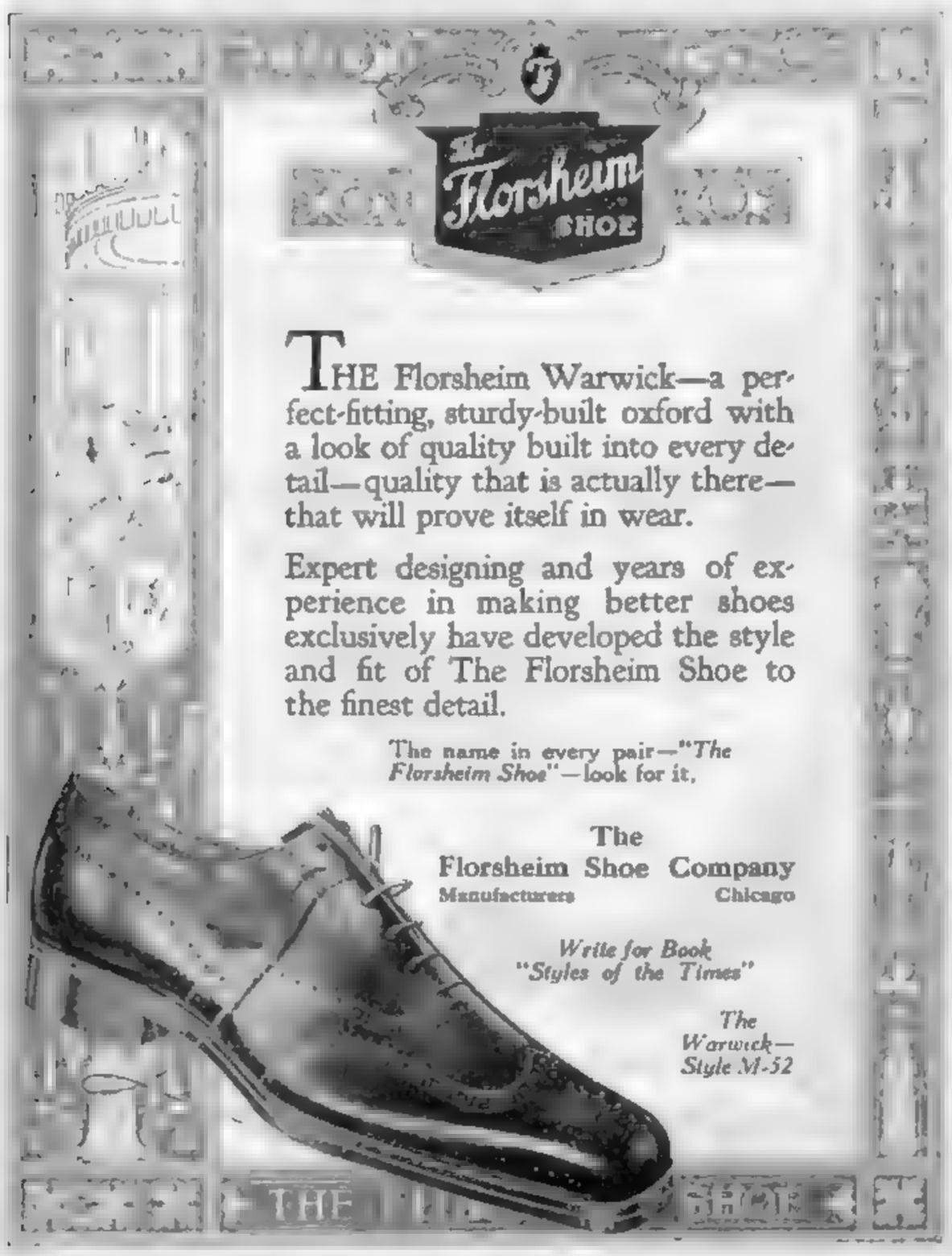
To facilitate deliveries we maintain production at these points:

Benton Harbor, Mich.
San Francisco, Calif.
Holyoke, Massachusetts
Kansas City, Mo. *(New plant ready July 1st.)*

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

Originators & Manufacturers Loose Leaf & Steel Filing Equipment

Canad an Distributors: Copeland-Chatterson, Limited, Brampton, Ontario



THE Florsheim Warwick—a perfect-fitting, sturdy-built oxford with a look of quality built into every detail—quality that is actually there—that will prove itself in wear.

Expert designing and years of experience in making better shoes exclusively have developed the style and fit of The Florsheim Shoe to the finest detail.

The name in every pair—"*The Florsheim Shoe*"—look for it.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Manufacturers Chicago

Write for Book "Styles of the Times"

The Warwick—Style M-52

would overcome any methods that he suspected and that he would never have any serious trouble about it. But all this showed how keenly he appreciated the work that was going on; how he trusted his friends, and how he really knew what ought to be done. I have told my story without success if the reader does not realize that there probably never was a man so little dependent upon a machine or upon bosses as Grover Cleveland or yet who knew better how to deal with them. He had only one formula for meeting such conditions: His first word was courage, his second fairness.

The election over, he began the work of making his cabinet, all of which is a part of the history of the time. That job fairly completed, there are still things which illustrate his character that are not known. He was always determined in his later years never to see newspaper men when it was possible to avoid it. The modern method of lining up a lot of reporters in order to answer a series of questions never appealed to him, scarcely more so than it did to see one, because in the latter case he would so restrict the use of any information that he had given as to make it ineffective. As I had been associated with him all these years—during which I had seen him five hundred times—he and his friends insisted that I should put out some special news relating to matters connected with certain work I was doing at the time; otherwise all ways of direct approach would be closed.

To meet this emergency I formed a syndicate of a considerable number of papers, to which I sent news whenever there was any. I was not his representative and seldom communicated to him anything that I was going to distribute, anything that he told me or that I had gathered. Still, a large amount of really inside news did go out through this medium.

He had stood so erect upon the silver question that nobody would have ever thought that there would be the slightest wavering; but one day after the election I went into his office after some discussion had arisen about the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Law and the reënactment in its stead of the Bland. One authorized the purchase of silver, while the other made mandatory its purchase and coinage into dollars. Senator Vest representing the Bland people came on to present the President-elect with the plan and, if possible, to induce him to accept it.

The Silver Men Balked

Accordingly when he told me that he had almost concluded that the thing to do was to carry out the policy here outlined I was alarmed. I felt that I knew how perilous this was, but I had all the time conceived that it was nothing more than a feeler, without a thought that it would be seriously considered. He began to talk of the difficulties incident to this persistent question and of its danger to the country and to the party.

I pressed for further information and, knowing him, felt that something should be done at once. I did not discuss its merits or talk about it more than was necessary because I knew my opinions would not cut much figure. As I went away it took only a moment to decide what must be done, and only a little longer to conclude how to do it. Without his permission or even his knowledge I had invoked public sentiment to make his nomination possible and inevitable. It was easy now to resolve to use the same weapon to change this expressed purpose of his.

Going at once to Charles S. Fairchild, Secretary of the Treasury in the first Administration, I told him what I had learned and asked how we were to save the President-elect from himself.

Mr. Fairchild said: "Yes, we must do that, because the proposition to which he seems willing to assent is the most dangerous that can possibly be devised. It is running beyond anything with which I had credited the silver men."

He asked me to go to his house, with the promise that he would get something into shape to upset the scheme. I returned at the time fixed, and for two hours wrote from Mr. Fairchild's dictation in longhand. In a statement of about a column in length he gave his reasons for opposing this plan. It contained no missing or redundant word, but made as clear an argument as could be prepared. I sent it by mail so that it might go letter perfect, and within a week from the day that knowledge of this grave condition came to us it had attained a wide circulation. From that day neither by Mr. Cleveland nor by anybody else was there any further suggestion about the reënactment of the Bland Bill.

Another experience after the election that was also interesting was told me by Mr. Cleveland's friend and former partner Mr. Francis Lynde Stetson. In pursuance of his work as the legal adviser of the Morgan firm, Mr. Stetson told me that after the election of 1892 he learned that President Harrison and his Secretary of the Treasury, Charles Foster, had prepared the plates for a bond issue in accordance with the law providing for replenishing the gold reserve, then running very low.

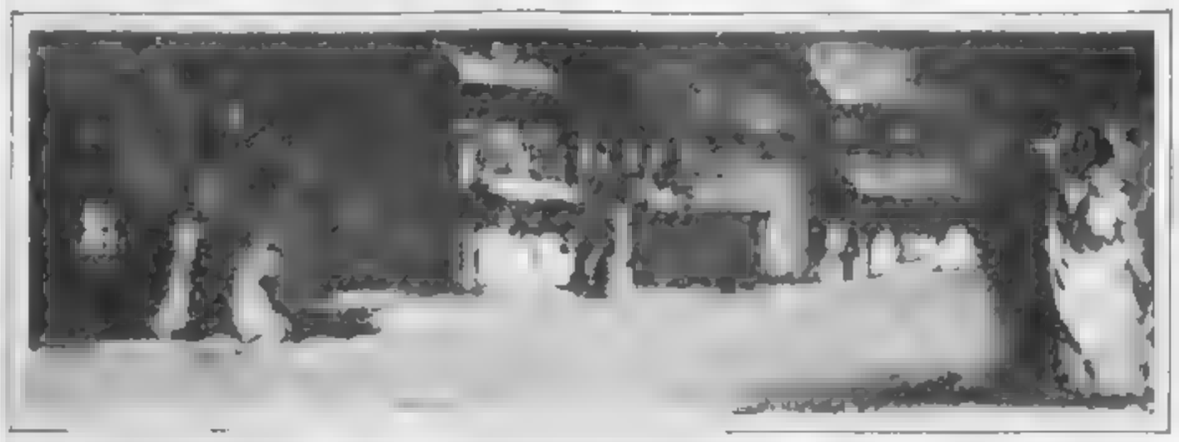
The Years of Preparation

Mr. Stetson said he at once communicated with Mr. Cleveland at Lakewood with a request to see him on a matter of public interest. Hearing nothing, he wrote again in a few days and received word that the President was then preparing his inaugural address and that it would be impossible to spare time and asking for particulars by letter. As the matter was too delicate to permit this, it was dropped. Mr. Stetson afterward insisted that though he accepted this decision he ought to have gone without delay, pushing himself upon the President whatever the state of work or engagements, and forcing him to listen. "For I am convinced," he said, "that if the outgoing Republican Administration had carried out this purpose with the indorsement of the incoming Democratic Administration history would have been differently made and many evils that have come upon us would have been averted or delayed."

My purpose has been achieved if I have given a fairly clear idea of the activities of Mr. Cleveland and his preparation for higher service during that period between his first term, with its far-reaching departure from the influences, traditions and surroundings in which he had found himself, and the massive public work to which he was called four years later.

He insisted during this rest period that he could never be called upon to meet such serious problems as those that had confronted him from 1885 to 1889, but those later acts, few in number but far-reaching in their effect, could probably never have been performed with such assured confidence if he had not had an opportunity deliberately to study, think, plan and take his own measure from 1889 to 1893 and thus to command the support that came from his countrymen for use in his time of supreme trial.

The assertion of national authority in the Chicago strike; the prompt settlement of the silver question and the fixing of the gold standard; the blow from which tariff exaction reeled and then fell; and the far-reaching policy in Venezuela—were all disposed of promptly and with safety and absolute assurance to his countrymen, because for four quiet years he had prepared himself to gird on his armor against the days of supreme need.



BRAKES

last longer with

Johns-Manville
NON-BURN
Asbestos Brake Lining

LONG before the day of the motor car there were thousands of brakes lined with Johns-Manville Asbestos. For Johns-Manville brake-lining experience started a quarter century ago by meeting the brake requirements of the heaviest industrial machinery.

So it is natural that today, in the automotive field, Johns-Manville Non-Burn Asbestos Brake Lining holds the supreme confidence of engineers.

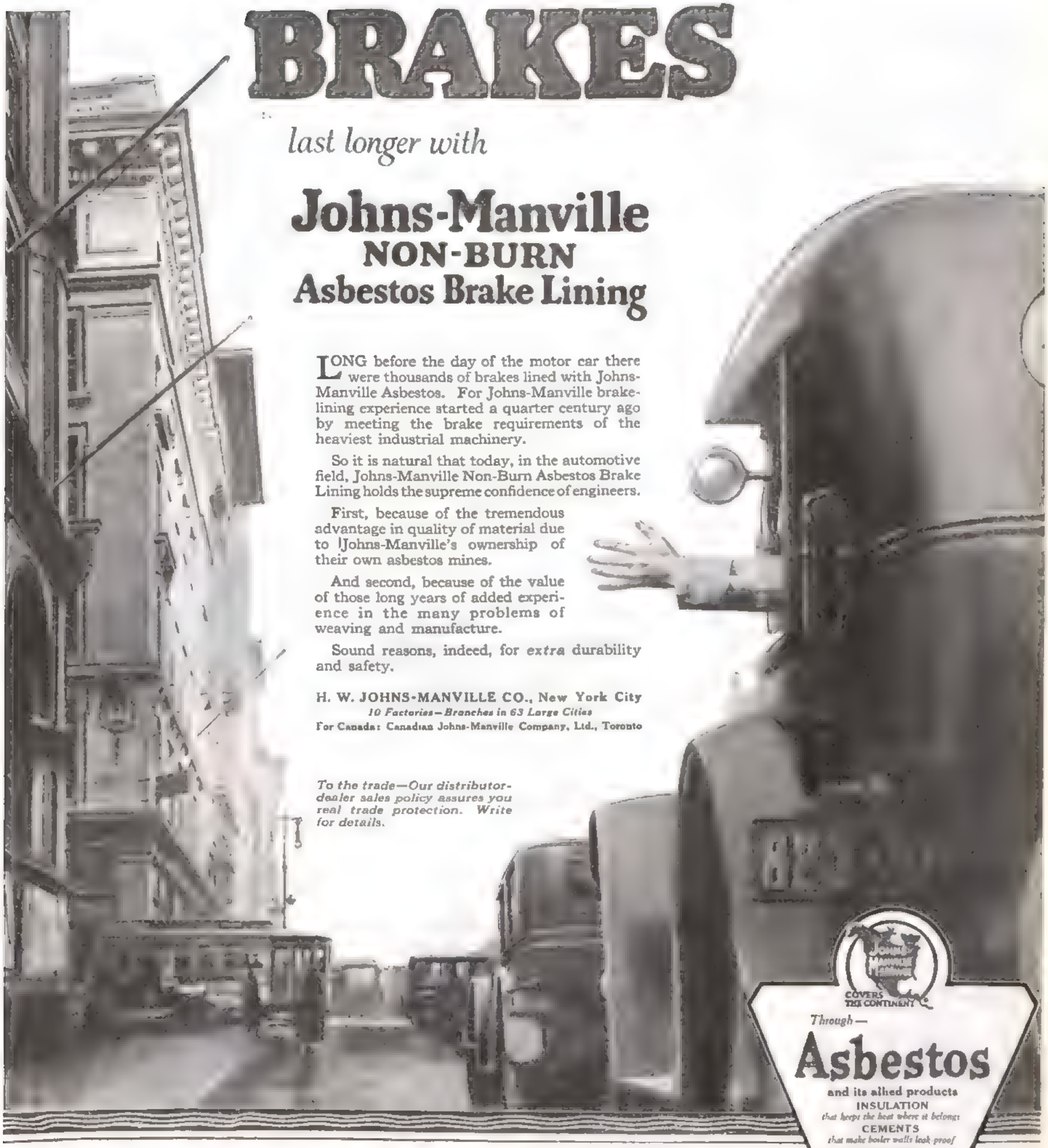
First, because of the tremendous advantage in quality of material due to Johns-Manville's ownership of their own asbestos mines.

And second, because of the value of those long years of added experience in the many problems of weaving and manufacture.

Sound reasons, indeed, for *extra* durability and safety.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., New York City
10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities
For Canada: Canadian Johns-Manville Company, Ltd., Toronto

To the trade—Our distributor-dealer sales policy assures you real trade protection. Write for details.



COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos
and its allied products

INSULATION
that keeps the heat where it belongs

CEMENTS
that make boiler walls leak-proof

ROOFINGS
that cut down fire risks

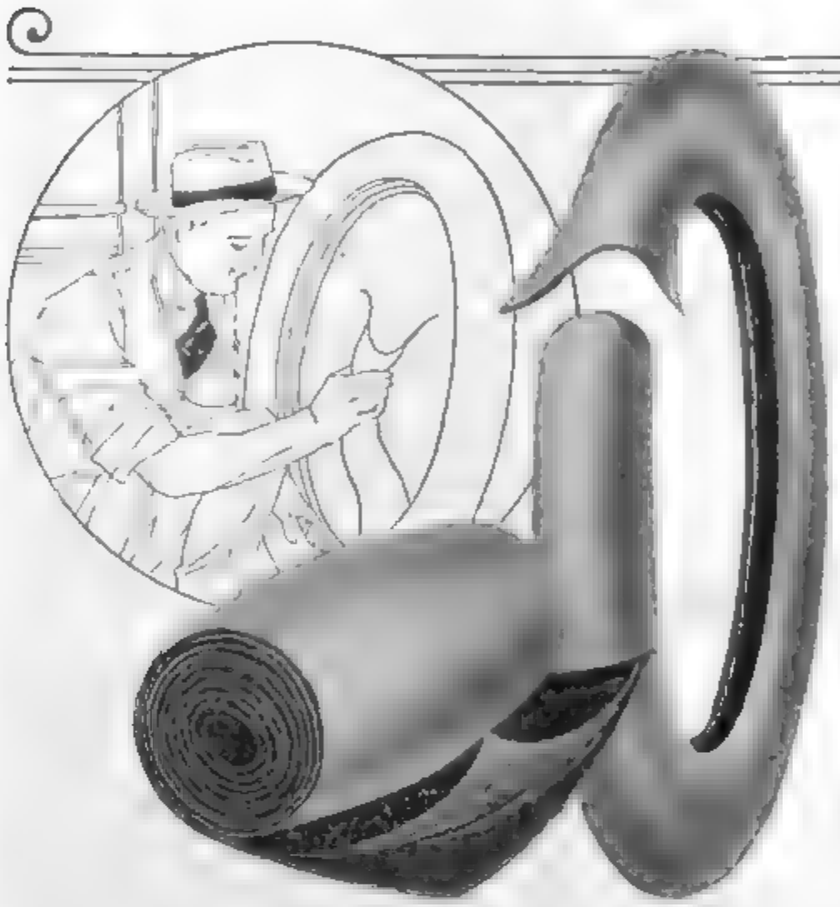
PACKINGS
that save power waste

LININGS
that make brakes safe

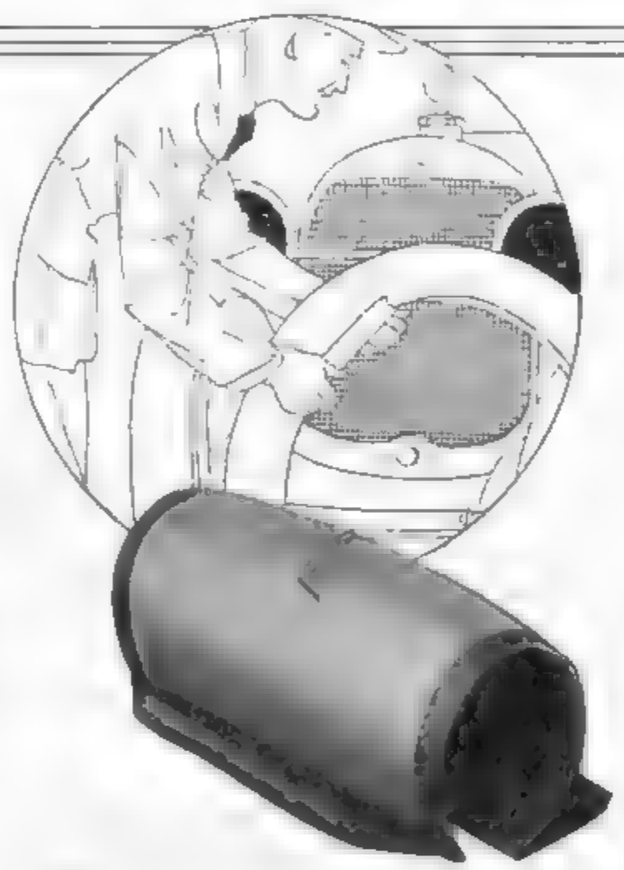
FIRE PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

FEDERAL
Auto ACCESSORIES

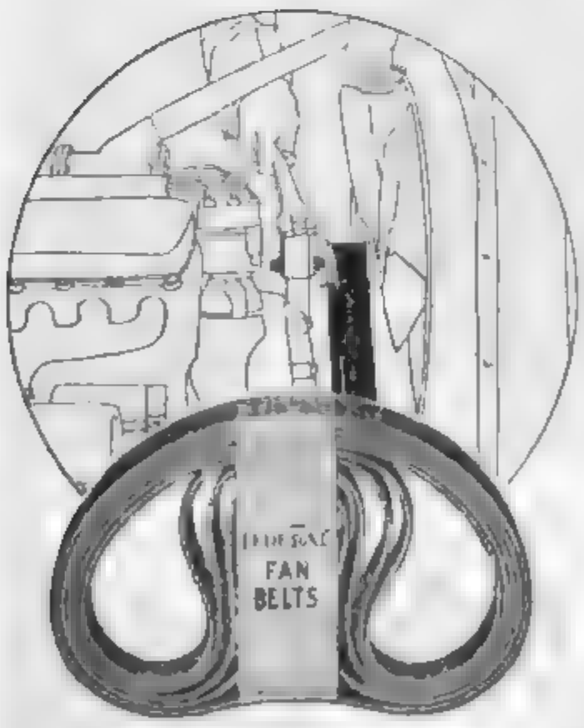


Reliner

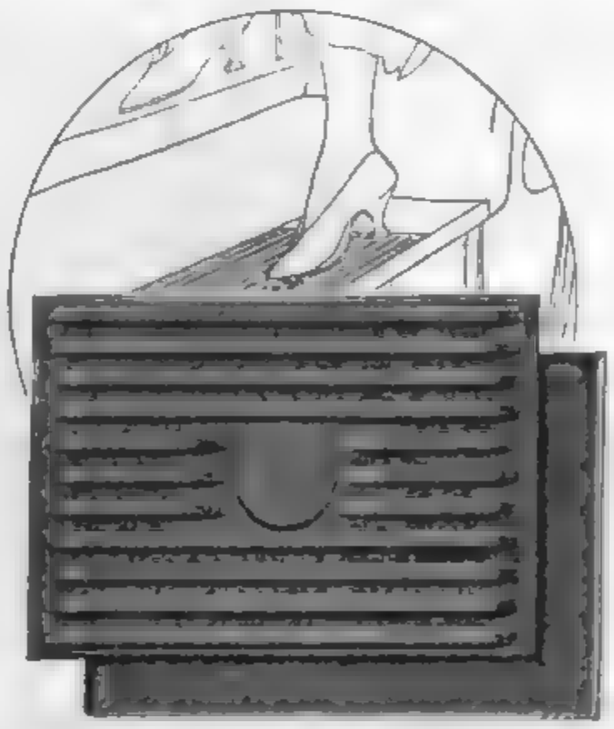


Inside Sleeve

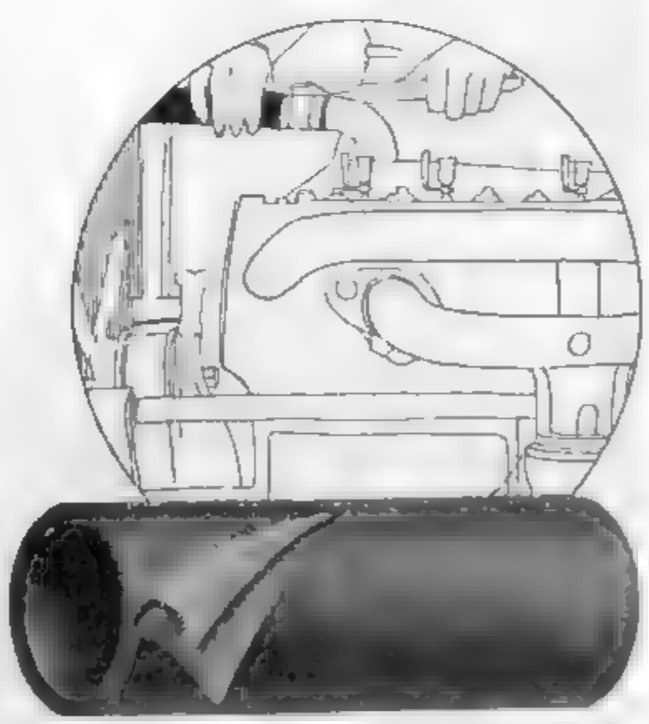
Retreading Stock



Fan Belt



Safety Step Mat



Radiator Hose

THE FEDERAL NAME upon accessories is a pledge of manufacturing exactness and unusual service performance. The line of Federal accessories is highly representative not only for its quality, but for unusual completeness from the standpoint of consumer requirements. Motorists are assured full satisfaction in every article of Federal manufacture.

THE FEDERAL RUBBER COMPANY
of Illinois
Factories, Cudahy, Wis.

Manufacturers of Federal Automobile Tires, Tubes, and Sundries, Motorcycle, Bicycle and Carriage Tires, Rubber Heels, Horse Shoe Pads, Rubber Matting and Mechanical Rubber Goods

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING SERIOUS

(Continued from Page 13)

"We is business pa'tners, Skimp."

"Yassum, Nemonia; but I also wants we should be dimestic pa'tners too."

"Ain't you hurryin' things a bit?"

"I loves you, Nemonia—heaps."

She thought a moment.

"I'll 'fess this much, Skimp. I ain't lovin' no other man."

And with that assurance Skimp was forced to be content. He went doggedly at his task of causing her to fall in love with him. And he fancied modestly that he was making fair headway, when Cadushus Link sailed across his horizon. Cadushus came unheralded. He drifted into Birmingham from goodness knows where and secured a respectable room in a respectable boarding house on Seventeenth Street South. That was three o'clock in the afternoon. He paid his room rent one month in advance, unpacked his suitcase and went to bed. He dressed at six P. M., ate his dinner at Bud Peaglar's and, finishing that, stood idly watching a game of Kelly pool until Florian Slappey, one of the players, suggested that he enter.

There was method to Florian's madness. Florian had seen the stranger and marveled at his poise and wardrobe. Florian was a considerable connoisseur in the matter of dress. And there was no deying the fact that Cadushus went Florian several better in sartorial elegance.

Cadushus entered the Kelly game. It became apparent early and frequently that Cadushus was no novice at this form of play. He won several games in quick succession, and those which he did not win went Florian's way. The two men left Peaglar's place firm friends.

Cadushus maneuvered adroitly. He forced himself upon no one. He sought no companionship. He appeared downtown only at night—a radiant flower of Afro-American manhood. He attained the prestige of the not understood, the unfathomable. He did no work, yet he contracted no debts. The conclusion was obvious and easy. Inquiry at his boarding house betrayed the fact that he spent his days in bed, lying propped up on a pair of pillows reading the newspapers or magazines, smoking innumerable Turkish cigarettes. It was quite plain that he was a gentleman of means and leisure—especially leisure.

Only at night did Cadushus bloom. Daily, just before night—at the hour which is known as dusk dark—he glorified himself in raiment which was magnificently indescribable and sallied forth to walk the streets of Darktown's civic center, envied of the men and ogled of the women. And one evening he entered Skimp Clintin's barbering emporium.

It was then that Cadashus did something which made him famous in a moment; which focused the attention of the social world upon him and caused emulation which increased the volume of beauty-parlor business thirty per cent and nearly precipitated a social revolution, nineteen broken engagements and three divorces. Cadushus moved nonchalantly between the barber chairs and headed back to the beauty parlor. He doffed his soft felt hat and seated himself easily at the little table on the opposite side of which was Nemonia. And to her he extended his two hands.

"Manicure, please."

Nemonia looked up, startled. There was a sudden and audible cessation of razor scraping from the front of the shop. A man in the beauty parlor! Nemonia manicuring his nails! Somehow the impression had been that the beauty shop was for women only—and now a man had invaded its sacred precincts.

That was the beginning, and even from the beginning Skimp Clinton was uneasy. He was uneasy because of the intensely personal relationship of manicurer and manicuree and because after the first week Cadushus' visits became a daily institution. Worse, Nemonia appeared to welcome them—and him.

Nemonia and Cadushus became warm personal friends—very warm. Night after night they were seen together at the Champion Moving Picture Theater or at the Frolic, where vaudeville was served up in homeopathic doses.

Nemonia didn't drop Skimp. She didn't do him that honor. Such a move would have betokened genuine interest. She remained friendly to him, accepting his attentions as a matter of course and his overpowering love for her as something due and legitimately receivable.

It was about that time that Florian Slappey invited Cadushus Link to take the place made vacant in the roster of the Full House Social Club by the resignation of Isaac Gethers. And he filled the vacancy in a most startling and unexpected manner. From the first he won. He won casually and easily without any visible exertion, without fuss or fume. The other members of the club gazed, wondered—and were satisfied. Because whereas theretofore they had been the pet and particular victims of Skimp's poker magic, they now found themselves occasionally on the credit side of the ledger.

Not so, Skimp. Night after night Cadushus Link carried away a plethora of cash which had but recently belonged to Skimp Clintin. Skim couldn't understand it—and the others didn't care. With Skimp alone in the game with them and the game on the level they lost. What mattered it what sort of tricks the stranger was resorting to when they won occasionally and the man who had won consistently in previous sessions became the victim? There was a deal of satisfaction to be derived from the situation, and they derived it.

Skimp could have quit—theoretically. But no poker player who has made a habit of winning ever quits when he once begins to lose. That is the only thing which makes it possible for games of chance to strike a balance. Skimp stuck—stuck doggedly, determinedly, futilely. And he watched. He knew that he was a genius behind five cards, and he figured very readily that when genius is continually thwarted there is something rotten in the kingdom of Denmark.

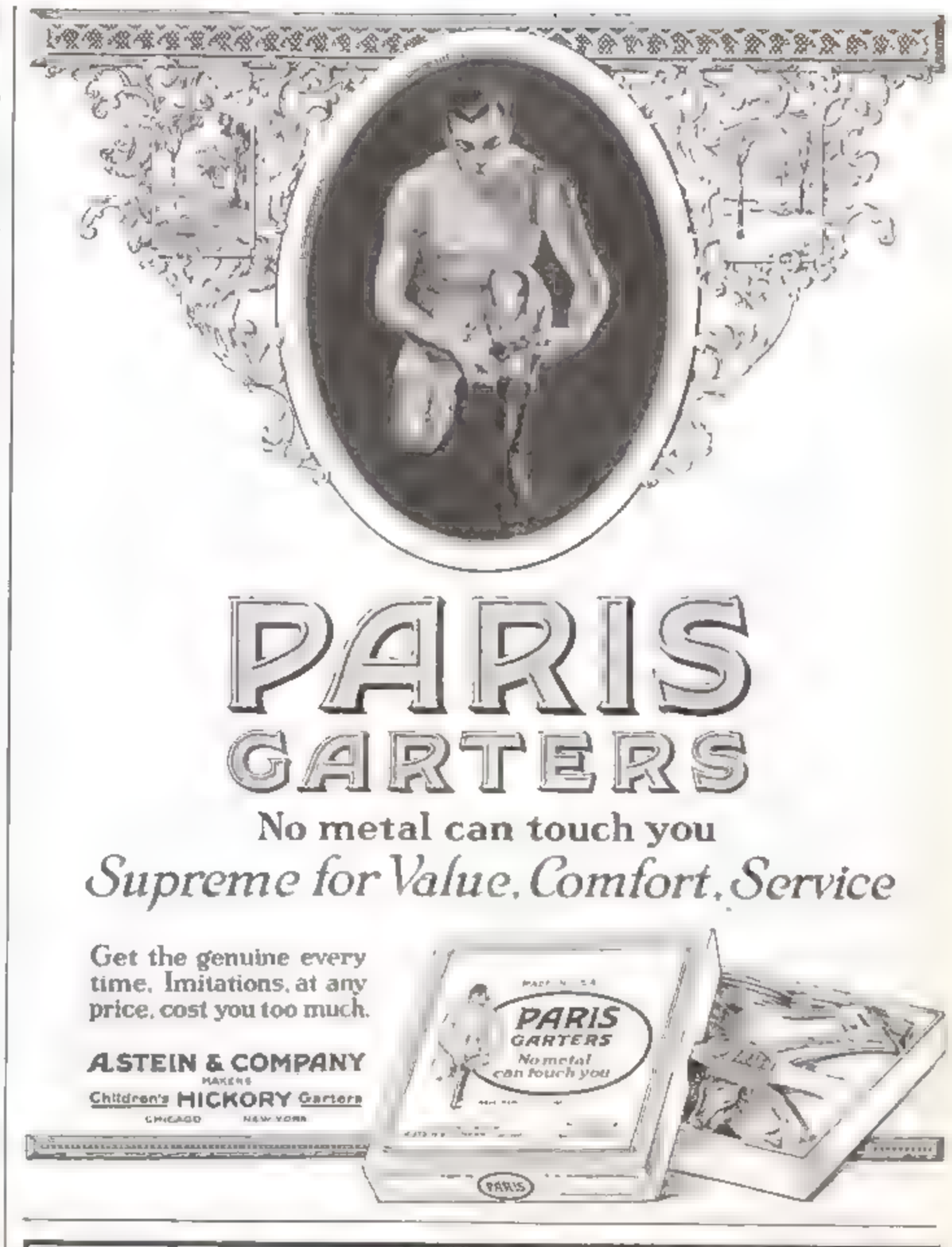
It took Skimp only a short time to learn definitely that Cadushus was—to state the matter mildly—loosening up in his code of poker ethics. There were little matters like slipping a desirable card from the bottom of the deck, retaining a valuable ace on his own deal and dealing himself four cards to complete the requisite five—those and other little devices which made up in deftness of execution what they may have lacked in originality of conception.

Skimp knew. Skimp saw. Skimp realized that if he could once grab Cadushus Link in the very act of cheating his problems would be satisfactorily solved. But he knew that he had to nab him in the act. It would never do—and Skimp realized it poignantly—to wait until the act of card switching had been accomplished and then slam his accusation across. The other members of the club would refuse to believe, particularly so because Skimp was Cadushus' victim in ways financial and personal, and they would righteously conclude that he was grinding his own ax.

So it was plainly up to Skimp to catch Cadushus red-handed, and Skimp realized mournfully that he was not quick enough. By the time he saw Cadushus slipping one from the bottom of the deck the transfer was complete. And Skimp was wise enough in his generation to keep his mouth shut, hoping against hope that some Wednesday night he might be quick enough; knowing that once the guilt of the affable stranger was established his sojourn in Birmingham would cease suddenly, completely and forcibly.

Meanwhile affairs drifted from bad to worse. The intimacy between Cadushus and Nemonia grew and appeared to assume proportions of such seriousness as to threaten matrimony—or worse. And Cadushus continued to victimize Skimp—Skimp, always Skimp. He already possessed a moiety of Skimp's cash and I O U's for more than one thousand dollars.

Recently he had come to Skimp and suggested an informal lien on the barber shop—security, a debt of honor, and so forth. Lawyer Evans Chew had drawn up the paper, which he held in trust. And Lawyer Chew promised that should Cadushus be proved a gentleman of lax poker morals that paper would be destroyed and the debt wiped out. Otherwise it constituted an ever-growing menace in that Cadushus had once been a barber and Cadushus coveted Skimp's flourishing barber business. Cadushus acquired a maddening habit of drifting into the shop and gazing round with an appraising, proprietary air. He even went so far as occasionally to address a remark to Skimp anent



PAUL'S JAMS

Are Made Where the Berries Grow

Remember the time you visited the farm and ate fresh berries and corn and peas "right out of the garden"? Wasn't the flavor wonderful?

That flavor of ripe, fresh berries is brought to you in Paul's Jams.

The berries of the Valley of the Mountain are picked full-ripe and all their richness is preserved for you in a film of pure sugar at Paul's Kitchens in the berry fields.

Your grocer has your favorite berry waiting for you to ask for Paul's Jam.

Puyallup & Sumner
Fruit Growers Canning Co.
Puyallup, Washington

Insert picture shown in Paul's Jam advertisement, not actual photograph.

ALL your copies can be clean-cut, free from smudge, permanently legible, if you use MultiKopy Carbon Paper.

MultiKopy is clean to handle. It makes more good copies with one typing. It lasts a long time and gives entire satisfaction.

Send for Samples of
MultiKopy Carbon Paper

We shall be glad to send you sample sheets of MultiKopy. Just write a letter.

MultiKopy Carbon Paper, and the equally superior Star Typewriter Ribbons, sold by principal dealers the world over.

THE WEBSTER STAR BRAND

F. S. WEBSTER COMPANY

335 Congress Street, Boston, Mass.

improvements, and always prefaced by, "Now, if I owned this shop."

Skimp didn't like Cadushus. Skimp believed that Birmingham would be better off without the night-roaming, handsomely dressed, suave stranger. But it was evident that Nemonia didn't agree with him. Nemonia told him so one night when Skimp made the tactical blunder of explaining to her that Cadushus was not an honorable man; that Cadushus stooped to practices over the card table which were not tolerated in the best society—when discovered.

"Is you ever 'scovered 'em?" queried Nemonia pertinently.

"I is—with my ve'y own eyes."

"Is you said sumthin' 'bout 'em?"

"No-o. Y'see he does it so quick it's all did befo' I knows it. An' then I cain't say nothin' on account that'd be criminal liable onless I could prove it."

Nemonia froze up. She informed Skimp in positive tones that he was lowering himself in her eyes by traducing the fair name of the elegant Cadushus. Proof—that was one thing—jealous hatred another.

"But s'posin' I does prove it, Nemonia? S'posin' I does that same?"

"You cain't. He's a honorary gen'lemen."

"But if'n I was right an' proved it?"

"If'n you was right," conceded Nemonia—"min' you, you ain't—but if'n you was you knows me well enough to know I woul'n't keep comp'ny with no gen'leman which wa'n't no gen'leman."

It was a promise. As such Skimp rightly construed it. He didn't know that Nemonia cared for him, but he did know that there was considerably greater chance of her capitulation to his charms with Cadushus farther removed. And he was grimly determined to remove him farther. Cadushus had rubbed it in—taking his girl, bidding fair to appropriate his business. Skimp was sufficient of a sport to have taken his losses gamely had he not known that those losses were illegitimate. And so Skimp gave himself over to a siege of thought.

Skimp didn't like to think. Thought was by no means effortless with him. First he had to think about concentrating, and then he had to concentrate on thinking. But he went about the task as he had gone about building up his barber business—efficiently, deliberately and determinedly.

Wednesday evening—the night of the weekly session of the Full House Social Club—found him astride a bowlder on the top of Milner Heights. He gazed raptly down over the city of Birmingham with its frame of fire-spurting furnaces, its halo of industrial smoke, its half dozen tall buildings jutting starkly into the air.

It was evening. Off toward Ensley a furnace made its pour and illumined the skies with a glow which rivaled the setting sun. Far below him the miniature yellow trolleys crawled deliberately along the winding length of Highland Avenue. Automobiles drove along the crest of Milner, were halted as their occupants admired the view, and dropped down again to the levels of the residential district. But Skimp could see nothing save the twin rows of trees which marked Eighteenth Street. On that street was the home of Dr. Vivian Simmons, and in the home of Doctor Simmons the club was to meet that night.

Skimp had become victim to an idea. He had conceived and perfected a plan which offered hope. He rested elbows on knees and thought—thought intensively and headachily. There was a chance of course. The other members of the club had yelled "Prove it!" And prove it he would! His problem was an open-and-shut one. He knew that Cadushus Link did not know he was suspected of crooked dealing. He knew that the success of his plan depended upon that fact. Until the exposé Cadushus must anticipate nothing—the thing must come as a shock, throwing him out of his eternal, maddening balance; destroying his exasperating poise. Skimp knew that if he could work things that way Cadushus would take his departure—and keep it.

Skimp thought and thought and thought. Then he smiled to himself and nodded. He rose to his feet and walked slowly down Milner Heights and through Arlington Avenue to Highland, where he boarded a city-bound street car. Once downtown, he went into Broughton's drug store and purchased three decks of cards. The backs of the three decks were identical. Then Skimp progressed to his own barber shop. At the door he almost collided with Cadushus, departing. He flashed a glance at Cadushus' hands, and the highly polished finger nails told their own story. Skimp's lips pressed firmly together as he stood back to allow the other room to pass.

"Evenin', Mistuh Clintin."

"Evenin', Mistuh Link."

"You is gwine be at the game t'-night?"

"I is."

"Tha's mos' exceedin'ly pleasant news to me."

There was something in the way Cadushus made that remark that riled Skimp. But he controlled himself, and answered casually: "You likes poker, don' you, Mistuh Link?"

"It's about the fondest thing I'm of."

"It ought to be," came the pointed answer. "Winnin' my money is 'bout the on'y thing you don' never do nothin' else but."

Cadushus smiled.

"You is gwine learn the game some day, Mistuh Clintin, an' then our games is gwine be mo' interustin'."

Skimp bowed angrily. The dig hurt.

"Ain't it the truth?" he remarked, and strode toward the beauty parlor.

Nemonia was sterilizing the instruments she had recently used on the hands of Cadushus Link. Nemonia was strong on sterilization—had been since a persuasive salesman sold her an electric machine. She smiled genially as Skimp approached. He backed her into a corner and grimly ignored the conventions governing courtship.

"I loves you, Nemonia."

"Does you?"

"Yeh, I does."

"Ise glad to know it, Mistuh Clintin."

"Does—does you love me?"

Æons of time passed before her answer came. And when it did the promise it held forth nearly paralyzed Skimp with bliss.

"I ain't said I ain't."

"You ain't never said you is."

"Well ——"

Skimp persisted:

"Does you does, or don't you does?"

Nemonia shook her head.

"It's hahd fo' a gal to decide."

"It's Cadushus Link you is thinkin' 'bout," he accused.

"He's a swell gen'leman."

"Lis'en heah at me, Nemonia! S'posin' he wa'n't the gen'leman what you thinks he is? S'posin' I could prove it?"

She met his eyes squarely.

"Seems like you'd either prove'n it or not, Skimp, 'stead of tradoocin' him this-a-way."

He fired the question direct:

"Does you love I more'n him?"

"I ain't sayin'."

"Does you love him more'n I?"

"N'r neither I ain't sayin' that. But I is willin' to admit that if'n either of you gen'lemen was to be away fo' a cumsid'rable time it might make it easier fo' me to 'rive on a decision."

And with that Skimp was satisfied. If he could run Cadushus out of town—if he could prove up on Cadushus—a clear field and no favor—except to himself!

The membership was on hand promptly that evening, Florian vying with Cadushus for sartorial honors. The race was about even until they doffed their coats. Then victory perched on the Link standard by virtue of the radiance of his salmon-pink silk shirt. They gathered about the table, and Lawyer Evans Chew took the bank and sold chips.

"Limit?" queried Florian.

"Same ol' thing," answered Lawyer Chew. "Fo' bits ante, dollar limit."

"Game?"

"Stud. Joker wild."

"Joker wil'?" crabbed Semore Mashby as a matter of principle. "Brother Hoyle never wrote no joker wil'."

"Brother Hoyle ain't never played poker with no cullud pussons," came the biting answer.

Stud it was, joker wild. Cigars were produced and lighted. They cut for deal and Dr. Brutus Herring got it. The game started slowly. Betting was light and very close to the diaphragm—quarters and half dollars, with an occasional blue chip for the purpose of forcing a rival player out.

Skimp Clintin was nervous. He played hypercarefully. Unless he had pairs back to back, or the tariff was very low, he studiously avoided participating in pots where Cadushus was dealing. On those occasions he sat back and stared fixedly at Cadushus' nimble, slender fingers. Every once in a while he shook his head hopelessly. He could see Cadushus' lapses from the straight

(Continued on Page 189)

Today decides tomorrow's car

The predicted struggle in motordom
What it means to buyers now

THERE is much talk, and some of it still very vague, over the climax which must come in motor-car manufacture. No doubt much of what we hear on the inside is true. Certainly there must be adjustments in a few years. Inevitable laws must rule.

This present era of under-production facing over-demand cannot keep up. Long-established builders are rapidly getting back to normal. And a host of new builders have been attracted.

Time will work its process of elimination. Then will come again the mighty test of the survival of the fittest—interrupted by the war.

How it affects you

WE speak thus frankly of this future situation because we think it has a vital significance to motor-car owners and buyers, at this very moment.

And we take you into this confidence because you will be interested in how Mitchell is preparing, as one of the leading manufacturers, for the future.

OUR pre-war Mitchell Six was a 14-year development. When war came we went into truck building. Then after the Armistice came our Victory Model, bringing its vast improvements—many due to factory practices learned during the war.

We spent nearly a million dollars in new machinery. We organized new departments of tests and inspections. Through factory efficiency and through building cars complete, including bodies, we were able to include values not found in cars of the Mitchell class. The result was a praise-winning chassis.

Then came our new style Mitchell—announced the first of the year. While chiefly an achievement in handsomer body design, it brought added improvements, added refinements in the chassis, as well.

Thus we come up to date historically, offering an unequaled car in performance and style, at an unequaled price.

This is our strategy

WE can easily dispose of all the Mitchells being built this year. That we know. So it is the better part of judgment to build today to influence tomorrow.

Our policy is to give over-value now and to prove the efficiency of the Mitchell by as many cars as possible in the service.

This is our way of insuring our place in the future—and the public profits today by such a far-sighted policy. We show thus why it is best to buy a new Mitchell now.

Our object, as we've long advertised, has been to build a most enduring Six. A Six that will keep its newness, cut down service, upkeep and operating costs. And which will hold for Mitchell, as the years go by, the top place in its class.

Thousands of our after-war Mitchells are now running. They are everywhere bringing new respect. Every car that goes out is an excellent Mitchell salesman.

New style—new endurance

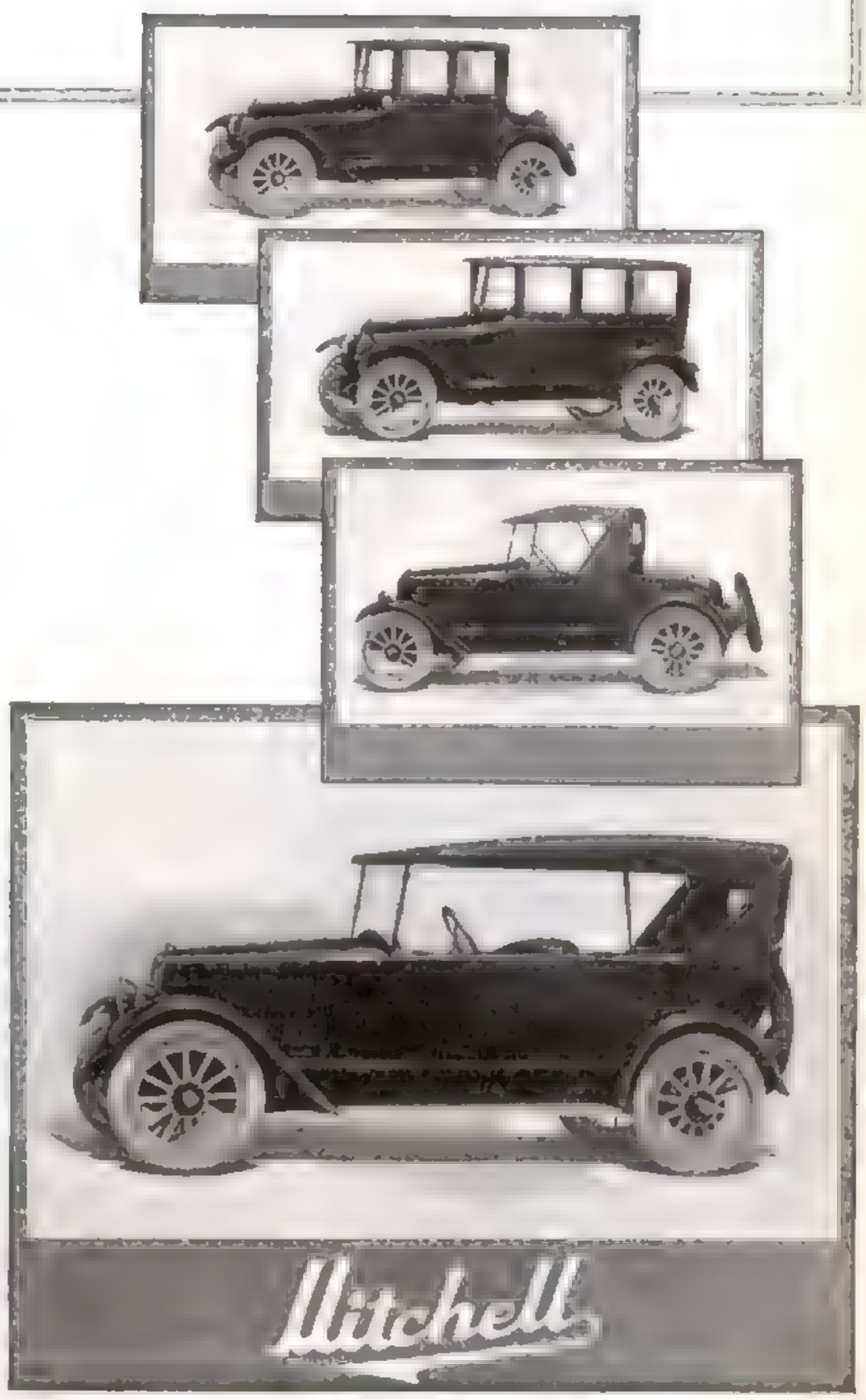
THE new Mitchell brings the ultimate in style. It brings complete harmony of lines. And finish and details found only in cars costing more.

No description here could be adequate. No picture can visualize this new Mitchell properly. Words cannot convey the feel at the wheel nor the comfortable riding qualities.

So we invite personal inspection and rigid scrutiny. Then we ask you to make comparisons. See if you can find any car of its price offering so much.

Then think of this new Mitchell as a car of the future as well as of today.

A Mitchell dealer will be glad to prove our facts in person. Then place your order early—so as to insure early delivery.



Four striking models

THE new Mitchell Six presents a choice of a 5-passenger Touring Car, a 3-passenger Roadster, a 5-passenger Sedan, and a 4-passenger Coupé.

In them you find tomorrow's style and superfine construction. In both body and chassis are betterments found only in cars costing more.

We've designed and built this car to overshadow all others of its class. Thousands the nation over recognize the many over-values. So will you.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, INC., RACINE, WISCONSIN

Vode KID

The Leather for Fine Shoes

For the

TRIM FOOT *of* FASHION

THE beauty of shoes made of Vode Kid is more than skin deep. Vode Kid is dyed clear through with exquisite colors to harmonize with your gown—Camel, Chippendale, Grey, Tan, Blue, Black, White. The beauty of Vode Kid is permanent.

So light and snug is Vode Kid that it makes your foot look its smallest. So soft and pliable is Vode Kid that its ease is worthy of its beauty.

Knowing these things, discerning shoe manufacturers are making smart footwear for all occasions out of Vode Kid. Ask the salesman in your favorite shop to show you shoes of Vode Kid and send to us for an unusual booklet illustrated in full color.

STANDARD KID MANUFACTURING CO., BOSTON, MASS.

ASK FOR SHOES OF VODE KID TO BE SURE OF GETTING GENUINE KID LEATHER

(Continued from Page 186)

and narrow—he knew when each one was done—but he didn't know it until the manipulation was completed.

The others played happily. The game rocked back and forth, one man winning, then losing. At the end of two hours only Semore Mashby had been forced to buy an extra stack. Cadushus was a slight loser. Skimp by actual count possessed twenty-five cents more in his stack than at the commencement of the evening.

The room was heavy with cigar smoke, the floor covered with ashes. Most of the players had doffed collars and neckties—all in fact save Dr. Vivian Simmons and Cadushus Link. Cadushus never lost his immaculateness for a moment. He played blandly, placidly, confidently.

Every once in a while one of the other players looked over at Skimp and shook his head, meaning to convey the impression that Skimp was all wrong in his accusation of Cadushus. Skimp said nothing. But he noticed particularly that whenever he made a motion to raise a pot while Cadushus was dealing that gentleman exhibited acute interest. It was quite evident to Skimp that Cadushus was playing for his barber shop and his girl. And so Skimp sat back and thought and schemed.

They were using the three decks Skimp had purchased that afternoon, making up two deals in advance so as not to delay matters, and as the evening advanced the atmosphere of the room became surcharged with expectancy. No one seemed to understand why, but they were all on edge. It was not until midnight that Skimp's chance came—the opportunity for which both Skimp and Cadushus had been looking all evening.

Cadushus was dealing. Florian Slappey made up the cards and Dr. Brutus Herring cut them. Cadushus took the deck and riffled it lightly and casually. Skimp was suspicious of his casualness. He inbreathed deeply and waited. Cadushus distributed the hole cards. Suddenly Skimp gasped, then controlled himself with an effort.

Too late to catch Cadushus red-handed had he seen that gentleman slip his own hole card from the bottom of the deck.

He glanced at his own—it was the ace of clubs. The second round was dealt—three of hearts to Dr. Brutus Herring, seven of spades to Semore Mashby, jack of spades to Skimp Clintin, jack of diamonds to Dr. Vivian Simmons, four of diamonds to Lawyer Evans Chew, four of clubs to Florian Slappey and the queen of spades to Cadushus Link. Cadushus checked the bet on his queen. Brutus and Semore checked likewise. Skimp shoved a quarter into the pot, and Vivian, Evans Chew and Florian stayed. Cadushus raised it another quarter. Dr. Brutus Herring promptly dropped.

The cards went round again—two of spades to Semore, another jack—this time clubs—to Skimp, eight of hearts to Vivian Simmons, king of spades to Lawyer Chew, ten of hearts to Florian Slappey and king of hearts to Cadushus.

Skimp wagered a quarter on his pair of jacks. Semore Mashby and Lawyer Chew cannily withdrew. Cadushus dealt again—ten of clubs to Skimp, jack of hearts to Vivian Simmons, ten of diamonds to Florian and queen of hearts to himself.

"Pair of queens bets 'em," said Skimp.

Four hands were left in the game, each boasting a pair—Cadushus with queens, Skimp with jacks, Vivian Simmons with jacks and Florian with tens. Cadushus shoved out a white chip. Skimp stayed grimly. Vivian boosted it a quarter. Florian swore and met the tariff. Cadushus and Skimp rode, and the cards went round for the last time.

Skimp drew another ten, giving him two pairs showing. Vivian Simmons received a king of diamonds, Florian Slappey a puny three of spades—and then Cadushus dealt himself the queen of clubs. Florian and Vivian swore mighty oaths as Cadushus shoved a dollar into the pot.

"Got you this time, Brother Clintin," he remarked.

Skimp picked up his hole card. He dropped it into his lap and grabbed for it. But the card which he held in his hand when it came above the table top was not the card he had dropped.

His scheme had been put into operation.

His heart was pounding like a trip hammer and beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Says which?" he inquired with a voice which he tried manfully to control.

"I is got this heah pot," chuckled Cadushus.

"Mebbe you is an' mebbe you ain't," came Skimp's nervous answer. Then he shoved a yellow chip—a two-dollar marker into the pot.

The others stared. Florian protested aloud:

"What you is doin', Skimp? You ain't got better'n two pair. They is fo' jacks an' fo' tens showin' a'ready. I is got t'other two tens an' Doc Simmons is got him them other jacks."

Skimp smiled easily. The ace of clubs had been dealt him as a hole card, but he looked blandly across the table as he answered:

"They's a joker wil' in this heah game, brethren."

Doc Simmons and Florian Slappey resigned. Cadushus shook his head commiseratingly and raised Skimp a dollar. Skimp returned the compliment. Lawyer Evans Chew flashed a lightning glance at Skimp. He was a sufficiently keen judge to know that Skimp was on the trail of something. Skimp's ebony face was set tensely. Even the smile on his lips was obviously forced. As a matter of fact, Skimp was in a ferment. It was his first experience in anything which was not strictly honorable, and he sought solace in the old adage that fire must be fought with fire. He had distinctly observed Cadushus palm his hole card. And Skimp had seen fit to swap his own hidden ace of clubs for one which suited him better.

But even at that, odds rested most powerfully with Cadushus. He had three queens and a king showing. Given a queen or joker in the hole, and he boasted fours. With a king in the hole he had a full house better than any full Skimp Clintin could possibly make of his jacks and tens—even provided Skimp had the joker—and the ace of clubs had been dealt Skimp as the first of five cards.

Skimp was desperate. He knew that Cadushus had him beaten. The other players suspected it, and they told themselves that Skimp had gone crazy with the heat and allowed his desire for revenge to overcome his poker sense.

Cadushus chk'd sadly.

"Raises me a dollar?" he queried.

"You seen."

"You is th'owin' yo' money away, Brother Clintin."

"It's my money," snapped Skimp.

"Hmph!" Cadushus shoved another yellow one into the pot. "Raises the limit agin."

Skimp didn't hesitate a second.

"An' eight bits mo'."

"Raises another dollar."

"An' another," gamed Skimp.

Cadushus studied the cards. He glanced round the table. Chairs had been hitched closer. Even Semore Mashby was rigid with interest. Of the seven men at the table six realized that Skimp was playing something more than a poker hand. The only man who did not realize it was Cadushus Link, superbly confident in the knowledge that he had Skimp beaten.

Limit betting flashed back and forth across the board. The pot became bloated with yellow chips until the yellow ones were exhausted. Then twin blues rolled in from both sides. The duelists were now playing in fixed silence. The surcharged atmosphere of the room had communicated itself even to Cadushus. Occasionally he raised his eyes to Skimp's set face—and a light of worry began to dawn therein. Cadushus knew that he had Skimp beaten. He knew that Skimp must know it, yet Skimp refused to call. The pot reached forty dollars—fifty—sixty.

"Raises a dollar."

"An' a dollar."

"An' another."

"Two blue ones mo'."

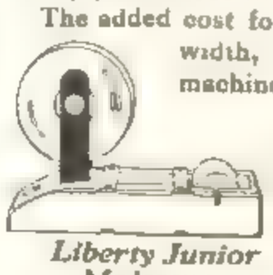
Cadushus waxed nervous. He knew that there was something behind this madness of Skimp's. For the first time he was gripped with the idea that maybe he had not been as adept in his palming as he might have been. And yet the pot was his. He knew it was his. He knew that Skimp knew it was his. That was the trouble. Skimp knew he was beaten, and yet Skimp bet—bet confidently, steadily, persistently. Cadushus' nerves became shaken and gradually his nerve deserted. He looked round the room, a haunted expression on his face. His voice shook a trifle.

"Another dollar up," he quavered.

"An' a dollar," flashed Skimp.

"Here's another package from that company"

Manufacturers who seal their cases with *printed* Liberty Tape make them easily picked out for forwarding. Every case is a traveling advertisement. The added cost for *printed* Liberty Tape is slight. Furnished any desired width, weight or color—plain or printed—in rolls to fit any machine. Guaranteed to meet railroad requirements for strength.



Liberty Junior Moistener

—white porcelain and nickeled brass—handles 250 feet to a roll. Makes the advantages and economies of sealing tape available for every store, office and home. $1.50 at stationers' or mailed with 2 rolls of tape for $1.80.

The Liberty Tape Moistener

in your packing department will speed shipments. Compact, simple, easily operated, all-metal. Handles all widths of tape to 4 inches. Shipped on approval. Price $5.

Write for free tape samples, full information and estimate. Design for your tape in one or two colors furnished without cost or obligation

Liberty Auto Sealer

is a semi-automatic machine for moistening and delivering predetermined lengths of sealing tape. Designed especially for use in retail stores. Price $22.50.

Liberty Line of Tapes and Moisteners

LIBERTY PAPER COMPANY
52 VANDERBILT AVENUE NEW YORK, N.Y.
MILL: BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

GILBERT

Outdoor Wheel Toy

This new toy of mine rings the bell of boy happiness. With these outfits any boy, with only a screw driver and a wrench, can build strong, swift, finely finished wagons, gliders, coasters, racers, trucks and many other toys. Outfits contain extra strong steel disc wheels, axles, plates and all other parts.

The crackerjack $10 set ($15 in Canada) contains gears and pinions and extra parts with which a real geared speedster can be built. Then there's a $6.50 set ($9.75 in Canada) and a big $15 set ($22.50 in Canada).

BOYS' MAGAZINE FREE—Full of good stories, articles on outdoor and indoor games, athletics, etc. Also catalog of 100 Educational Gilbert Toys.

A. C. Gilbert, President

THE A. C GILBERT CO., 119 Blatchley Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

In Canada: The A. C Gilbert Meccano Co., Limited, Toronto.
In England: The A. C Gilbert Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W.C. 1.

Don't Get Soaked Every Time It Rains

ENJOY the Spring showers and Summer rains—get out in all weather—don't worry about the wet—make your old car weather proof and vastly improve its appearance with a ***Badger*** Slip Roof.

A Complete and Perfect Fitting Re-Covering

The ***Badger*** Slip Roof is a complete Roof and Back Curtain patterned from the car manufacturers' original models. It comes completely sewed with water proof seams and ready to put on. For all models and makes of cars. Thousands already in use.

Only the highest grade materials are used in ***Badger*** Slip Roofs. You can have your choice of "Neverleek" "Dreadnaut" and other guaranteed toppings used as standard equipment by most fine car manufacturers. Also the world's finest Mohairs and Rubber Cloths.

See your garage, automobile or accessory dealer for actual samples of materials, styles and remarkably low prices. No loss in use of car—just rip off the old and tack on the ***Badger***. Either plate glass or celluloid windows.

WISCONSIN AUTO TOP COMPANY, Racine, Wis.

Also makers of the Famous BADGER SEAT COVERS for Automobiles

Badger Slip Roof

READY MADE and MADE TO MEASURE — FOR ALL CARS AT ALL GARAGES

Cadushus paused, then tremblingly shoved two reds and a blue into the pot.

"One mo' dollar raise."

"Dollar mo'," came back Skimp.

Cadushus met Skimp's eyes. What he read there did not cause him any surge of self-confidence. He couldn't understand Skimp's game, and because he couldn't understand he was becoming terrified. If he hadn't known that Skimp knew he was beaten—if only that!

He looked at the other members of the Full House Social Club. They were staring at the pot and at the eight cards exposed to view. Once in a while they gazed upon Cadushus, and when they did so their eyes were charged with inquiry—suspicious inquiry. Cadushus squirmed, hesitated—and finally rolled two red chips into the pot.

"I ain't no robber," he faltered. "I calls you."

Skimp focused his eyes steadily upon those of Cadushus Link. Skimp rose to his feet. Cadushus did likewise. Across the table the rivals glared at one another. Then Cadushus' gaze broke.

"You calls me?" questioned Skimp sternly.

"Y-y-y-yeh."

"You is had enough bettin'?"

"I—I is done called you. What you is got?"

Without taking his eyes from Cadushus' face, Skimp's fingers groped for his hole card. Quietly, grimly, he turned it over.

It was the joker!

Skimp spoke. There was steel in his voice, and his manner was that of menacing command.

"Cadushus Link," he grated, "I is got you beat!"

Cadushus' expression was one of stark amazement. And gradually the expression of amazement was supplanted by one of fear. He reached tremblingly for his coat, donned it, clapped his hat on his head and backed abruptly for the door. There he paused and tried to bow with his old-time insouciance. His eyes retained their expression of fright.

"G'night, gen'lemen," he said.

There was a monosyllabic chorus from the others. Only Skimp fired a question:

"I had you beat, Cadushus?"

"Y-y-yassuh, you done had me beat."

The door closed behind Cadushus. Instantly a babel of questions broke. Skimp, limp but happy, waved them all aside. He beckoned them to the front window and they ganged behind the drawn shade, holding it back a trifle so as to afford a view of the street.

"Watch Mistuh Cadushus Link when he gits out there," said Skimp Clintin. "Jes watch him!"

Cadushus left the house, reached the sidewalk, turned, cast one wild glance at the place where he had so lately been a triumphant guest, and then—Cadushus Link took to his heels and ran!

Within the room Skimp Clintin made caustic comment.

"An' he's gwine keep on runnin'," postulated he. "He's gwine run so far that they ain't none of us gwine see him agin—n'r neither Nemonia ain't!"

They stared. Finally Florian spoke:

"You is a wonder, Skimp."

"Yassuh, Brother Slappey, I is."

"How'd you know you had him beat?"

Skimp chuckled with pardonable pride.

"I di'n't!" he answered calmly.

"Di'n't what?"

"Have him beat!"

Lawyer Evans Chew stepped forward.

"Then what ——"

"Lis'en heah, feller members of the Full House Social Club," orated Skimp, "an' lemme splain. I is tol' you all along that Cadushus Link wa'n't playin' 'em square. I tol' you that some night I was gwine ketch him with the goods. T'-night I done it. An' Cadushus Link knowed I done it. Which is how come him to depaht fum heah so sudden an' abrupt—an' to stay depahted fo'ev'mo'.

"Gen'lemen, if'n you needs any proof that Cadushus Link was playin' crooked—an' that he knowed I knowed he was playin' crooked—take a look at Mistuh Link's hole card. An' don' fo'get that I done had a joker in the hole."

There was a general surge toward the table. Florian Slappey got there first. He exposed Cadushus Link's hole card. The members of the club fell back, questioning wonder on their faces.

Cadushus Link's hole card had been the joker!

HASTINGS

NIGHT DRIVING A PLEASURE INSTEAD OF A NIGHTMARE

The Hastings Lite-A-Ford is a real electrical development for Ford models. Nothing like it ever before provided for Ford.

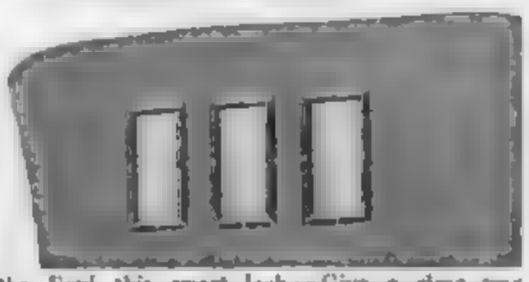
When meeting oncoming cars a turn of the knob gives a choice of five merging degrees of light. Prevents glare yet gives clear view of road at any engine speed. Lite-A-Ford provides as good driving light at ten miles as at eighteen miles without it. It avoids burning out lamps and gives better lights for meeting on country roads than is found on the higher priced cars. Easily attached to any Ford model in fifteen minutes. Price $4.00.

HASTINGS STABILIZER

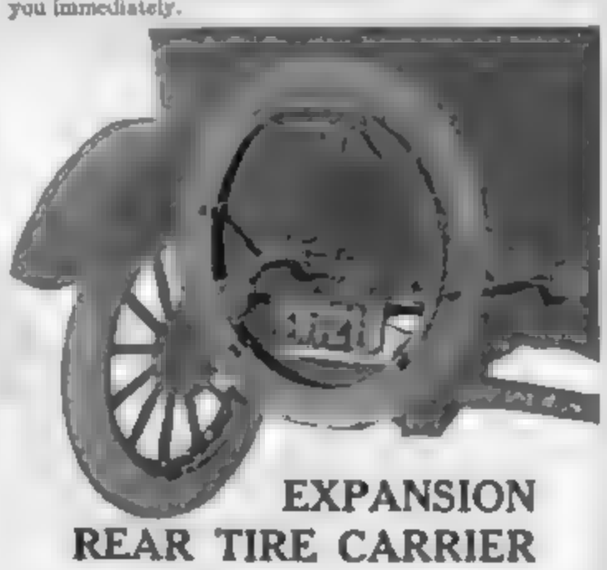
on your Ford makes it drive like a car equipped with a worm and sector steering gear.

It gives you safe, steady, comfortable control of your Ford. Always brings the wheels to a straightaway. Protects against accidents and adds greatly to the pleasure and contentment of driving. Many thousand users all over the country. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price $5.00.

STYLISH REAR GLASS PANELS



Give the Ford this smart look—Give a clear rear view and protection from weather—Out-wear celluloid several times—Will not tear or sag curtain. The glass has metal sashes and fits present opening, one on each side, are clamped tightly to reinforced edges of opening with eight screws. $2.50 buys set of three. At your dealer's or mailed prepaid if he can not supply you immediately.



EXPANSION REAR TIRE CARRIER

New this season. Designed to combine the maximum in appearance, convenience and durability. Fully adjustable, grips tightly any size tire or rim on market. Release is instantly and easily effected by simple pull of lever. Theft proof adjusting locking device. Fits any Ford Touring Car, Roadster, Sedan or Coupé. Attached without raising the body or drilling holes. Extremely strong and rigid. Holds tire vertically at right height, to give stylish appearance.

Rear single, $5.00. Rear double, $6.50

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING CO.

Hastings, Michigan

Dealers: Send for Catalogue of Our Full Line

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

IS fully protected by copyright. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

April 24, 1920

	PAGE
SHORT STORIES	
Girls Don't Gamble Any More—*George Weston*	8
The Night-Blooming Serious—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	12
The Camel's Back—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	16
Dimi and the Double Life—*Viola Brothers Shore*	18
"Honor Among Thieves"—*Arthur Train*	20
The Conqueror of To-Morrow—*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	30
SERIALS	
High Life—*Harrison Rhodes*	3
The Dear Eccentric—*Henry C. Rowland*	24
Declassed—*Maude Radford Warren*	26
ARTICLES	
The Town Pump	5
Will it Last?—*Will Irwin*	6
Selling the P. A.—*Wilbur Hall*	11
Crooks of Ghostland—*Edward H. Smith*	14
How Grover Cleveland Was Nominated and Elected President—*George F. Parker*	22
The Great White Wail—*Boreman Bulger*	38
DEPARTMENTS	
Editorial—*By the Editor*	28
Everybody's Business—*Floyd W. Parsons*	34
Sense and Nonsense	42
Who's Who and Why	45
Out-of-Doors	88
Philanabus Jiggers—*Lowell Otus Reese*	93

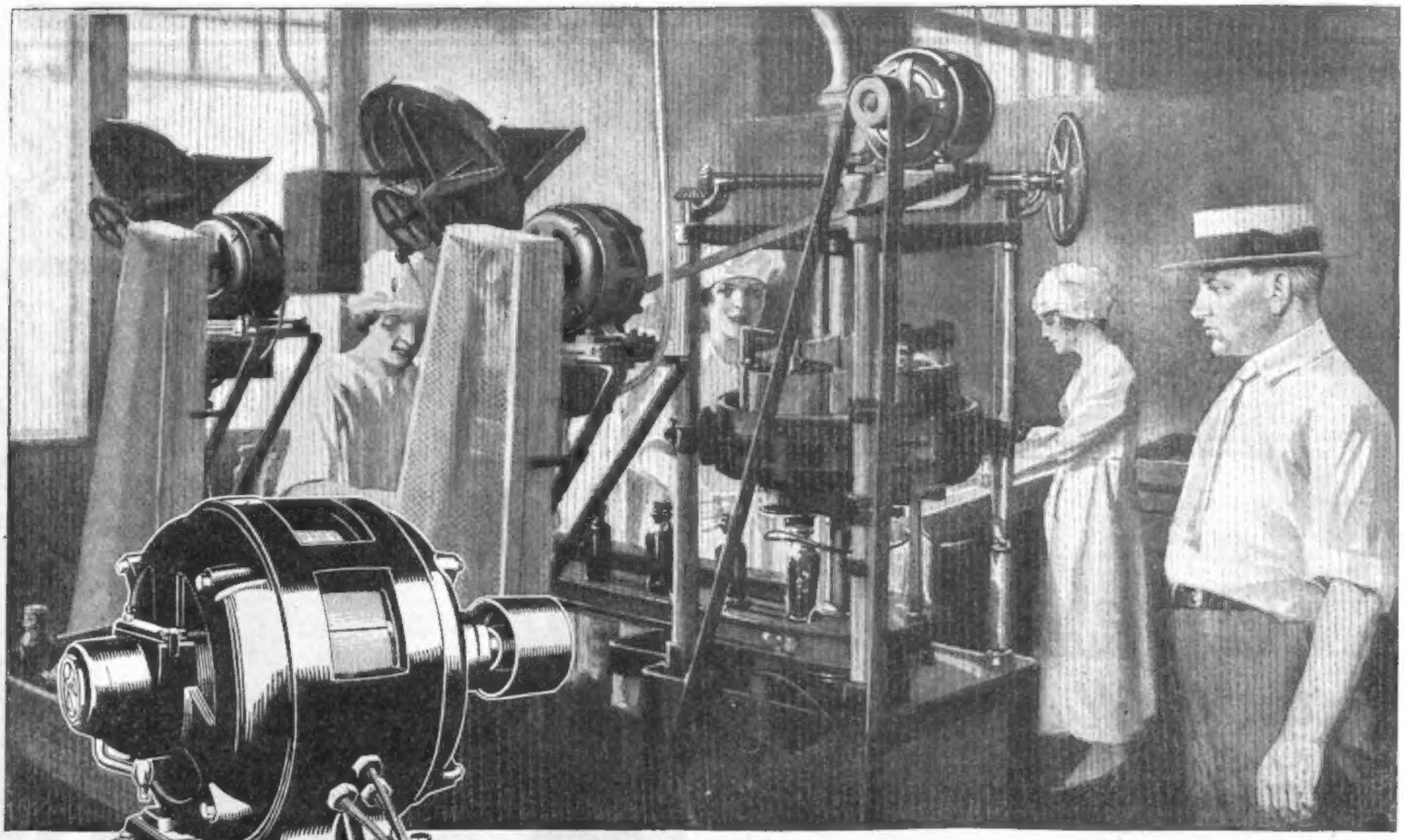
A Request for Change of Address must reach us at least thirty days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address as well as the new one.

"You can feel its goodness!"

Flows freely
Writes blue
Turns black
Makes clean-cut letters
Distinct figures
and is
Guaranteed
Permanent

ONE QUART
SIGNET
PERMANENT
WRITING FLUID
BLUE-BLACK
MADE BY THE MFRS. OF LEPAGE'S WORLD FAMOUS GLUE
A PERFECT INK FOR FOUNTAIN PENS
WE GUARANTEE THIS INK IT IS ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM SEDIMENT IT WILL NOT CORRODE OR BUILD ON THE PEN IT WILL NOT GUM OR CLOG IN FOUNTAIN PENS. IT IS A PERMANENT WRITING FLUID
RUSSIA CEMENT CO. GLOUCESTER, MASS. U.S.A.

BY THE MAKERS OF LEPAGE'S GLUE



Drawing from photograph showing ketchup bottling machine equipped with a Robbins & Myers Motor in newest H. J. Heinz Company plant, Henderson, Ky., N. J. Simpson, Plant Manager, standing at the right

Heinz "57 Varieties" and R & M Motors

It is a significant fact that, in so many places where absolute infallibility of power is an essential, Robbins & Myers Motors are found delivering an even, steady, dependable flow of power.

An example of this kind is found in the newest plant of the H. J. Heinz Company, famous as originators of the "57 Varieties," at Henderson, Kentucky.

Here, where such perishable products as tomatoes must be handled with dispatch, every possible process is motorized, from unloading conveyors through to final bottling of the product, with Robbins & Myers Motors exclusively.

As N. J. Simpson, manager of the plant, says: "During the rush season, when we handle up to 8,000 bushels of produce a day, the failure of one of the power motors would seriously cripple the plant and cause severe losses in perishable goods. Robbins & Myers Motors, known for their dependability, were installed to insure us against this possibility."

And so it is that, wherever constant, reliable, economical power is required, whether in plants using motor-driven machines or on motor-equipped appliances for store, office and home, Robbins & Myers Motors are setting high standards of performance.

Look for the R&M name plate when you buy a motor or motor-equipped appliance. It is all you need know about a motor.

The Robbins & Myers Company, Springfield, Ohio

For Twenty-three Years Makers of Quality Fans and Motors

Branches in All Principal Cities

Robbins & Myers Motors

The Sweets Company of America Inc.
New York

Caramel Tootsie Rolls

Cream! Cream!! Cream!!

What wonders have been wrought in your name!

You have made it possible to sell tons of Breakfast Foods.

On account of you our annual Prune crop has been constantly increased.

And many a nickel, dime, and quarter has been spent for candy simply because of you.

There is more of you though in Caramel Tootsie Rolls than in anything we know of outside of a Cow.

That probably accounts for our not being able to supply the demand.

Buy them by the box—10c a roll, worth 25c.

The Sweets Company of America
6 West 48th Street
New York City

XXXX SUGAR

CREAMERY BUTTER

RICH CREAM

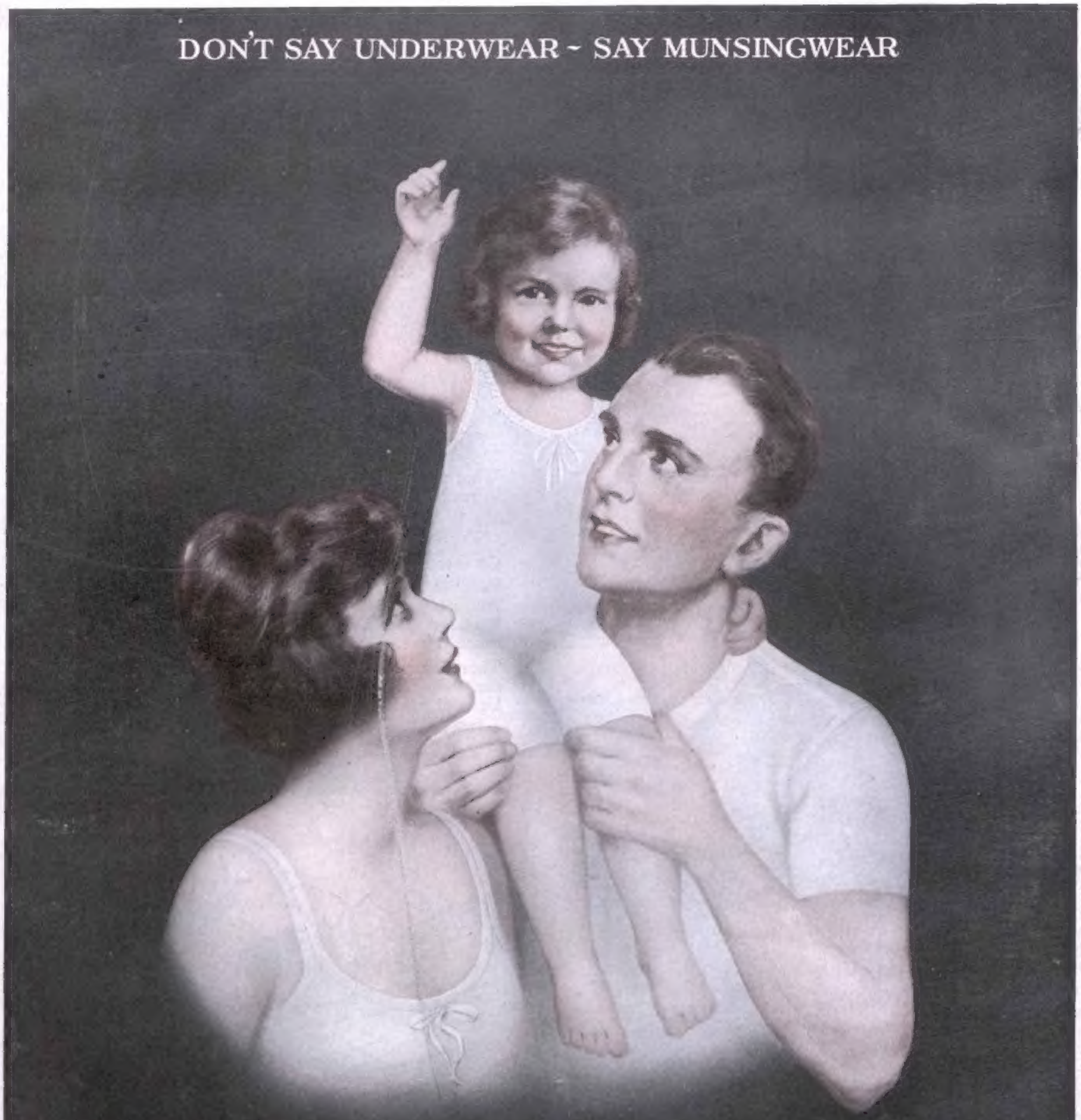
Caramel Tootsie Rolls

Caramel Tootsie Rolls
VANILLA FLAVOR

10¢

"Making the World Sweeter"

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR - SAY MUNSINGWEAR



BEYOND COMPARE
MUNSING WEAR

Perfection in Munsingwear